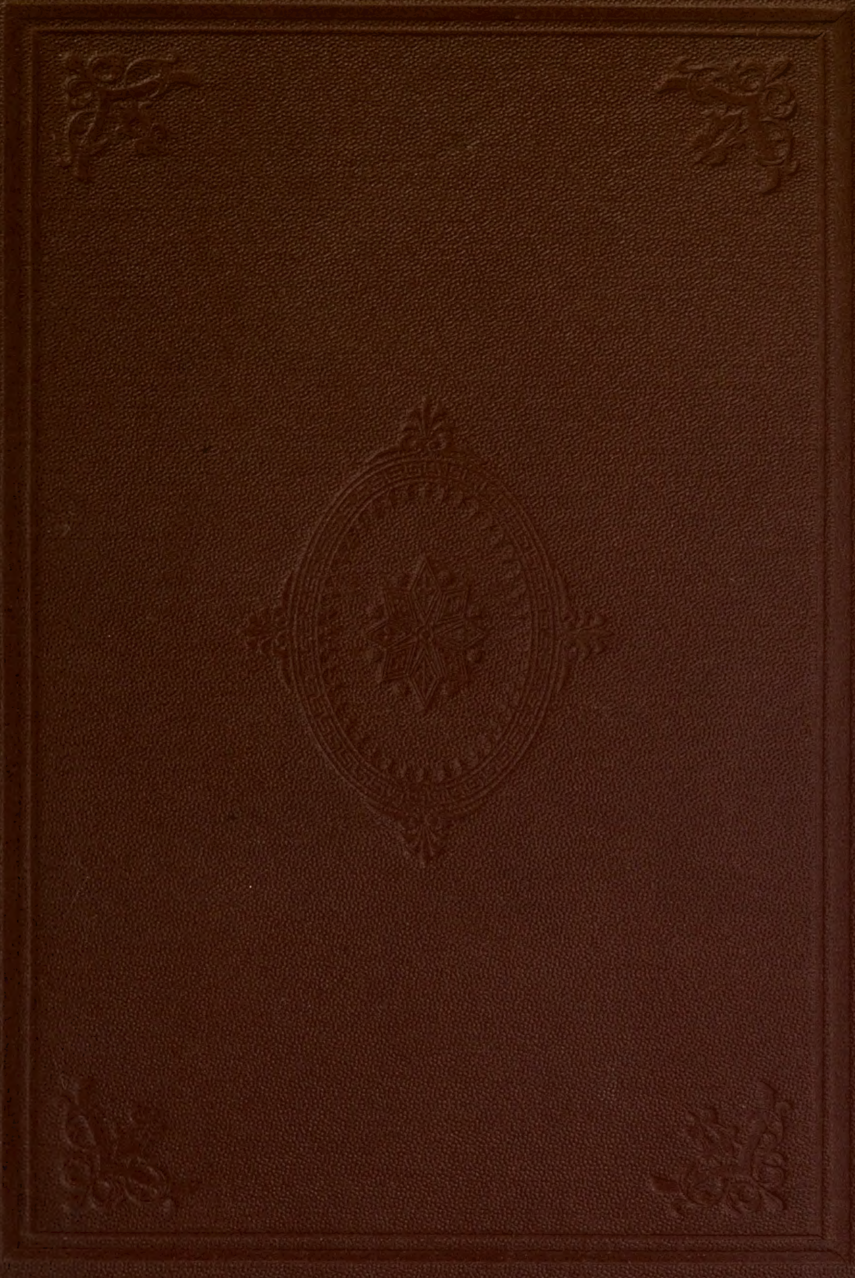

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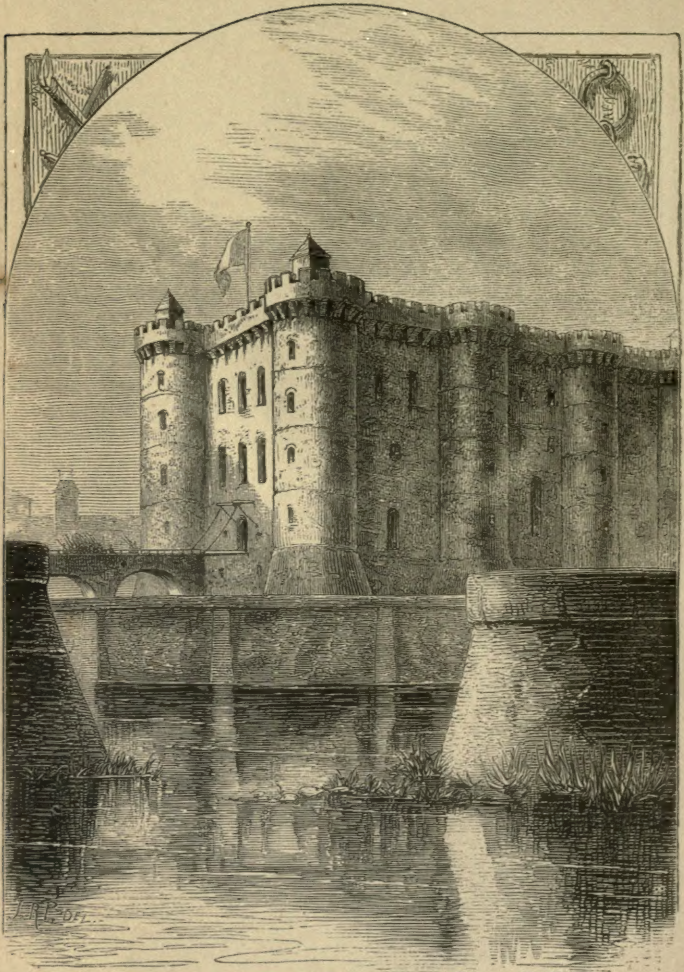

THE BASTILLE.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. IX.

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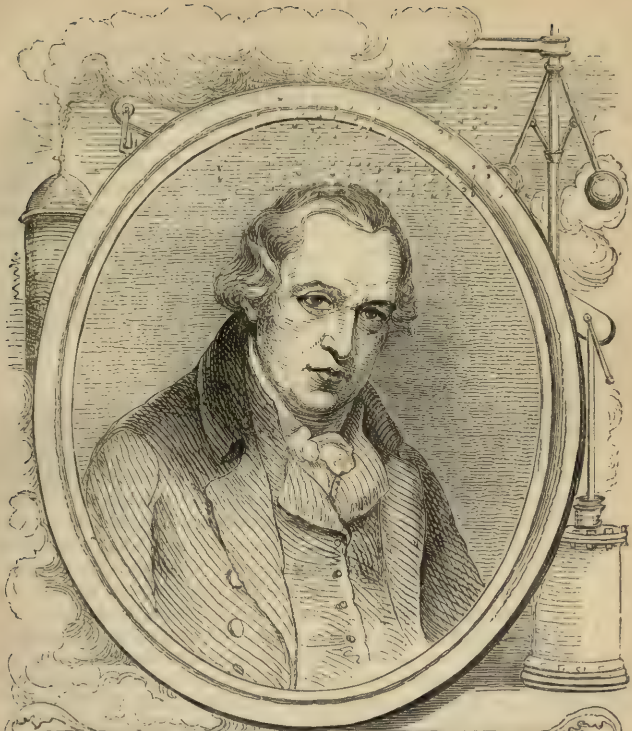

JAMES WATT

JAMES WATT, the improver of the steam-engine, was born at Greenock in Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 19th of January 1736. He was the descendant of a family the members of which, for several generations, had exhibited no small degree of ability. His great-grandfather was the proprietor and farmer of a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but taking part in the insurrection headed by Montrose, he was killed in one of the battles then fought, and his little property was confiscated. This person's son, Thomas Watt, was but an infant at the time of his father's death. Left almost destitute by that event, he was taken care of by relations till he grew up, when, manifesting a decided taste for mathematical science, in which he had already attained great proficiency, he removed to Greenock, and settled there as a teacher of navigation, surveying, and general mathematics. In this situation he acquired great reputation, and became one of the most respected and influential persons in the neighbourhood, filling for several years the office of baron-bailie, or chief magistrate of the burgh of Crawford's Dike. He died in 1734, at the advanced age of ninety-two years, and was buried in the West Churchyard of Greenock, where, in the inscription on his tombstone, he is styled 'Professor of Mathematics.' He had two sons, John and James; the elder of whom inherited his father's mathematical talent, and followed his profession, first at Ayr, and afterwards in Glasgow, where he also enjoyed a large business as a surveyor. Among his qualifications was that of drawing with very great neatness and accuracy. He died in 1737, at the age of fifty years; and a chart of the course of the river Clyde which he left was published a few years afterwards by his younger brother James. This James Watt, the father of the great engineer, had settled in his native town of Greenock, exercising his abilities, not in the special occupation to which his father and elder brother had devoted themselves, but in the more general sphere of a merchant and public-spirited citizen. During a quarter of a century he held the offices of town-councillor and magistrate of Greenock; and in the discharge of these offices he was noted for his activity and zeal for improvement. It was only in consequence of his own refusal that he did not fill the chair of provost, or chief-magistrate in Greenock. His special occupations were those of a block-maker and ship-chandler; but in addition to these, he engaged in house and ship building, and general trading. The failure of some of his commercial speculations deprived him, long before his death, of a great part of the fortune which he had acquired. He died in 1782, at the age of eighty-four, having for some years lived retired from business. His wife, Agnes Muirhead, the mother of the illustrious Watt, was of a very respectable family; of her disposition, and the character of her mind, we have no particular account.

The subject of our memoir was the elder of two sons, the only children of the Greenock merchant and his wife. The younger, who was named John, had resolved to follow his father's profession, but was drowned in 1763 on a voyage from Greenock to America, at the age of twenty-three years. James Watt, who was then in his twenty-seventh year, was thus left the only surviving son.

WATT'S CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION—SETTLES IN GLASGOW AS A MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER.

Regarding Watt's childhood and the course of his early education, we have not much information. From the extreme delicacy of his health when a child, he was able to attend the public school at Greenock only irregularly and at intervals; so that much of his elementary instruction was received at home. His mother taught him reading, and his father writing and arithmetic; and in his confinement to the house, of which his almost constant indisposition was the cause, he acquired those habits of inquisitiveness and precocious reflection so often observed in feeble-bodied children. 'A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. "Mr Watt," said he, "you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is employed before you condemn him," replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers: he was then trying to solve a problem in geometry.'* In this way, not by means of regular lessons, but by incessant employment on some subject of interest or other, Watt in early years acquired much of that general information for which he was in after-life remarkable. His father having, as a means of amusement, presented him with a number of tools such as are used in cabinet-work, he became exceedingly expert in handling them, and began to exhibit his mechanical taste in the fabrication of numerous toys, among which is mentioned a small electrical machine, with a bottle, probably for a cylinder.

An anecdote related of him when he was about fourteen years of age, indicates the extreme restlessness and activity of his mind as a boy. Once having accompanied his mother on a visit to a friend in Glasgow, he was left behind on her return. The next time, however, that Mrs Watt came to Glasgow, her friend said to her: 'You must take your son James home; I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in; I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour strikes unheeded.' This wonderful faculty of story-telling, which robbed the Glasgow lady of her sleep, Watt preserved throughout his life to a degree unparalleled perhaps except in Sir Walter Scott.

As he advanced into youth, Watt began to occupy himself with the sciences. The whole range of physics had attractions for him. In excursions in all directions from Greenock, and especially to the banks of Loch Lomond, he studied botany, entered eagerly into the geological speculations then beginning to awaken interest, and collected traditions and ballads—all with equal enthusiasm. At home, during his hours of less robust health, he devoured books on chemistry and general science, among which was Gravesande's *Elements of Natural Philosophy*. Medicine, surgery, and anatomy obtained their share of his attention; the detailed descriptions of diseases given in medical works were familiar to him; and he was one day detected carrying into his room the head of a child recently dead, which he had managed somehow to procure, with the intention of dissecting it. In short, by incessant reading and mental activity, he had, before he entered on his nineteenth year, acquired and digested a vast mass of miscellaneous scientific information.

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* Arago's *Life of Watt.*

Whether from the prevailing bent of his genius towards mechanical contrivance, or from some other cause connected with the nature of his father's trade in Greenock, the profession which Watt chose was that of a mathematical and nautical instrument maker. To learn this art, or rather to perfect himself in it, he went to London in 1755, and placed himself under Mr John Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill. Thus, says M. Arago, 'the man who was about to cover England with engines, in comparison with which the antique and colossal machine of Marly is but a pigmy, commenced his career by constructing with his own hands instruments which were fine, delicate, and fragile—those small but admirable reflecting sextants to which navigation is so much indebted for its progress.' After a residence of little more than a year in London, his continued feeble health obliged him to return to Scotland, where, in accordance with his own wishes and the advices of his friends, he commenced business as a mathematical instrument maker in Glasgow. The date of his settlement in this city, where he was afterwards to work out some of his greatest triumphs, was 1757, when he had just passed his twenty-first year. At first, he experienced considerable opposition, and a great deal of annoyance—one of the privileged corporations of the town regarding him as an intruder, and not entitled to practise the business which he professed, at that time a comparatively rare one in Scotland. Various means were tried to soothe down the offended parties, but without effect; they would not even allow the young tradesman to set up a workshop on the smallest scale. At length, apparently through the exertions of the friends of his family, he was rescued from the dilemma by the authorities of the university, who gave him a convenient room within their precincts, and conferred on him the designation of Mathematical Instrument Maker to the College of Glasgow, a proceeding which was sufficient to quash all corporation enmity. In the workshop thus afforded him, Watt continued for a number of years to pursue his trade of making sextants, compasses, &c. for which articles he found customers both within and without the walls of the university. 'There are still in existence,' says M. Arago, 'some small instruments which were at this time made entirely by Watt's own hand,

and they are of very exquisite workmanship. I may add that his son has lately shewn me some of his first designs, and that they are truly remarkable for the delicacy and precision of the drawing. It was not without reason that Watt used to speak with complacency of his manual dexterity.' This, as we have seen, was a gift which seemed to be hereditary in the family.

At the time when Mr Watt took up his residence in Glasgow, there was a cluster of eminent men gathered together within the university such as is rarely to be found. Adam Smith was Professor of Moral Philosophy; Robert Simson of Mathematics; the illustrious Black filled the chair of Chemistry; and Mr Dick, who, though less known to fame, is said to have been a man of great powers, held the professorship of Natural Philosophy. Robison, afterwards so celebrated for his attainments in physical science, which he displayed as a professor both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, was then a student. Watt's position within the college brought him into contact with all these able men; and the shop of the young mathematical instrument maker soon became a lounging-place for both professors and students—the former of whom found in him a man equal to themselves in acquirements, and of a remarkable originality of mind; the latter, a good-natured and willing assistant in their speculations and researches in physics. 'I had always,' says Professor Robison, referring to those days when he first became acquainted with Watt, 'a great relish for the natural sciences, and particularly for mathematical and mechanical philosophy. When I was introduced by Drs Simson, Dick, and Moor to Mr Watt, I saw a workman, and expected no more; but was surprised to find a philosopher, as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me. I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study, and was rather mortified at finding Watt so much my superior. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of us students, we went to Mr Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificancy or made something of it. He learned the German language in order to peruse Leopold's *Theatrum Machinarum.* So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the *naïve* simplicity and candour of Mr Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But that superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were nothing but his own surmises, followed out and embodied by another. I am the more entitled to say this, as I have often experienced it in my own case.'

This and similar accounts enable us to figure Mr Watt during his early residence in Glasgow—a young, amiable, and ingenious man, a great favourite with professors and students, occupied during the greater part of the day in his workshop, but constantly engaged in the evening in some profound or curious question in mathematics or physical science; quite aware of all that was going on in the scientific world, and taking an interest in all new discoveries, particularly those of his friend Dr Black in chemistry. As a remarkable instance of the extent of his theoretical research, and of his perseverance in whatever undertaking struck his fancy, it is mentioned that although he had no ear for music, and could never, all his life, distinguish one note from another, or derive pleasure from any musical performance, he astonished all his friends by constructing an organ, which, besides exhibiting numerous ingenious mechanical improvements, was particularly admired by musicians for its greatly superior powers of harmony. His only guide in this difficult achievement must have been the *Harmonies* of Dr Smith of Cambridge, a work treating of some of the extreme problems of acoustics, but so profound and obscure, that few persons in the kingdom could have understood a page of it.

In the year 1763, Mr Watt married his cousin, Miss Miller, who is described as a person of much wit and accomplishment, with great sweetness of temper. At the same time he removed from his apartments in the college to a house in town, in which he continued his profession, enlarging it, however, so as to include engineering. He accordingly began to be consulted in the construction of canals, bridges, and other works of large dimensions requiring science and skill. In the midst of these engineering avocations, a circumstance occurred which exercised a more important influence upon his career than any of them. In the winter of 1763-4, Mr Anderson, who had succeeded Dr Dick as Professor of Natural Philosophy, and who is still remembered as the founder of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, finding that a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine, which he had among his apparatus, would not work, sent it to Mr Watt for repair. The subject of steam-machinery had several times before come under Mr Watt's notice. His friend Mr Robison had, in 1759, broached to him the idea of applying steam-power to wheel-carriages; and in 1761-2, he had occupied himself with various experiments on a Papin's Digester, with a view to measure the force of steam. These discussions and experiments, however, terminated in no particular result; and it was Professor Anderson's model of Newcomen's engine that begot in Watt's mind the germ of those ideas respecting the use of steam-power which have led to such gigantic consequences. As Newcomen's engine represents the point of progress to which steam-machinery had been brought before Watt applied himself to the subject, this seems the proper place for introducing a sketch of the history of steam-power up to that period. The little black model on the instrument-maker's table was the condensed epitome, as it were, of all that the world knew of steam-power before that time; in the brain of the young newly-married instrument-maker, bending by candlelight over the model, lay, as yet undeveloped, all that the steam-engine has since become.

HISTORY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE BEFORE THE TIME OF WATT.

Steam, or, as they called it, 'water transformed into air by the action of fire,' was of course known to the ancients, and was used for various ordinary purposes in the arts. The first description, however, of the application of steam as a mechanical power occurs in the writings of Hero, a Greek of Alexandria, who lived in the third century before Christ. This writer, whose attainments in science were very great for his age, describes a toy called the Eolipile, the purpose of which is to produce a rotatory motion by the action of steam. The best familiar illustration of the appearance of such an apparatus in one of its simplest forms, would be one of those turnstiles, with four horizontal spokes, which are sometimes placed in by-paths. Were one of these revolving stiles made of iron, and hollow throughout, with a hole in the corresponding side of each of the spokes, and were the upright shaft to be fixed into a socket beneath, entering a boiler, then the steam rushing up the shaft and along the four spokes, would hiss out in four jets at the side openings, and the whole would, owing to the force of reaction, whirl round in the opposite direction.

Here, therefore, nearly two thousand years ago, we find steam applied to produce a rotatory motion. By connecting the simple rotatory apparatus above described with additional machinery, mills could be driven, and other important mechanical effects produced. Indeed, the construction of rotatory steam-engines has, in recent times, occupied much attention; and, under the name of Barker's Mill, the principle of the Eolipile has been turned to account—the reaction caused by the escape of steam having been made in some instances to do the work of six or eight, or even fifteen horses. The principle of the Eolipile, however, and of the rotatory engines which are modifications of it, is evidently different from that of steam-engines usually so called, in which the power consists not in the mere reaction caused by steam violently escaping into the atmosphere, but in the prodigious expansive force of steam itself. Water, when converted into steam by the application of heat under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, occupies, it is well known, 1728 times its original bulk; in other words, a cubic inch of water is, on its conversion into steam, expanded so as to fill a space of a cubic foot. This is nearly eight times as great as the expansive force of gunpowder. Now, if by any means we could catch water in the act, as it were, of passing into steam, so as to obtain the use of the enormous expansive force for our own purposes, it is evident that we could produce most powerful effects by it. To do this—to catch water in the act of passing into steam, and turn the expansive force to account—is the purpose of steam-engines properly so called.

Even this use of the expansive force of steam was in some degree known to the ancients. Often, as M. Arago observes, in casting the fine metal statues for which ancient art is so famous, a drop of water or other liquid would be left enclosed in the plaster or clay moulds when the molten metal was poured in; and the consequence would be an explosion, and, in many cases, a fearful accident, from the instantaneous conversion of the enclosed drop of liquid into steam. Arguing from such instances, the ancient naturalists accounted for earthquakes and submarine explosions on a similar principle, by supposing the sudden vaporisation of a mass of water by volcanic heat. Nor were the ancients afraid of handling the power which they thus recognised. In the images of the ancient gods were concealed crevices containing water with the means of heating it; and tubes proceeding from these crevices conducted the steam, so as to make it blow out plugs from the mouths and foreheads of the images with loud noise and apparent clouds of smoke. A more ingenious device still, and which represents the utmost extent to which the ancients carried their use of the expansive force of steam, is one described by Hero, the purpose of which seems likewise to have been priestly imposition. To accomplish this trick, Hero directs vessels half full of wine to be concealed inside of two figures, in the shape of men standing on each side of an altar. From these vessels, tubes, in the form of bent siphons, with the short end in the wine, proceed along the extended arms of the figures to the tips of their fingers, which are held over the flame of the sacrifice. Other tubes proceed from the same vessels downwards, through the feet of the figures, communicating through the floor with the altar and the fire. 'When, therefore,' says Hero, 'you are about to sacrifice, you must pour into the tubes a few drops, lest they should be injured by heat, and attend to every joint, lest it leak; and so the heat of the fire, mingling with the water, will pass in an aërial state through these tubes to the vases inside the figures, and, pressing on the wine, make it to pass through the bent siphons, until, as it flows from the hands of the living creatures, they will appear to sacrifice as the altar continues to burn.' Here we have the expansive force of steam employed directly to raise a liquid, by pressure, above its natural height.

From the time of Hero down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, no advance appears to have been made in the application of steam-power. Passing over one or two casual notices of persons who about this time are said to have conceived the use of steam for mechanical purposes, it may be stated that the process of discovery was taken up exactly at the point where Hero left it by Solomon de Caus, a Frenchman of Normandy, who, after a residence in England, where he was employed in designing grottos, fountains, &c. for the palace of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., at Richmond, returned to the continent, and published an account of these and other inventions at Frankfort in the year 1615. De Caus's steam invention is a modification, in a more patent and distinct form, of the last-mentioned artifice of Hero. A hollow copper globe is filled to the extent of two-thirds or thereby with water, through a funnel-shaped pipe, which enters it, and which is furnished with a stop-cock. Besides this pipe, another descends nearly to the bottom of the globe, so as to have its termination beneath the water. It is likewise furnished with a stop-cock, and its nozzle is small. If now the vessel be placed over a fire, with the stop-cock of the first pipe shut, and that of the other open, it is evident that when the water begins to boil, the steam being enclosed, will press down the water, and compel it to rush up the second pipe, forming a jet.

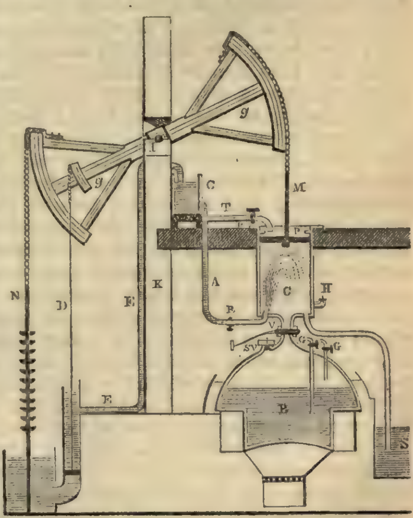
Such is the steam toy of De Caus, upon which many French writers have founded the claim that steam should be considered a French invention. If, however, the merit of a man, with regard to an invention with the origin of which he is concerned, is to be measured by his own perception of its importance, the merit of Solomon de Caus, with regard to steam-machinery, cannot be compared with that of the Marquis of Worcester (known in political history as the Earl of Glamorgan), who, in his *Century of Inventions*, published in 1663, describes 'an admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upward,' but by a method according to which 'one vessel of water rarefied by fire driveth up forty vessels of cold water.' What value the marquis attached to this invention, appears from the striking language he uses with regard to other modifications of it. Of one he says : 'I call this a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof be buried with me.' He also describes a water-work capable, he says, of raising water with the utmost facility to the height of a hundred feet, and which will, therefore, 'drain all sorts of mines, and furnish cities with water though never so high seated.' This he pronounces 'the most stupendous work in the whole world—an invention which crowns his labours, rewards his expenses, and makes his thoughts acquiesce in the way of further inventions.'

It is ascertained that the Marquis of Worcester had actually constructed an apparatus such as he describes. Although, however, it would thus seem that steam-power, in one of its most imposing forms, was in actual operation so early as 1656, the invention does not appear to have taken root; and it is not till 1699, upwards of thirty years after the Marquis of Worcester's death, that we find the steam-engine again pressed on public notice. In that year, Captain Thomas Savary exhibited to the Royal Society a model of an engine for draining mines, and raising water to great heights. The difference between the Marquis of Worcester's invention and Savary's consisted in this, that whereas 'the marquis's model appears to have been placed on or below the level of the water to be raised, so that the water was forced up solely by the elastic force of the steam, Savary, on the other hand, erected his engine at a height of nearly thirty feet above the level of the water.'

The improvement of Savary consists in combining the force of atmospheric *suction*, as it is usually called, with that of steam-pressure; using the first to raise the water thirty feet, and then the other to raise it thirty feet or more additional; and when it is considered that, in the actual working engine, there was not only one receiver, but two, which could be alternately filled with steam and cooled, so as to prevent the loss of time, the value of the improvement will be seen to be very great. Savary called his machine the 'Miner's Friend;' it seems, however, to have been used only for the purpose of raising water in houses.

The next great contribution to the steam-engine came from a French engineer, Denis Papin, known for other important mechanical inventions. His important service to steam-power consisted in the idea of making it act through *the cylinder and piston*. In De Caus's and in Savary's apparatus, the steam pressed directly upon the surface of the water; but Papin conceived the idea of introducing the steam into the bottom of the receiver, so as to force up, by its elasticity, a tightly-fitting plate or piston, which would again descend by the pressure of the atmosphere as soon as the steam beneath was condensed. The importance of this modification can hardly be overrated, when it is considered that it amounts to the application of steam-power to produce the motion of a rod up and down in a cylinder. This was the great step, the conciliation of steam, as it were, into a regular moving power at the command of man ; and, as M. Arago observes, the procuring afterwards, from the strokes of the piston, the power to turn millstones, or the paddles of a steam-boat, or to uplift the massy hammer, or to move the huge clipping shears—these were but secondary problems. Papin, however, did not work out his own conception—did not perceive all its consequences.

The next modification of the steam-engine, and its ultimate one before it came into the hands of Watt, consisted, it may be said, in the union of Savary's idea with that of Papin. The authors of this invention—which may in reality be considered as the first working steam-engine—were Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Cawley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth, in Devonshire. In the year 1705, these two individuals 'constructed a machine which was meant to raise water from great depths, and in which there was a distinct vessel where the steam was generated. This machine, like the small model of Papin, consisted of a vertical metallic cylinder, shut at the bottom and open at the top, together with a piston accurately fitted, and intended to traverse the whole length, both in ascending and descending. In the latter, as in the former apparatus also, when the steam was admitted into the lower part of the cylinder, so as to fill it, and counterbalance the external atmospheric pressure, the ascending movement of the piston was effected by means of a counterpoise. Finally, in the English machine, in imitation of Papin's, as soon as the piston reached the limit of its ascending stroke, the steam which had impelled it was refrigerated; a vacuum was thus produced, and the external atmosphere forced the piston to descend.'* The only novelty in Newcomen's engine, over and above what had existed either in Papin's or in Savary's model, was the mode of condensing the steam in the cylinder. This was effected not by simply withdrawing the heat from the bottom of the cylinder, as Papin had done, nor by dashing cold water on the outside of it, as in Savary's apparatus, but in directing a stream of cold water into the inside of the cylinder at every rise of the piston. This improvement—an important one at the time—is said to have been made by accident, from the circumstance of water once finding its way into the cylinder through a hole in the piston, and astonishing the onlookers by its results. The entire action of Newcomen's engine will be understood from the annexed cut, representing a section of it. B is the boiler, built over a furnace, and kept about two-thirds full of water; the quantity of water being regulated by means of two vertical tubes with stop-cocks (GG), which descend into the boiler, the one to a greater depth than the other, so that when the boiler contains its proper quantity of water, the longer tube shall dip into it, while the shorter does not reach it. When the boiler is heated, the pressure of the steam in its upper part will, if the proper quantity of water be in the boiler, force the water



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* Arago's *Life of Watt.*

up the longer pipe, while only steam issues from the shorter. Should both pipes emit water, then it is known that the boiler is too full; should both emit steam, that it is not full enough; and the supply can be regulated accordingly. Besides these *gauge pipes*, there is in the boiler a *safety-valve* (SV), loaded so as to lie tight until the steam in the boiler accumulates to a degree sufficient to force it up. From the boiler the steam passes through the connecting tube, guarded by the *regulating-valve* (V), made so as to open and shut easily, into the cylinder (C). Up and down in this cylinder, which is open at the top, moves the piston (P), attached by means of the piston-rod (M) to a flexible chain, which is fastened to the top of the arch at the end of a beam, moving on the pivot (I). The end of the beam to which the piston-rod is attached is made lighter than the other end, so that when the engine is at rest, it ascends and pulls up the piston to the top of the cylinder. The piston thus lying at the top of the cylinder, lets the steam from the boiler be admitted through the regulating-valve (V). The steam rushing in expels the air which was in the cylinder through the *snifting-valve* (H), which is at the bottom of the cylinder, and so constructed, that although it permits the escape of the air, it allows none to enter. The whole space of the cylinder underneath the piston being now filled with steam, the next operation is to condense it. This is done by turning a cock (R) in the tube (A), which descends from a cistern kept constantly full of cold water. The water, tending to rise to the height from which it has fallen, spouts into the cylinder, striking against the bottom of the piston, and falling down in a shower of drops, which cool the cylinder and condense the steam. This condensation of the steam produces a vacuum in the cylinder; and the piston, pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere outside, rapidly descends—the water which was thrown into the cylinder being carried off by the long *eduction pipe* which, having a valve at its extremity opening only outwards, leads to a cistern (S), whence the boiler is supplied. The descent of the piston pulls down the piston-rod and chain, and the end of the beam to which they are attached. The other end of the beam accordingly rises, pulling up a chain which is attached to the *pump-rod* (N), working the pump by which the mine is to be drained. The purpose of the smaller *pump-rod* working parallel to N, is, by the action of the engine, to raise a portion of the water through the tube (EE) to the cistern from which the water is sent into the cylinder. The piston is now at the bottom of the cylinder, and would remain there by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface; but by opening the valve (V), the steam from the boiler is admitted under it, and the pressure of the atmosphere being thus counterbalanced, the superior weight of the pump-rod end of the beam causes it to descend, elevating the other end with the piston attached to it. The cylinder being again filled with steam as before, the stopcock (R) is turned, and the water spouts in; the steam is condensed; the piston descends; the pump-rod rises; and so on, stroke after stroke. The use of the small tube (T), proceeding from the cistern, is to pour a little water above the piston, to keep it air-tight.

As may be supposed, much care and attention was at first required in Newcomen's engine on the part of the person whose work it was to keep incessantly turning the stopcocks (V and R); the first for the admission of steam from the boiler, the second for the admission of the cold water for the condensation of the steam. The whole action of the machine depended on the attention of the person who watched these two cocks. A curious accident, however, remedied this inconvenience. A boy of the name of Humphrey Potter being employed to tend one of Newcomen's engines, found the constant watching so troublesome, that he set himself to contrive a way by which the cocks might be turned at the right time, and yet he might enjoy himself for an hour or so at a time with the boys in the street. Observing that the particular moment at which the valve (V) required to be opened for the admission of the steam was that at which the pump-rod end of the beam was raised to its highest, and that the moment at which the other cock (R) required to be opened was when the piston-rod end was at its highest, he saw that, by attaching strings to the stop-cocks, and connecting them with various parts of the beam, the rising and falling of the two ends would turn the cocks regularly as was necessary. Such was the *scogging* or *skulking gear* of the boy Potter; so called because it enabled him to *scog* or play truant from his work, and afterwards improved by the substitution of rods for strings. The steam-engine was now entirely self-working; the only attendant necessary was the fireman to tend the furnace.

Such was the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, used to a considerable extent for the purpose of draining mines, and upon which various engineers employed their skill during the first half of the eighteenth century, with a view to render it applicable to other mechanical purposes, such as driving mills, &c. Among those who thus directed their attention to the steam-engine was the celebrated Smeaton; and some of the finest specimens of Newcomen's engine were of his construction. No improvement of essential consequence, however, was effected in the steam-engine until it came into the hands of Watt, whose successive contrivances to render it perfect we now proceed to describe.

WATT'S IMPROVEMENTS ON THE STEAM-ENGINE AS A DRAINING AND PUMPING MACHINE.

Watt was a man with whom, to repeat the words of Professor Robison, 'everything became the beginning of a new and serious study;' accordingly, not content with merely repairing Professor

Anderson's model, so that it should work as before in presence of the students in the class-room, he devoted himself to the thorough investigation of all parts of the machine and of the theory of its action. Directing his attention first, with all his profound physical and mathematical knowledge, to the various theoretical points involved in the working of the machine, 'he determined,' says M. Arago, 'the extent to which the water dilated in passing from its liquid state into that of steam. He calculated the quantity of water which a given weight of coal could vaporise—the quantity of steam, in weight, which each stroke of one of Newcomen's machines of known dimensions expended—the quantity of cold water which required to be injected into the cylinder, to give the descending stroke of the piston a certain force—and finally, the elasticity of steam at different temperatures. All these investigations would have occupied the lifetime of a laborious philosopher; whilst Watt brought all his numerous and difficult researches to a conclusion, without allowing them to interfere with the labours of his workshop.'

Leaving Watt's theoretical researches into the mode and power of action by steam, let us attend to the practical improvements which he made in the construction of the engine itself. Newcomen's machine laboured under very great defects. In the first place, the jet of cold water into the cylinder was a very imperfect means of condensing the steam. The cylinder, heated before, not being thoroughly cooled by it, a quantity of steam remained uncondensed, and, by its elasticity, impeded the descent of the piston, lessening the power of the stroke. Again, when the steam rushed into the cylinder from the boiler, it found the cylinder cold, in consequence of the water which had recently been thrown in; and thus a considerable quantity of steam was immediately condensed and wasted, while the rest did not attain its full elasticity till the cylinder became again heated up to 212 degrees. These two defects—the imperfection of the vacuum created in the cylinder when hot, and the loss of steam in rushing into the cylinder when cold—were sources of great expense. Both defects, it will be observed, had their origin in the alternate heating and cooling of the cylinder; and yet, according to Newcomen's plan, this alternate heating and cooling was inevitable.

Watt remedied the evil by a simple but beautiful contrivance—his SEPARATE CONDENSER. The whole efficacy of this contrivance consisted in his making the condensation of the steam take place, not in the cylinder, but in a separate vessel communicating with the cylinder by a tube provided with a stop-cock. This vessel being exhausted of air, it is evident that, on the turning of the stop-cock in the tube connecting it with the cylinder, the steam from the cylinder will rush into it so as to fill the vacuum; and that this will continue until the steam be equally distributed through both vessels—the cylinder and the other. But if, in addition to being free from air, the separate vessel be kept constantly cool by an injection of cold water, or other means, so as to condense the steam as fast as it rushes in from the cylinder, it is evident that *all* the steam will quit the cylinder, and enter the separate vessel, to be condensed there. The cylinder will be thus left a perfect vacuum, without having lost any of its heat by the process; the piston will descend with full force; and when the new steam rushes in from the boiler, no portion of it will be wasted in reheating the cylinder.

So far the invention was all that could be desired; an additional contrivance was necessary, however, to render it complete. The steam in the act of being condensed in the separate vessel would give out its latent heat; this would raise the temperature of the condensing water;* from the heated water, vapour would rise; and this vapour, in addition to the atmospheric air which would be disengaged from the injected water by the heat, would accumulate in the condenser, and spoil its efficiency. In order to overcome this defect, Watt attached to the bottom of the condenser a common air-pump, called the *condenser pump*, worked by a piston attached to the beam, and which, at every stroke of the engine, withdrew the accumulated water, air, and vapour. This was a slight tax upon the power of the machine, but the total gain was enormous—equivalent to making one pound of coal do as much work as had been done by five pounds in Newcomen's engine.

This, certainly, was a triumph; but Watt's improvements did not stop here. In the old engine, the cylinder was open at the top, and the descent of the piston was caused solely by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface. Hence the name of *Atmospheric* Engine, which was always applied to Newcomen's machine, the real moving power being not the steam, which served no purpose except to produce the necessary vacuum, but the atmosphere pressing on the piston with the force (supposing the vacuum to be complete) of about fifteen pounds to a square inch. This was attended with the inconvenience, that the atmosphere being cold, tended to cool the inside of the cylinder in pushing down the piston, which of course caused a waste of steam at every stroke. The inconvenience was avoided, and the whole engine improved, by entirely shutting out the atmospheric action, and employing the steam itself to force down the piston. This was accomplished in the following way. Instead of a cylinder open at the top, Watt used one with a close metallic cover, with a nicely-fitted hole in it, through which the greased piston-rod could move freely, while it did not allow the passage of air or steam. Thus the cylinder was divided into two chambers quite distinct from each other—that above and that below the piston. Now, in addition to the former communications between the cylinder and the boiler and condenser, a tube was made to connect the boiler with the upper chamber, so as to introduce steam *above* the piston. This steam, by its elastic force, and no longer the atmosphere by its pressure, drove down the piston when the vacuum had been formed by the condensation of the steam beneath; and as soon as the descending stroke was complete, the turning of a cock could admit steam from the boiler equally into both chambers, thus restoring the balance, and enabling the piston to ascend, as before, by the mere counterpoise of the beam. The engine with this improvement Watt named the *Modified Engine;* it was, however, properly the first real *steam*-engine; for in it, for the first time, steam, besides serving to produce the vacuum, acted as the moving force. In this substitution of steam as the moving force instead of the atmosphere, there was, moreover, this peculiar advantage—that whereas the force of the atmosphere was uniform, and could in no case exceed fifteen pounds on every square inch of the piston's surface, the force of the steam could, within certain limits, be varied.

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* The effect of the latent heat of the steam in heating the water in the condenser may be judged of from the fact, that if *two* pounds of steam be condensed by *ten* pounds of *freezing* water, the result will be twelve pounds of water at the *boiling*-point; in other words, two pounds of steam at 212 degrees contain latent heat sufficient to boil ten pounds of freezing water.

Another improvement less striking in appearance, but of value in economising the consumption of fuel, was the enclosing of the cylinder in a jacket or external drum of wood, leaving a space between which could be filled with steam. By this means the air was prevented from acting on the outside of the cylinder so as to cool it. A slight modification was also necessary in the mode of keeping the piston air-tight. This had been done in Newcomen's engine by water poured over the piston; but in the closed cylinder this was obviously impossible; the purpose was therefore effected by the use of a preparation of wax, tallow, and oil, smeared on the piston-rod and round the piston-rim.

The improvements which we have described had all been thoroughly matured by Mr Watt before the end of 1765, two years after his attention had been called to the subject by the model of Newcomen's engine sent him for repair. During these two years he had been employing all his leisure hours on the congenial work, performing his experiments in a delft manufactory at the Broomielaw quay, where he set up a working model of his engine, embodying all the new improvements, and having a cylinder of nine inches diameter. One would anticipate, as M. Arago remarks, that when the fact of the construction of so promising and economical an engine was made generally known, 'it would immediately displace, as a draining apparatus, the comparatively ruinously expensive machines of Newcomen. This, however, was far from being the case. Watt's grand invention and most felicitous conception, that steam might be condensed in a vessel quite separated from the cylinder, was completed in the year 1765; and in two years scarcely any progress was made to try its applicability upon the great scale.' Watt himself did not possess the necessary funds for that purpose. 'At length,' says Lord Brougham, 'he happily met with Dr Roebuck, a man of profound scientific knowledge, and of daring spirit as a speculator. He had just founded the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and was lessee, under the Hamilton family, of the Kinneil coal-works.' Such a man, so extensively employed in engineering, was precisely the person to introduce Watt's invention into practice; and accordingly a partnership was formed between him and Watt, according to the terms of which he was to receive two-thirds of the profits in return for the outlay of his capital in bringing the new machines into practice. A patent was taken out by the partners in 1769, and an engine of the new construction, with an eighteen-inch cylinder, was erected at the Kinneil coal-works with every prospect of complete success; when, unfortunately, Dr Roebuck was obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to dissolve the partnership, leaving Watt with the whole patent, but without the means of rendering it available.

WATT'S OCCUPATIONS AS A GENERAL ENGINEER—HIS PARTNERSHIP WITH MR BOULTON OF SOHO.

Watt, rather than apply to the money-lenders for funds, which they would very probably have been glad to invest in so hopeful a speculation, devoted himself for some time exclusively to the proper business of his profession as a civil engineer, allowing his steam-engine model to lie like mere lumber in the Broomielaw delft-work. Between the years 1769 and 1774, he was employed in various engineering enterprises of great importance—'the extensive operations of which Scotland then became the scene giving,' says Lord Brougham, 'ample scope to his talents. He was actively engaged in the surveys, and afterwards in the works for connecting by a canal the Monkland coal-mines with Glasgow. He was afterwards employed in preparing the canal, since completed by Mr Rennie, across the Isthmus of Crinan; in the difficult and laborious investigations for the improvement of the harbours of Ayr, Greenock, and Glasgow; in improving the navigation of the Forth and Clyde; and in the Campbelton Canal; besides several bridges of great importance, as those of Hamilton and Rutherglen.'* 'What Johnson said of Goldsmith, may with equal justice be applied to Watt—"he touched nothing that he did not adorn." In the course of his busy surveys, his mind was ever bent on improving the instruments he employed, or in inventing others to facilitate or correct his operations. During the period of which we have been speaking, he invented two micrometers, for measuring distances not easily accessible, such as arms of the sea. Five years after the invention of these ingenious instruments, one Mr Green obtained a premium for an invention similar to one of them, from the Society of Arts, notwithstanding the evidence of Smeaton, and other proofs, that Watt was the original contriver.

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* Memoir of Watt in Lord Brougham's *Men of Letters of the Reign of George III.*

'In 1773, the importance of an inland navigation in the northern part of Scotland between the eastern and western seas became so great, that Mr Watt was employed to make a survey of the Caledonian Canal, and to report on the practicability of connecting that remarkable chain of lakes and valleys. These surveys he made, and reported so favourably of the practicability of the undertaking, that it would have been immediately executed, had not the forfeited lands from which the funds were to be derived been restored to their former proprietors. This great national work was afterwards executed by Mr Telford, on a more magnificent scale than had been originally intended.'

At the end of the year 1773, Watt was left a widower by the death of his wife in Glasgow while he was absent on his survey of the Caledonian Canal. Two children, a son and a daughter, survived their mother. This event would probably have the effect of withdrawing his attention still more from his steam inventions. For five years his patent 'for methods of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in the steam-engine,' had been running, without bringing him any returns, the dissolution of his partnership with Dr Roebuck having thrown the entire risks of introducing the new machine into practice upon himself, and either his cautious temperament, or his actual want of means, preventing him from abandoning the certainties of his profession for the sake of pushing his steam-engine into public notice. This indifference is certainly in itself not entitled to be considered a merit; we point it out merely as characteristic.

At length, in 1774, Mr Watt entered into a partnership most fortunate for himself and for the world. This was with Mr Matthew Boulton of the Soho Foundry, near Birmingham—a gentleman of remarkable scientific abilities, of liberal disposition, and of unbounded enterprise, who, having his attention called to the improvements on Newcomen's steam-engine effected by the Glasgow surveyor, immediately formed a connection with him, sharing the patent, as Dr Roebuck had formerly done.

Almost the first business of the partners was to procure a prolongation of Watt's patent, which, having commenced in 1769, had but a few years to run. Whether because the value of Watt's improvements had, by the mere course of time, become more generally recognised than at first, or because the enthusiasm with which so well known an individual as Mr Boulton patronised them, roused many parties to a sense of their importance, it was only after a very keen opposition in parliament that the extension of the patent for twenty-five years was obtained. At the head of those who opposed the renewal of the patent in the House of Commons was the celebrated Edmund Burke; the opponents out of the house were the engineers and miners whom the patent would prevent from employing the engine without paying the inventor for permission to do so.

The extension of the patent having been procured, the partners began to construct, at their manufactory at Soho, draining-machines of the largest dimensions, which immediately supplanted Newcomen's engines in all the mining districts. The bargain which the partners made with those mine proprietors who applied for permission to use the improved engine, was certainly the most reasonable that could have been expected. They stipulated for receiving 'a third part of the value of the coal saved by the use of the new engine.' Yet this agreement brought ample profits to the partners, as may be judged from the fact, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater in Cornwall, where three pumps were employed, commuted the proposed *third of the coal saved* into £2500 a year for each of the engines. Thus the saving effected by one engine amounted to at least £7500, which had been expended formerly in waste fuel. As there was a possibility that, if the mine proprietors had been left to estimate for themselves the value of the saving, they might cheat the partners of their fair dues, Watt rendered himself independent of them by confiding the duty of rendering an account to a meter, invented on purpose, and which, kept in a box under a double lock, registered every stroke of the engine.

As the engine was one of large dimensions, it was scarcely possible to pirate it secretly; but so numerous were the attempts made to plagiarise it, or, by ingenious ways, to infringe the patent right, that Messrs Watt and Boulton were almost perpetually engaged in lawsuits to defend their property. In several cases, the opposition which Mr Watt experienced on account of his defending his rights amounted to positive persecution—to attacks on his character. These attacks, however, failed; and in their lawsuits the partners were uniformly successful. 'I have been so beset with plagiaries,' says Mr Watt in one of his letters, 'that if I had not a very distinct recollection of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine.'

As the foundry at Soho was one of the largest establishments in Great Britain, Watt's new position, as a partner with Mr Boulton, was one of great wealth and consequence. He had hardly entered upon it, when, in the year 1775, after two years of widowhood, he married Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a rich Glasgow merchant.

The first consequence of the introduction of Watt's improved steam-engine into practice was to give an impulse to mining speculations. New mines were opened; and old mines, which could not be profitably worked when taxed with such a consumption of fuel for draining as Newcomen's engines required, now yielded a return. This was the only obvious consequence at first. Only in mines, and generally for the purpose of pumping water, was the steam-engine yet used; and before it could be rendered applicable to other purposes in the arts—before it could promise, even to the most sanguine expectation, to perform such a universal part in machinery as that which we now witness it performing, the genius of Watt required once again to stoop over it, and bestow on it new creative touches.

IMPROVEMENTS RENDERING THE STEAM-ENGINE APPLICABLE FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

Any one, on considering the steam-engine, will perceive that the original motion in it, and the source of all others, is that of the piston up and down in the cylinder. It is by connecting the piston-rod with other pieces of machinery through a beam that the work is done. Now, in the draining-engine the piston-rod was attached to the beam by a flexible chain. Where the purpose was the mere pumping of water, the inconvenience of this was not so great; but to render the steam-engine useful for other purposes, it was necessary to do away with the flexible chain, and connect the piston-rod with the end of the beam by some *rigid communication*. Watt effected this by a beautiful invention, known as *the parallel motion*. At the end of the beam of a steam-engine of the construction common some years ago,* may be observed a curious jointed parallelogram, with the piston-rod attached to one of its angles. When the engine is in action, if the movements of this parallelogram be watched attentively, it will be perceived that while three of the angles of the parallelogram move in small circular arcs, the fourth—that to which the piston-rod is attached—is so pulled upon by opposite forces, that although tending to move in a curve, it moves in a straight line. This result depends on a very recondite mathematical principle; the contrivance, however, practically, is one of the most simple imaginable. 'I myself,' says Watt, speaking of his first trial of the parallel motion, 'have been much surprised with the regularity of its action. When I saw it in movement, it afforded me all the pleasure of a novelty, and I had quite the feeling as if I had been examining the invention of another.'

Another improvement, which, in point of the additional power gained, was more important than the parallel motion, and which indeed preceded it in point of time, was the *Double-acting Engine*. In the steam-engine, so far as we have yet described it, the whole force consisted in the downward stroke; in the depression of the piston in Newcomen's engine by the atmosphere; and in Watt's improved engine by the steam admitted into the upper chamber of the cylinder. When the piston had reached the bottom of the cylinder, it rose again by the mere counterpoise of the other end of the beam, just as the lighter end of a weighing-beam ascends when the pressure which kept it down is removed. Watt remedied this defect, by giving the piston an upward as well as a downward stroke; that is, by employing the steam to push up the piston as well as to push it down. After the whole cylinder is first filled with steam, a communication is opened between the upper chamber and the condenser; thus the steam in the upper chamber is condensed, and a vacuum is formed, upon which the elasticity of the steam in the lower chamber pushes up the piston. This is the ascending stroke. To procure the descending stroke, a communication is next opened between the *lower* chamber of the cylinder and the condenser; by this means a vacuum is formed below the piston; steam is then admitted into the *upper* chamber, and its elasticity pushes the piston down. And thus, by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, the double action is procured, giving a double power for the same size of cylinder, and there is no longer any necessity for one end of the beam being heavier than the other.

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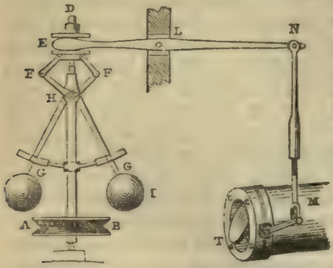
* In engines of modern construction the beam is seldom used; the crank-rod is jointed directly to the piston-rod, and the piston-rod is made to preserve its parallelism by means of a cross-head moving in guides.

Besides the double-stroke engine, Mr Watt also indicated an improvement, which he did not fully carry out, but which has since been attended with results so surprising as regards the economising of the steam, that its utility ranks as high as that of the separate condenser. This consists in shutting off the steam from the boiler before the whole length of the stroke, whether upward or downward, is completed, leaving the quantity admitted to perform the rest of the stroke by its expansive force. When the steam is shut off at half-stroke, it is found that the efficacy of the steam is increased by considerably more than a half; at quarter-stroke, the same quantity of steam—and therefore the same quantity of fuel—will do more than twice the work it would do if steam were admitted during the whole stroke.

Watt had thus gone as far as it was possible to go in increasing the power of the steam-engine. '*Power*, however,' observes M. Arago, 'is not the only element of success in the labours of industry. *Regularity* of action is of no less importance; and what degree of regularity is to be expected from a moving power which is procured from the fire, under the influence of the poker and shovel, and supplied by coals of very different qualities: under the influence, too, of workmen often far from intelligent, and almost always inattentive. We should expect that the propelling steam would be sometimes superabundant; that hence it would rush into the cylinder with the greater rapidity, so making the piston work more rapidly according as the fire was more powerful, and from such causes great inequalities of movement appear almost inevitable.' Watt's genius provided a remedy for this, by an ingenious application of an apparatus called the *governor*, which should regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler into the cylinder. The nature of this piece of mechanism will be understood by the annexed figure. A spindle or upright rod, with a pulley on its lower part by which it is moved, receiving motion through a strap attached to the shaft or axle, has two balls, which revolve along with it. These balls, by the means of joints, may be separated considerably from, or brought nearer to, the spindle. Two levers are connected with the rods to which the balls are attached, having a free movement on other levers similar in length and thickness, but which meet in a metallic ring movable upwards and downwards on the spindle. Immediately above the ring, a lever is placed transversely across the ring, fixed at one point, but connected to another which is bent, to the end of which the throttle-valve of the steam-pipe is attached. This valve, it may be here noticed, is intended to regulate the supply of steam, allowing it to escape when horizontal in full stream, and obstructing it proportionately as it assumes a vertical direction. When, therefore, the engine acts with increased speed or velocity, and the main shaft to which this spindle is attached is revolved with a proportionate degree of rapidity, the balls will recede to a greater distance from each other, and accordingly the levers, acting on the throttle-valve, will raise it so as to diminish the flow of steam. But if the shaft revolves slowly, the spindle also having its velocity regulated by it, the balls will naturally approximate each other, and the lever will now so act on the valve as to throw it completely open, and thereby permit the steam to enter in a full current to the cylinder, and accelerate the motion. Such is the efficacy of this apparatus, that by its means a steam-engine may be made to give motion to a clock which shall keep good time. 'It is this regulator of Watt's,' says M. Arago, 'and a skilful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics, as well as communicate a rapid movement to the ponderous stones of a flour-mill.'



To describe all the other inventions of a minor kind connected with the steam-engine which came from the prolific genius of Watt, would occupy too much space. Rotatory engines, already alluded to in the present Tract, and which have engaged much attention of late years, were not only thought of by Watt, but actually constructed; 'he subsequently abandoned them, however, not because they did not work, but because they appeared to him decidedly inferior, in an economical point of view, to machines of double powers and rectilineal oscillations.' 'There are, in fact,' says M. Arago, 'few inventions, great or small, among those so admirably combined in our present steam-engines, which are not the development of some of the original ideas of Watt. He proposed machines without condensation, in which, after having acted, the steam is dispersed in the air, and which were intended for localities where large quantities of cold water could not readily be procured. The operation of the principle of expansion in machines with several cylinders, was also one of the projects of the Soho engineer. He suggested the idea of pistons which should be perfectly steam-tight, although composed exclusively of metal. It was Watt also who first had recourse to mercurial manometers for measuring the elasticity of the steam in the boiler and the condenser; who conceived the idea of a simple and permanent gauge, by whose assistance might always be ascertained, with a glance of the eye, the level of the water in the boiler, and who, to prevent this level ever varying injuriously, connected the movements of the feeding-pump with those of a float; and who, when required, placed in an opening in the cover of the principal cylinder of the machine the *indicator*, a small apparatus so constructed that it accurately exhibits the state of the steam in relation to the position of the piston, &c. Watt was not less skilful and happy in his attempts to improve the boilers, to diminish the loss of heat, and to consume those torrents of black smoke which issue from common chimneys, however elevated they may be.' The various improvements above alluded to had all been made and patented by Mr Watt before the year 1785. Suppose one of Watt's double-stroke engines of that year's construction, with all the improvements embodied in it, placed side by side with the Glasgow college model of Newcomen's draining-machine, which in the winter of 1763-4 had been sent to Mr Watt for repair—in the contrast would be seen the value of Mr Watt's labours during these twenty years. That which he had found a clumsy, weak, and boisterous apparatus, applicable only to the draining of mines, he had converted into a machine compact, calm, regular, resistless as an earthquake, yet docile as a child; capable of every process in manufacture or art.

To express by any ordinary terms in our language the advantages resulting from Watt's improvements of the steam-engine would be altogether impossible. We have only to look abroad on the world, and see what mighty applications of this wonderful engine are everywhere visible. Steam-navigation, railway travelling, automatic factory labour, steam-printing, mining, and hundreds of other arts, have been brought to their present state only by means of Watt's discoveries. In its adaptation to mills and factories, steam is doubtless more costly than water-power; but, being independent of situation or seasons, it is in general circumstances preferable. Its placid steadiness, and the ease with which it may be managed, are also great recommendations in its favour. As a motive-power in the arts, steam takes the lead of all others, and, viewing it as an economiser of labour, it must assuredly be pronounced the stay of Britain.

It is in consequence of the improved mechanical arrangements, and employment of inanimate forces in Great Britain, that that comparatively small country has hitherto been enabled to manufacture goods cheaper, and with greater profit, than can be done by the largest and most populous countries in which mechanism is imperfect, and labour performed exclusively by living agents.

The profits of manufactures so produced spread their beneficial influence over the whole mass of society, every one being less or more benefited. Thus, almost all the luxuries and comforts of life, all the refinements of social existence, may be traced to the use of tools and machinery. Machinery is the result of mechanical skill, and mechanical skill is the result of experience and a long course of investigation into the working of principles in nature which are hidden from the inattentive observer. Much of the present mechanical improvement is also owing to the pressure of necessities, or wants, which have always a tendency to stimulate the dormant powers of man. What are to be the ultimate limits and advantages of mechanical discoveries, no one can foresee. The investigation of natural forces is yet far from being finished. Every day discloses some new scientific truth, which is forthwith impressed into the service of mankind, and tends to diminish the sum of human drudgery. In this manner are we usefully taught that the study of nature forms a never-failing source of intellectual enjoyment, and that 'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

MISCELLANEOUS INVENTIONS OF WATT—HIS CONCERN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE COMPOSITION OF WATER.

Although it is with the steam-engine that Watt's name is immortally associated, his inventive genius was displayed in various contrivances totally unconnected with it. Residing in Birmingham, in the receipt of an ample income from the establishment of which he was a partner—left at liberty, by the superintendence which Mr Boulton exercised over the commercial part of the business, to devote his time to his own proper department, that of invention—and interrupted only by the calls which his lawsuits against those who pirated his machines made upon his patience—Watt was able to maintain an acquaintance with all that was taking place in the scientific world, and to take an interest in all kinds of researches and experiments. Accordingly, besides being the author of the machine, now, with some modifications, used in every office for copying letters; of the plan also in common use for heating buildings by steam; and of an instrument capable yet of being brought to great perfection for multiplying copies of busts and pieces of sculpture; all of which inventions he was led to make by the interest which he took in the arts in general, Mr Watt was connected, according to the judgment of many, in a more direct and intimate way than perhaps any one else, with that grand discovery of modern chemistry—the composition of water. The following is a short account of Mr Watt's share in the matter, drawn up from the statements of Lord Brougham and M. Arago, who first (about 1839) brought Watt's claims prominently before the public.

Air and water were, until about the middle of last century, regarded as simple bodies, or, according to the ancient language, *elements*. It was at length shewn, however, by various inquirers, the principal of whom were Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, that air was not a simple substance, but a compound of two gases. Still no one thought that the same thing might be true of water; and water continued to pass for a simple body after the compound nature of atmospheric air was demonstrated. In the year 1781, however, Mr Warltire, a chemist, observed that when an electric spark was passed through a mixture of hydrogen gas (then called inflammable or phlogisticated air) and common atmospheric air, a deposit of dew took place on the sides of the vessel, which dew was found to be water. The same result occurred when the vessel contained a mixture of hydrogen gas (phlogisticated air) and oxygen (dephlogisticated air). Priestley, in 1782–3, repeated Warltire's experiment, but discovered the additional important circumstance, that the weight of the water deposited on the sides of the vessel in which the detonation of the oxygen and hydrogen took place was precisely equal to the joint weight of the two gases. This result Priestley communicated to his friend Mr Watt, as well as to the Royal Society, in a paper dated the 21st of April 1783. Mr Watt, who had long been interested in the subject, and who had for some time entertained the idea that possibly air was but a modification of water or steam, instantly seized the true conclusion to be drawn from Priestley's experiment, and in a letter to that philosopher, dated 26th April 1783, expressed himself as follows: 'Let us consider what obviously happens in the case of the deflagration of the inflammable and dephlogisticated air. These two kinds of air unite with violence, they become red hot, and, upon cooling, totally disappear. When the vessel is cooled, a quantity of water is found in it equal to the weight of the air employed. This water is then the only remaining product of the process; and water, light, and heat are all the products. Are we not then authorised to conclude that water is composed of dephlogisticated air and phlogiston, deprived of their latent or elementary heat; that dephlogisticated or pure air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston, and united to elementary heat and light; that the latter are contained in it in a latent state, so as not to be sensible to the thermometer or to the eye; and if light be only a modification of heat, or a circumstance attending it, or a component part of the inflammable air, then pure or dephlogisticated air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston, and united to elementary heat?'

This document—the first known assertion in writing of the fact that water is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen (dephlogisticated and phlogisticated air)—was communicated by Dr Priestley to various scientific men in London, and a copy of it was sent to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, to be read at a meeting of that body. Circumstances prevented the paper from being read, and in all probability it lay, with the other papers of the Society, in the hands of the secretary, Sir Charles Blagden. Nearly nine months passed, when, on the 15th of January 1784, a paper, communicated by the celebrated Mr Cavendish, was read before the Society. In this paper the experiment of burning oxygen and hydrogen in a close vessel is described; and the conclusion stated, that in the process the two gases were converted into water. Later in the same year, a paper of the great French chemist Lavoisier was published, parts of which had been read before the Academy of Sciences in November and December 1783; and in this paper the same conclusion of the composition of water from oxygen and hydrogen is explicitly stated. On the publication of these conflicting claims, a controversy naturally arose as to who was the real discoverer of the new truth—the rival claimants being Mr Cavendish and M. Lavoisier. Mr Cavendish stated that he had made the experiment of burning the two gases so early as 1781, and that he had mentioned it verbally to Dr Priestley; he does not say, however, whether, at the time of mentioning it to Dr Priestley, he had come to the grand conclusion, nor does he state at what time he first came to that conclusion. So far, therefore, this evidence, admitted to its full extent, only amounts to a declaration that Mr Cavendish early repeated Mr Warltire's experiment. The only indication given by Mr Cavendish as to the precise time at which he formed the important conclusion capable of being drawn from the experiment, is contained in a further statement, that 'a friend of his, in the summer of 1783, gave some account of his experiments to M. Lavoisier, as well as of the conclusion drawn from them, that dephlogisticated air is only water deprived of its phlogiston.' The person here alluded to as having told Lavoisier of the discovery made by Cavendish is Sir Charles Blagden, already named as the secretary of the Royal Society, and who was a very intimate friend of Mr Cavendish. Sir Charles corroborates Mr Cavendish's statement, and distinctly avers that he communicated the grand conclusion to Lavoisier in the summer of 1783. The claims of Lavoisier may therefore be considered as set aside. As between Mr Cavendish and Mr Watt, however, the question now would be, on the most favourable terms to Mr Cavendish, *at what time previous* to the summer of 1783 he had arrived at the conclusion. On this point, Sir Charles Blagden's statement is less distinct. 'During the spring of 1783,' he says, 'Mr Cavendish shewed us that he had necessarily deduced from his experiments the conclusion that oxygen is nothing else than water deprived of its phlogiston. *About the same time* the news reached Birmingham, that Mr Watt of Birmingham had been led by some observations to a similar conclusion.' Our readers, however, will bear in mind that Mr Watt's letter containing the announcement of the conclusion must in all probability have been put into the hands of Sir Charles Blagden at the time it was intended to be read before the Society.

Whatever, therefore, may have been the merits of Mr Cavendish, and the degree of originality in his inquiries with regard to the point at issue, Mr Watt, it is argued, stands before them both, as having been the first person who expressed in writing his belief that water was a compound of two gases. It may be mentioned that Mr Watt, although he took no public part in the controversy, never renounced his claim to be considered the original author of the discovery, for the honour of which Cavendish and Lavoisier were contending.*

Mr Watt, in a visit to Paris in 1786, undertaken for the purpose of inspecting the water-works at Marly, met, among other Frenchmen of scientific celebrity, the chemist Berthollet, who had just discovered the valuable bleaching properties of chlorine. This discovery he communicated to Mr Watt, through whose means, accordingly, the process of bleaching by chlorine was introduced into this country; his father-in-law, Mr Macgregor, being the first to apply it on a large scale. Another subject in which Mr Watt took much interest was the administration of the various gases for medical purposes. In short, besides his distinction as an engineer and inventor, Mr Watt sustained, by the universality of his acquirements, the general character of a British man of science.

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* The publication (1838) of Arago's Eloge on Watt was the signal for a long and acrimonious controversy, which can hardly yet be considered settled, and which enlisted eminent combatants on both sides. The part of Watt was taken by Arago, Dumas, Brougham, Berzelius, Jeffrey, Brewster; while the claims of Cavendish were upheld by the Rev. Vernon Harcourt, President of the British Association (1839), Dr Peacock (in the *Quarterly Review*, 1845), and Dr Whewell. Dr George Wilson, in his *Life of Cavendish*, concludes against Watt.

MR WATT'S RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS—HIS DEATH—PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER.

Mr Watt's various patents expired in the year 1800. In that year, therefore, he withdrew entirely from business, leaving his share in the Soho establishment to his sons, James and Gregory; the latter of whom, his son by the second marriage, was cut off in 1804, at the early age of twenty-seven, after giving evidence of very great literary and scientific talent. Mr Watt survived this event about fifteen years—years spent in ease and retirement, and in the enjoyment of that genial social intercourse for which he always exhibited so great a relish. The activity of his mind during this retirement will be illustrated by the following anecdote, related by M. Arago: 'A water-company in Glasgow had established, on the right bank of the river Clyde, great buildings and powerful machines, for the purpose of conveying water into every house in the town. When the works were completed, it was discovered that, on the other side of the river, there was a spring, or rather a kind of natural filter, which abundantly supplied water of a very superior quality. To remove the works was now inexpedient; but a question arose as to the practicability of drawing the water from wells on the left bank, by means of the pumping-engines then existing on the right bank, and through a main pipe to be carried by some means across the river. In this emergency, Watt was consulted; and he was ready with a solution of the difficulty. Pointing to a lobster on the table, he shewed in what manner a mechanist might, with iron, construct a jointed tube which would be endowed with all the mobility of the tail of the crustacea. He accordingly proposed a complete jointed conduit-pipe, capable of bending and applying itself to all the inflections, present and future, of the bed of a great river—in fact, a lobster-tail of iron, two feet in diameter, and a thousand feet in length. He soon after furnished plans in detail, and drawings; and the design was executed for the Glasgow Water-company with the most complete success.'

The last years of the life of the great engineer present few incidents worthy of notice. His health, which was extremely delicate in his youth, and liable to be affected by violent headaches, to which he was subject, improved as age advanced, and his decline was calm and happy. 'He preserved,' says Lord Jeffrey, 'up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year.'

Watt died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, on the 25th of August 1819, in his eighty-fourth year; and was buried in the parish church of Handsworth, where a monument to his memory, with a marble statue by Chantrey, was erected by his son, Mr James Watt. A second statue, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the college of Glasgow. Greenock, as the birthplace of Watt, has likewise a statue of her most illustrious son; and, not to mention others, the finest production of Chantrey's chisel is the colossal one of Watt in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

The task of describing the general demeanour of Watt, and of summing up his character, has happily been performed by one able to do it justice—his friend Lord Jeffrey.

'Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might, perhaps, have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

'His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use to its true value, and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

'It is needless to say that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing; but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation; and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.'

To these passages from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, we may add the following from Sir Walter Scott, as they occur in the preface to *The Monastery:* 'It was only once my fortune to meet Watt, when there were assembled about half a score of our northern lights.* Amidst this company stood Mr Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings. There he stood, surrounded by the little band of northern literati. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk.'

If to these eulogies it be thought necessary to add the honorary titles conferred upon Mr Watt, it may be mentioned that, in 1784, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; in the following year he became a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; in 1787, he was chosen a Corresponding Member of the Batavian Society; in 1808, the university of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and shortly before his death, he was added to the small number of English members of the Institute of France.

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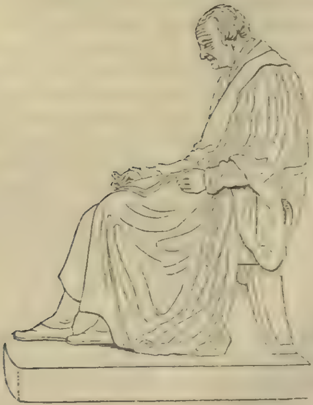
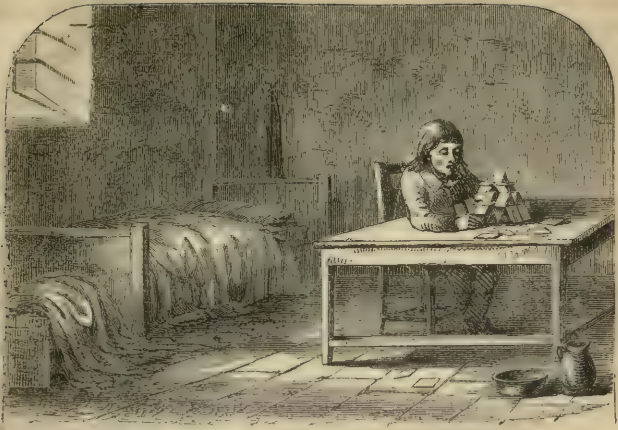
* At the table of one of the Commissioners of Northern Light-houses.

In one of the public squares of Glasgow—the city which witnessed Watt's early struggles—a statue has been erected to his memory; and thus has been expiated the narrow policy which originally offered an obstacle to his useful career.





THE LITTLE CAPTIVE KING.

LOUIS AND THE COMPASS.

ONE morning in the month of August 1789, a man and a child were walking through the extensive and beautiful park of Rambouillet—a royal residence, thirty-six miles south-west of Paris. The man, though of a somewhat bulky frame, was yet in the prime of life, and had a mild and distinguished countenance. His simple style of dress did not indicate the precise rank which he held in society, yet his aquiline nose, his majesty of air, as well as the broad blue ribbon visible between his white waistcoat and lace frill, marked him as one of the royal family. As for the child, he was remarkable for almost angelic beauty, and his clustering curls of fair hair which hung over his open neck and shoulders. About four years and five months old, but, like all precocious children, taller than usual at that age, he bore in his features an air of bright intelligence, shaded, however, as some would think, with a stamp of melancholy unsuitable to his years. Gay and lively in the extreme, his animal spirits were at one moment in wild exuberance; in the next his mood changed to deep depression. His bright blue eyes had the irresistible charm of having their brilliance softened by a pensiveness of expression, calculated to interest all who looked on his fair countenance.

The man was Louis XVI., king of France; the child was his son, Louis-Charles, the dauphin.

'Louis,' said the king, 'to-morrow is the queen's birthday, and you must think of something new for her bouquet, and compose some little compliment.'

'Papa,' replied the young prince quickly, 'I have a beautiful everlasting in my garden, and it will just do for my bouquet and my compliment too. When presenting it to mamma, I can say: "Mamma, I wish that you may be like this flower."'

'Very good, indeed, my child,' said the king, pressing his little hand which he held in his. 'How much I wish that your conduct was always as satisfactory as your little sallies are pleasing and full of heart! I grieve to have heard that while studying your lesson with your tutor yesterday, you began to hiss. Was this as it ought to be, Louis?'

'What would you have me do, papa?' replied Louis with an arch smile; 'I said my lesson so badly, that I hissed myself.'

'What was the abbé explaining to you?' said the king.

'It was the use of the compass, and I own to you, papa, that I am just now greatly puzzled about it. I scarcely heard a word he said. All the time he was speaking, I was thinking how the sun would be burning up my garden and my beautiful flowers, and I was longing to get out to water them; so Monsieur the Abbé will be very angry with me to-morrow, for I do not remember a single syllable. If you have time, papa, could you not tell me all about it while we are walking?'

'With pleasure, Louis,' answered the king, 'particularly as I happen to have a small compass in my pocket. Before, however, attempting to explain this curious instrument, I must tell you something of the magnet, from which its power and usefulness are derived. The only natural magnet with which we are acquainted is the loadstone—a mineral of a dark iron-gray colour approaching to black, found in great abundance in the iron mines of Sweden, in some parts of the East, in America, and sometimes, though rarely, among the iron ores of England. Now, the loadstone has a property of attracting iron, which it draws into contact with its own mass and holds firmly attached by its own power of attraction. A piece of loadstone drawn several times along a needle or a small piece of iron, converts it into an artificial magnet. If this magnetised needle be then carefully balanced, so as to move easily on its centre, one of its ends will always turn to the north. Now, Louis, look at this small case. You see in it the magnet, made like the hand of a clock, with that end which points to the north shaped like the head of an arrow. You see that it is carefully balanced on a steel point, and beneath it is a card marked like a dial-plate with north, south, east, west, such being the cardinal points; also the intermediate points, as north-west, south-east, &c. By merely looking at the position of the needle when it settles to a point, the mariner can see the direction in which his vessel is sailing, and regulate his steering accordingly. The case, you see, is covered with glass, to protect the face from injury. This is a small compass, but there are large ones which are not so well suited for carrying about. Whether large or small, the compass is one of the most useful instruments in the world. Without it, mariners dare not venture out of sight of land, nor would the discovery of America have been made by the great Columbus. You will remember that the magnetic needle always points to the north.'

'Papa, tell me, is the compass as useful on land as at sea?'

'Assuredly, my child. For example, suppose we were to lose our way in the adjoining forest: I know that the Château de Rambouillet lies to the north of the forest, and to find out the north I look at my compass, and take the direction to which the needle points—so.' And the king shewed his son how the needle would act.

The boy, who had been most attentively listening to his father, suddenly cried: 'Do, papa, lend me your compass, and let me find my way by myself to the château.'

'And if you lose your way?' said the king, a little startled at the proposal.

'But the compass will guide me, papa.'

'You are not afraid, then, of being alone in the forest?'

'Was a king of France ever afraid?' replied Louis, proudly raising his pretty fair head.

'Well, be it so,' said the king; 'here is the compass, and here, too, is my purse, for you may want money on your way. Now let us part; you, Mr Adventurer, may take to the right, I will keep to the left, and I appoint you to meet me at the chateau.'

'Agreed,' said Louis, kissing his father's hand as he took from it the compass, and then merrily plunged into the depths of the forest.

LOUIS AND THE PEASANT.

For about an hour the dauphin pursued his way, directing his course by the compass till he arrived at the borders of the forest, without finding himself nearer home. A large meadow lay before him, in which some peasants were mowing, and he advanced towards them, not to inquire his way—the idea of seeking any other guide but his compass did not enter his head—no, he only wanted to know the hour. As he approached, a little dog began barking in rather a hostile way. His master called him back; but the dog did not immediately obey, and the peasant left his work, and with the handle of his scythe gave the animal several blows.

On hearing the cries of the dog, Louis ran to the peasant. 'Will you sell that pretty dog, friend?' said he to him.

'Not so fast, my little gentleman,' answered the peasant, who did not recognise the prince; 'I would not sell my dog, do you see, for all the gold in the king's purse. My poor Muff—my only companion in my poverty—my only friend!'

'Then why do you beat him?'

'He that loves well chastises well, my little gentleman.'

'Here, friend,' said the child, taking a piece of gold from his purse; 'I will give you this, if you promise me not to love your dog quite so well.'

Astonished at this munificence in so young a child, the peasant said: 'One would think you were the son of a king, to give away so much money at a time.'

'I am the son of your king,' answered Louis artlessly.

'Pardon, my prince; I ask pardon,' said the peasant in great confusion. 'Pardon me for having refused you the dog: it is yours, my prince, and all that I have besides. Take Muff, my good young prince—take Muff.'

'I am much obliged to you, my good sir,' answered the child; 'but you tell me he is your only friend. Now I have a great many friends, so I will not deprive you of yours. I only want you to tell me what o'clock it is.'

'It is three o'clock, your highness.'

'But how do you know?—where did you see it?' said the child with much surprise. 'You did not look at your watch.'

'If we poor peasants could not tell the hour without a watch, I do not know what we should do. Sure we have the sun.'

'And how do you know by the sun?'

'Well, indeed, I cannot tell you that very clearly, my young prince; it is, however, according to its height. When as high as it will go nearly over our heads, and when it casts the least possible shadow anywhere, we know it is noon precisely. According as it comes down lower, and our shadow lengthens, it is one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, and so on. You see we just judge by the shadows, my good little prince.'

'Thank you, friend, for all you have taught me,' said the child; and then, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the peasant to be allowed to shew him the way—steady to his resolve to consult no guide but the compass—he fearlessly struck again into the forest, and at length, after several hours of wandering, now finding now missing the track, he arrived at Rambouillet heated and panting, yet insensible to the fatigue he had undergone, from exultation at having, unassisted, reached the end of his journey.

The moment the king saw him, he ran to him with an eagerness that betrayed what had been his anxiety. 'I had almost begun to think you had lost your way, Louis.'

'Lost my way, indeed! How could I have lost it?' said the child, with a half-indignant look.

'Oh, I see your pride is up in arms; but if it had not been for the compass'——

'Papa, if I had had no compass, my heart would have guided me to you.'

FAMILY HISTORY.

We must say something of the parentage and birth of our young hero, and shall commence with his father. Louis XVI. was grandson of Louis XV., by whom, while dauphin, or heir-apparent to the throne of France, he was kept in comparative seclusion and ignorance of the knowledge required for his high destination. In consequence of this imperfect acquaintance with the world and of state affairs, as well as from temperament, he was indecisive, timid, silent, and reserved; but full of benevolence, and of exemplary morals. In 1770, he was united to Marie Antoinette, daughter of Francis I. of Austria and Maria Theresa; Louis at the time being no more than sixteen, and Marie Antoinette fifteen years of age. Educated with great care, this young princess was highly accomplished, and endowed with an uncommon share of gracefulness and beauty. In a letter written by her mother, Maria Theresa, to her future husband, she says, among other things: 'Your bride, dear dauphin, is separated from me. As she has ever been my delight, so she will be your happiness. For this purpose have I educated her, for I have long been aware that she was to be the companion of your life. I have enjoined upon her, as among her highest duties, the most tender attachment to your person, the greatest attention to everything that can please or make you happy. Above all, I have recommended to her humility towards God; because I am convinced that it is impossible for us to contribute to the happiness of the subjects confided to us, without love to Him who breaks the sceptres and crushes the thrones of kings according to His own will.' The departure of this young and fascinating creature from Vienna filled all hearts with sorrow, so much was she beloved. Conducted with great state through Germany to the borders of France, near Strasbourg, she was there assigned to the care of the French nobles and ladies of honour deputed to receive her; but not till an important ceremonial, according to the usage of France, had been performed.

In the midst of a pretty green meadow was erected a superb pavilion. It consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to those of the court of France, including body-guard and pages. The young princess being conducted into the apartment for the Germans, she was there undressed, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court; and with the slenderest covering she was ushered into the apartment

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in which her French suite was in attendance. It was a trying moment for a delicate female. On the doors being thrown open, the young princess came forward, looking round for her lady of honour, the Countess de Noailles; then rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heart-felt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial yet august and serene deportment; her smile was sufficient to win every heart. Dressed by her tirewoman, the Duchess of Cossé, she became a princess of France; and on presenting herself to the numerous retinue, she was hailed with loud and protracted acclamations.

The journey of Marie Antoinette through France was like a triumphal march; and when she arrived at Versailles, the entertainments given on her account were remarkably splendid. On the occasion of her marriage, the city of Paris also gave a magnificent fête; but greatly to her distress and that of her husband, the overcrowding of the streets caused a deplorable catastrophe—fifty-three persons were pressed or trodden to death, and about three hundred dangerously wounded. To increase the melancholy recollections of the event, a fire broke out in the Place Louis XV., by which many persons perished, and hundreds lost their all. The dauphin and dauphiness were so overwhelmed with grief at this second disaster, that they sent their whole income for the year to the relief of the surviving sufferers. This and other traits of good dispositions seemed to endear Marie Antoinette to the French; but unfortunately she was from the first surrounded by mean factions, whose delight lay in misrepresenting all her actions, and rendering her unpopular.

The dauphin and dauphiness lived chiefly at Versailles, or in the small palace in the adjoining grounds, known by the name of the Trianon, where the princess had an opportunity of indulging in her love for flowers and gardening, and Louis could pursue unmolested the industrial occupations to which he was attached. Living much apart from state affairs, four years thus pleasantly passed away, when the current of their lives was greatly altered by the demise of the reigning sovereign. Any one who had visited the palace of Versailles at the beginning of May 1774, would have found the inmates in a state of extreme consternation. Louis XV. lay ill of a dangerous malady, smallpox, and a number of the courtiers catching the infection, died. At length, on the evening of the 10th of the month, the king closed his mortal career. The dauphin was at this time with the dauphiness in one of the apartments distant from the scene of death. A noise was suddenly heard by them; it increased like the rushing of a torrent. It was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's antechamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed

Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees, and both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed: 'O God! guide us, protect us; we are too young to govern.'

Marie Antoinette was now queen of France; but the accession brought no real happiness. For many years the court had been a scene of demoralisation, and full of jealousies and intrigues, which she found it impossible to quell. The queen was likewise harassed with perplexing ceremonies, for which, being bred in a simple patriarchal court, she had no taste. She was little else than a puppet in the hands of her attendants. If she wanted a glass of water, she was not allowed to take it herself; it must be given by a lady of honour. At table everything was presented on bended knees, as if she had been a divinity. In making her toilet, she durst not pour water on her own hands; every movement was performed by waiting-women, all members of the nobility. Sometimes one trifling operation would require six persons: one would take an article of dress from a wardrobe and hand it to another, who would in turn give it to another, and so on, the last putting it on the person of the queen, who was all the time perhaps shivering with cold. Marie Antoinette spoke with satirical pleasantry of these useless ceremonies, and wished to abolish them; but this only gained her enemies, and became the pretext for the first reproaches levelled against her.

Louis XVI. and his queen were married eight years before they had any children. At length, on the 11th of December 1778, the queen was delivered of her first infant, a daughter, and great were the rejoicings on the occasion, although to a less extent than if the birth had been of a son. When the young princess was presented to the queen, she pressed her to her truly maternal heart. 'Poor little one,' said she, 'you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the state. You shall be mine; you shall have my undivided care, shall share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles.' A great number of attendants watched near the queen during the first nights of her confinement; and this made her uneasy, for it was contrary to the etiquette of the court that they should lie down in bed. With much kindly consideration, she ordered a number of large arm-chairs for her women, the backs of which were capable of being let down by springs, and which served perfectly well instead of beds. It was thus that Marie Antoinette felt for all who were about her. Her daughter was named Marie Thérèse.

On the 22d of October 1781, the queen gave birth to a son, the dauphin, and on this occasion the hopes of all classes appeared to be crowned with universal joy. Numerous were the congratulations;

and Versailles for some time bore the air of a perpetual holiday. In the society of her son and daughter the queen now spent much of her time; and as they grew up, she endeavoured to cultivate in them every amiable quality. During the winter of 1783, when the poor suffered greatly from cold, she distributed large sums, saved from her allowance, among the most necessitous families in Versailles; nor did she fail on this occasion to give her children a lesson in beneficence. Having met on the New-year's Eve to get from Paris, as in other years, all the fashionable playthings, she caused them to be spread out in her closet. Then taking her son and daughter in her hand, she shewed them all the dolls and toys which were ranged there, and told them, that she intended to give them some handsome New-year's gifts, but that the cold made the poor so wretched, that all her money was spent in blankets and clothes to protect them from the rigour of the season, and in supplying them with bread; so that this year they would only have the pleasure of looking at the new playthings. When she returned with her children into her sitting-room, she said there was still an unavoidable expense to be incurred, and that was paying the toyman for the use of his toys and the cost of his journey, and a sum was accordingly paid to him for his services.

To the family of Marie Antoinette another addition was made on the 27th of March 1785, when Louis-Charles, the subject of our present memoir, was born. Immediately on his birth, which took place at Versailles, the king, his father, conferred on him the title of Duke of Normandy, which had not been given to the princes of France since the time of Charles VII. He was baptised the same day, his sponsors being Monsieur, the king's brother (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and Madame Elizabeth as proxy for the queen of Naples. This was a happy event in the royal family of France, and served to assuage the vexations in which the king was becoming involved with his state affairs. It was another bright moment when the Princess Sophie was born in 1788, but she died while still an infant; and shortly afterwards the dauphin fell in a few months from a florid state of health into so weak a condition, that he could not walk without support. How many maternal tears did his languishing frame, the certain forerunner of death, draw from the queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues and quarrels among the persons who surrounded her. The dauphin died in 1789; and Louis-Charles, or Louis, as his father usually called him, became dauphin in his stead.

To a naturally amiable disposition, Louis-Charles united an intellect premature in its development, with a countenance which bore the mingled expression of the mildness of his father and the lofty dignity of his mother. As he grew up in childhood, he shewed a most decided love for flowers; and the king, who wished to cultivate tastes so simple and so conducive in their practical exercise to his bodily health, had given him a little plot of ground in front of the apartments opening on the terrace at Versailles. There was the dauphin, day after day, to be seen with his little spade working away; and though the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, he would suffer no one to help him. 'No,' said he; 'it is because I make the flowers grow myself that mamma is so fond of them; so I must work hard to have them ready for her.' And every morning the young proprietor of this little domain came to pull his fairest roses, his most fragrant violets, to form a bouquet to lay on his mother's bed; so that the first thing Marie Antoinette always saw on awaking was her boy's early offering; while from behind the curtain he watched her smile of pleasure, then sprang from his hiding-place to claim his reward—that reward a kiss—and that kiss was so sweet to him that no severity of weather could hinder him from going to his little garden to pull the flowers that won for him this prize.

And here we would pause to say, if, in this elevated rank, it is found that when affection is to be evinced, it is evinced in a way common to all classes—evinced in the daily little attentions miscalled trifling—may not those in humble life who have perhaps felt inclined to murmur that all power to bestow large bounties, all opportunity to make splendid sacrifices in proof of love, has been denied to them, repress the vain wish that it had been otherwise, and rest satisfied in the recollection that, however rare may be the occasions to save or serve, and vouchsafed to few, yet all may please. Let such, though they may not have even the flower in the bud to give, rejoice that a kindly look, the smallest office of patient love, the shrinking from giving pain, the bitter word repressed when rising to the lips, is no despicable offering, either in the eyes of an earthly friend or in the sight of that heavenly Friend who forgets not the cup of cold water given for His sake, and who said of her of small power but loving heart: 'She hath done what she could.'

The young prince was not always equally studious or docile, and one day that he was to be punished for some misdemeanour, the plan devised was to take from him his dear little dog Muff, which the grateful peasant of the forest had brought as an offering to his young prince; and next to his parents and his flowers all his care was for Muff. On this occasion the dog was shut up in a closet where the dauphin might hear but could not see him—a privation apparently as great to Muff as to his master, for he never ceased howling and scratching at the door. The prince, unable to bear it any longer, ran with tears streaming down his cheeks to the queen. 'Mamma,' cried he, 'Muff is so unhappy, and you know, as it was not he that was naughty, he ought not to be punished. If you will let him out, I promise to go into the closet instead of him, and to stay there as long as you wish.' His petition was granted; Muff was set at liberty, and the little dauphin remained patiently in the dark closet till his mother released him.

Like most children of his age, he did not always make proper application of the maxims which he heard. One day that, in the exuberance of animal spirits, he was about to throw himself into the midst of some rose-bushes: 'Take care,' said the queen, 'those thorns might tear your eyes out, and will certainly scratch you severely.'

'But, dear mamma,' answered he in a most magnanimous tone, 'thorny paths, you know, lead to glory.'

'It is a noble maxim,' replied the queen, 'but I see you do not quite understand it. What glory can there be in getting your eyes scratched out for the mere pleasure of jumping into a hedge? If, indeed, it were to extricate any one from danger, there would be glory in it, but as it is, there is only imprudence. My child, you must not talk of glory till you are able to read the history of true heroes who have disinterestedly sacrificed life and fortune for the good of others.'

On one occasion, his governess, uneasy at seeing him running at headlong speed, said to the queen: 'He will surely fall.'

'He must learn to fall,' replied Marie Antoinette.

'But he may hurt himself.'

'He must learn to endure pain,' said the queen, who, with all her fondness, had no desire to make her boy effeminate.

REMOVAL TO PARIS.

The love of rural pursuits evinced by the young dauphin was destined to be rudely broken in upon. While with his parents at Versailles in 1789, the revolution in France broke out, and filled the royal family with alarm. It was the misfortune of Louis XVI. to have fallen on evil times, and, with all his good qualities, to become the victim on whose head the popular resentment for long-endured injuries should be visited. It was another of his misfortunes to be surrounded by incompetent advisers, and to be deserted by the classes who might have been expected to rally round the throne.

When tumults began to take place in Paris, it was considered necessary that the king should proceed thither to shew himself to the people at the Hotel de Ville. He went on the 17th of July 1789. Everybody knows that this movement gave a trifling lull to the storm. When the sovereign received the tricoloured cockade from the mayor of Paris in front of an assembled multitude, a shout of *Vive le Roi!* arose on all sides. The king breathed again freely at that moment; he had not for a long time heard such acclamations. During his absence the queen shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to the court, but their doors were locked; terror had driven them away. A deadly silence reigned throughout the palace; fear was at its height; the king was hardly expected to return. He did however come back, and was received with inexpressible joy by the queen, his sister, and his children. He congratulated himself that no accident had happened; and it was then he repeated several times: 'Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order.'

It is not our intention to relate the history of the revolution which had already commenced, but only to note a few particulars in the life of our young hero and his unfortunate parents. On various pretexts it was resolved by the mob of Paris, a large portion of whom were women of the lowest habits, to march to Versailles and bring the royal family to Paris. This alarming movement took place on the 5th and 6th of October. The court, deserted by the host of nobles who might have been expected to rally round the throne, and with scarcely any friends left but their immediate attendants and attached guards, were on this momentous occasion exposed to many gross indignities, and with some difficulty were able to save their lives. Carriages being prepared, they were compelled to go into them and proceed to Paris, attended by a rabble of many thousands. It was not the least of the many painful circumstances accompanying this removal, that the king was compelled to withdraw his son from the healthy breezes of the country to the comparative closeness of a city atmosphere. The boy, also, was inconsolable. To be taken away from his little garden was a sore grief; his beautiful flowers, the flowers reared with his own hands, would, he said, wither and die; and he was like to die at the thought. In order to console him, he was told he should have much nicer flowers at Paris, and as many as he could wish for. 'They will not be my own flowers that I planted and watered,' he answered; 'I shall never love any flowers so well as these.'

Clinging to his mamma in terror of the horde of wild-looking men and women who were shouting in demoniac laughter, the dauphin entered one of the coaches; the queen alternately trying to pacify his fears, and to look with calmness on the terrific throng. Already blood had been shed. The mob, in forcing the palace, had killed two of the guards who defended the queen's apartments from outrage; and with the heads of these unfortunate and brave men stuck on the end of poles, a party preceded the royal carriages to Paris. These wretches, with a refinement of cruelty which, we imagine, could scarcely be matched out of France, stopped on the way at Sèvres, and compelled a hairdresser to dress the gory heads according to the fashion of the period. In the rear of this band slowly came the procession of soldiers, citizens, women—an indescribable crowd of the vilest beings on earth—some riding astride on cannons, some carrying pikes or muskets, and numbers waving long branches of poplar. It looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. After the royal carriages came the king's faithful guards, some on foot and some on horseback, most of them uncovered and worn out with want of sleep, hunger, and fatigue. Finally came a number of carriages containing deputies of the Assembly, followed by the bulk of the Parisian army.

In the course of the journey, which was protracted to a late hour, the king and queen were constantly reviled by the crowd of savage women who thronged about them. There was at the time a dearth of bread in Paris, arising from natural causes; but it was imputed to the king, and now that he was in the hands of the mob, they cried out that bread would no longer be either dear or scarce. 'We shall no longer,' they shouted at the windows of the royal carriages, 'we shall no longer want bread; we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us.' In the midst of all the revilings, tumult, and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, might be seen Marie Antoinette preserving the most courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of noble and inexpressible dignity.

The departure of the royal family for Paris was so hurried that no time was afforded to make preparations at the palace of the Tuileries, which, since the minority of Louis XV., had not been the residence of the kings of France. Some apartments, however, were cleared for their reception; and from this time may be dated the captivity of Louis XVI. in the hands of his people.

On the day after the arrival of the court in Paris, a noise was heard in the garden of the Tuileries, which terrifying the dauphin, he threw himself into the arms of the queen, crying out: 'Oh, mamma, is yesterday come again?' The child in his simplicity could not account for the revolutionary movements of which he, with others, was the victim; and a few days after making the above affecting exclamation, he went up to his father to speak to him on the subject.

'Well, Louis, what is it you wish to say?' asked the king.

'I want to know, papa,' he answered pensively, 'why the people, who formerly loved you so well, are all at once angry with you; what is it you have done to irritate them so much?'

His father, interested in the question, took him upon his knee, and spoke to him nearly as follows: 'I wished, my dear Louis, to make my people still happier than they were. I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as the former kings of France had done; the magistrates composing the parliament opposed it, and said that my people had alone a right to consent to it. I thereupon assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; and that is what is called the *States-General*. When all were assembled, they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the people must not be blamed for them.'

The dauphin had now a more clear idea of the position of affairs, and to please his father and mother, he endeavoured to avoid giving cause of offence to those about him. When he had occasion to speak to the officers of the National Guards, mayors of the communes, or revolutionary leaders who visited the Tuileries, he did so with much affability. If the queen happened to be present, he would come and whisper in her ear : 'Is that right?'

The royal family were not permitted to consider the whole garden of the Tuileries as their own. The chief portion was claimed by the National Assembly. In that part appropriated to the king's household, the dauphin was given a small patch in which he might pursue his love for flowers ; but even this indulgence was clogged with the regulation that he should be attended by members of the National Guard. At first the escort was small, and courteously did the young prince invite his guards to enter, and graciously did he distribute flowers amongst them ; sometimes saying to them : 'I would give you a great many more, but mamma is so fond of them.' But the guard being gradually increased, he could no longer do the honours of his little domain to all, and once he apologised to those who were pressing round the palisades : 'I am sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is too small to permit of my having the pleasure of seeing you all in it.'

One day a poor woman made her way into the garden, and presented him a petition. 'My prince,' said she, 'if you can obtain this favour for me, I shall be as happy as a queen.'

The child took the paper, and with a look of deep sadness exclaimed : 'Happy as a queen! you say ; I know one queen who does nothing but weep all day long.'

GLOOMY FOREBODINGS—IMPRISONMENT.

The years 1790 and 1791 were passed by the royal family in a state of constant apprehension. Clamoured against by all, and in constant danger of assassination, the king appears to have sunk into a state of gloomy despondency, from which neither the smiles of his wife nor the sallies of little Louis could raise him. For some months he scarcely spoke a word. The queen spent much of her time in tears. Recommended by a few attached partisans, as well as by his own fears, he made an attempt to leave the kingdom with his family, but as every one knows, they were stopped at Varennes before they reached the frontiers, and brought back to Paris. In their return they were under the charge of Barnave, one of the deputies appointed by the Assembly to attend the royal prisoners. At the time it was customary for the revolutionists to wear buttons on which was the device : 'To live free, or die.' Observing words to that effect on the button of M. Barnave, the dauphin said : 'Mamma, what does that mean—*to live free?*'

'My child,' replied the queen, 'it is to go where you please.'

'Ah, mamma,' replied the child quickly, 'then we are not free!'

This attempt at flight considerably aggravated the condition of the royal family, who were now more carefully watched than ever; the king and queen living almost continually under the eyes of sentinels, and all their correspondence watched. These things preyed on the mind of Marie Antoinette, and began to give her the appearance of premature old age.

'Mamma,' said the dauphin one day shortly after the return of the family to the Tuileries, 'how white your hair has grown!'

'Hush, my dear child,' replied the queen; 'let us not think of such trifles when we have greater sorrows, those of poor papa, to distress us.' It is true the queen's beautiful hair had grown white from the effect of grief. In a single night it had become as white as that of a woman of seventy, yet she was only about half that age. The Princess de Lamballe having asked for a lock of her whitened hair, she had a small quantity set in a ring and presented to her, with the inscription: 'Bleached by sorrow.'

On the 20th of June 1792, a lawless Parisian rabble forced the Tuileries, and rushed like demoniacs from room to room in search of the king and queen, who, though sufficiently alarmed, did not quail before this barbarous torrent. Placing themselves in a recess, with two or three attendants, they awaited what might be their fate. The queen placed the dauphin before her on a table. When the tumultuous procession advanced, a person of coarse appearance gave the king a red cap, which he put on his head, and a similar emblem was drawn over the head of little Louis, almost burying the whole of his face. The horde passed in files before the table, carrying symbols of the most horrid barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended, with an inscription signifying that it was Marie Antoinette. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with the words inscribed: 'Heart of Louis XVI.'

By the interference of several deputies, no bloody deed was committed on this occasion. The result was very different on the ensuing 10th of August, when the palace of the Tuileries was attacked and captured after a gallant and ineffectual defence by the Swiss guards, all of whom, to the number of eight hundred, were barbarously put to death. It would be too painful, even if it were necessary, to describe this terrible massacre. The poor son of Louis XVI., no longer heir to a throne, for the monarchy was abolished, shared all the perils of that day, evincing a degree of courage beyond his age. When the wainscoting of a secret passage in which the family had taken refuge appeared to be giving way under the repeated blows of the mob, and when the queen with suspended breath was listening to each stroke of the axe, the boy, gliding from the terror-relaxed hold of his mother, fell on his knees, and putting up his little hands, piously exclaimed: 'O God, save mamma!—Thou art able to do everything. Oh, send away these men!—a poor child is praying for his mother! O thou good God, wilt thou not hear him?' As if in answer to this artless prayer, the noise suddenly ceased, and an announcement was made that the people demanded to see the queen—a fruitless interview, though affording a respite at the moment.

The result is well known. Louis XVI., the queen, the dauphin and his sister, with Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king, took refuge in the Assembly, whence, after a lengthened debate, they were transferred to confinement in the Feuillans; from this place of detention they were soon taken to the Temple.

THE TEMPLE.

The Temple owes its name to the Templars, a military order of priests, who, in the twelfth century, devoted themselves to the recovery of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem from the Saracens. In 1250 they founded this, the principal house of their order, and retained possession of it for 160 years. Like the other ancient fortresses, it was surrounded by high and turreted battlements, in the middle of which rose a square tower, the walls of which were nine feet in thickness, and which was flanked by four other round towers. The church, of rudely Gothic construction, was built on the model of that of St John at Jerusalem.

Within a courtyard in this gloomy edifice, as well as in the park at Versailles and on the terrace of the Tuileries, Louis-Charles was indulged with a small garden, a plot where the flowers might indeed want the sunshine, but still to him they were flowers—he still had a garden to cultivate. The large square tower was the prison of the royal family: there for many months, to the very day of his death, Louis XVI., whose possession of all the virtues which constitute a good father, a good head of a family, is not denied even by his enemies, devoted himself to the education of his son. It was his delight to develop and cultivate that youthful and naturally quick and powerful intellect. Often did his mirthful sallies, his playful wit, beguile the anxious parents of a smile.

Every morning the king rose at six o'clock, and prepared the lessons he intended giving to his son; at ten, the captives assembled in the queen's apartment, and study began. Very sweet were these hours to the poor prisoners, and whilst the lesson lasted, each seemed to forget past greatness, and ceased to anticipate future perils; but too often, alas! these calm domestic scenes were interrupted by clamorous shouts, nay, even death-screams, from without, which too plainly told the royal victims that the forfeiture of liberty and a crown was no security for life being spared.

It was in such hours as these that the courage of Louis XVI.

seemed to grow with the danger—that courage which consists in calm endurance. As soon as each new cause for alarm had ceased, he endeavoured to lure his startled little circle into forgetfulness of it by some question to the prince—at times it might be a riddle, an enigma; and his ingenious guesses often succeeded in checking the tears of the fond mother and aunt.

'Louis,' asked the king on one of these occasions, 'what is that which is white and black, weighs not an ounce, travels night and day like the wind, and tells a thousand things without speaking?'

'It must be a horse,' answered the dauphin; 'it surely is a horse. A horse may be white and black, and a horse runs races, and a horse does not speak.'

'So far so good, my boy; but a horse weighs somewhat more than an ounce, and I never heard of his telling any news.'

'Ah! now papa, I have it; it is a newspaper,' and the young prince's merry peal of laughter almost met a response from the sorrowful little group.

'Another question for you,' said the king. 'Who is she, the most beautiful, the best, the noblest'——

'Who but mamma?' quickly interrupted the dauphin, throwing himself into the queen's arms.

'You did not give me time to finish, Louis,' pursued his father; 'I ask you who is the most beautiful, the best, the noblest, and who yet repels the greater part of mankind?'

'It is Truth, papa; but to tell you the truth, I did not guess it myself; my sister whispered it to me.'

In such little exercises of ingenuity, and at times in playing a geographical game invented by the king, were the boy's hours of recreation passed. This game consisted in drawing out of a little bag the names of towns, which were then traced out upon the map and marked by counters, and the game was won by whichever player told most of the historical events occurring in the places the names of which they had drawn.

Thus the autumn of 1792 passed and winter came on without bringing any alleviation of the condition of the prisoners. One evening, after the candles were lighted, when the family were arranged round the table in their sitting apartment, the dauphin, with the inquisitiveness of youth, asked his father what book it was he was now reading and studying so carefully. 'It is the history of an unfortunate king, Charles the First of England,' answered Louis.

'How was he unfortunate, dear papa? Did his people put him in prison, as yours have done?'

'Yes, my dear child, there is much resemblance in our lives, as I fear there will be in our fate'—here the queen uttered a deep sigh, and looked with agony towards her husband—'but you shall read the memoirs of Charles when you are old enough to comprehend his history: it is too intricate and difficult for a boy. See, here is a book which I have sent for to amuse you, and I think you will like it better than the very melancholy memoirs of Charles the First.'

'Thank you, dear papa. Oh! I see it is full of stories; shall I read one aloud?'

'Certainly, if you please. Take that pretty one near the beginning, called *Arthur;* it teaches a fine lesson to boys in adversity.' The dauphin read as follows:

'A poor labourer, named Bernard, had six young children, and found himself much at a loss to maintain them; to add to his misfortune, an unfavourable season much increased the price of bread. Bernard worked day and night, yet, in spite of his labours, could not possibly earn enough of money to provide food for six hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes he said to them: "My dear children, bread is become so dear that, with all my labour, I am not able to earn sufficient for your subsistence. This piece of bread in my hand must be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you must be content to share with me the little that I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be sufficient to satisfy you all; but at least there will be enough to prevent your perishing with hunger." The poor man could say no more: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept; his children wept also, and each one said within himself: "O Lord, come to our assistance, unfortunate infants that we are!—help our dear father, and suffer us not to perish for want!" Bernard divided the bread into seven equal shares; he kept one for himself, and distributed the rest amongst his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refused his share, and said: "I cannot eat anything, father; I find myself sick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongst the rest." "My poor child! what is the matter with you?" said Bernard, taking him up in his arms. "I am sick," answered Arthur, "very sick." Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning he went to a physician, and besought him for charity to come and see his sick child. The physician, who was a man of great humanity, went to Bernard's house, though he was very sure of not being paid for his visits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulse, but could not thereby discover any symptoms of illness. He was going to prescribe a cordial draught, but Arthur said: "Do not order anything for me, sir; I could take nothing that you should prescribe for me."

'The physician asked him the reason for refusing the medicine, but the child tried to evade the question. He then accused him of being obstinate, and said he should inform his father. This distressed Arthur greatly, and, no longer able to conceal his emotions, he said he would explain everything to him if no one were present.

'The children were now ordered to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: "Alas! sir, in this hard season my father can scarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarse bread. He divides it amongst us.

Each of us can have but a small part, and he will hardly take any for himself. It makes me unhappy to see my little brothers and sisters suffer hunger. I am the eldest, and have more strength than they; I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my share amongst them. This is the reason why I pretended that I was sick; but I entreat you not to let my father know this!"

'The medical attendant was affected, and said: "But, my dear little friend, are you not hungry?" "Yes, sir, I am hungry; but that does not give me so much pain as to see my family suffer."

'"But you will soon die if you take no nourishment."

'"I am sensible of that," replied Arthur, "but I shall die contented. My father will have one mouth less to feed; and I pray God to give bread to my little brothers and sisters when I am gone."

'The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child speak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he clasped him to his heart, and said: "No, my dear little friend, you shall not die! God, who is the Father of us all, will take care of you and of your family." He hastened to his own house, and ordering one of his servants to take a quantity of provisions of all sorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famished little brothers. He made them all sit down at table, and eat heartily until they were satisfied. It was a delightful sight for the good physician to behold the joy of those innocent creatures. On his departure he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their necessities; which promise he faithfully observed, and furnished them every day with a plentiful subsistence. Other charitable persons also, to whom he related the circumstance, imitated his generosity. Some sent them provisions, some money, and others clothes and linen, so that in a short time this little family became possessed of plenty.

'As soon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had suffered for his father and brothers, he sent for Bernard, and addressed him thus: "You have an admirable son; permit me to be his father also. I will employ you on my farm; and Arthur, with all your other children, shall be put to school at my expense." Bernard returned to his house transported with joy, and, throwing himself upon his knees, blessed God for having given him so worthy a child.'

As the winter of 1792-3 advanced, the situation of the royal family in the Temple became more painful. It was resolved to suppress certain indulgences which they had hitherto enjoyed. Their food was to be more plain and less abundant, they were to eat off pewter instead of silver, tallow candles were to be substituted for wax, and their servants were to be reduced in number. None of these attendants, however, were to enter their apartments; and their meals were to be introduced to them by means of a turning-box. The carrying of these pitiful arrangements into execution was confided to a municipal officer named Hébert. This man had originally been check-taker at the door of a theatre, from which he was expelled for having embezzled the receipts. He was now the editor of a foul and slanderous print, and by the most odious arts as an ultra-revolutionist, had attained considerable power. A ruling passion with him seems to have been the vilifying and tormenting the royal family, and pursuing them individually to destruction. Empowered by the Convention, he repaired to the Temple; and not satisfied with taking away the most trifling articles to which the royal family attached a value, he deprived Madame Elizabeth of eighty louis which she had received from Madame de Lamballe. No man, observes M. Thiers, is more dangerous, more cruel, than the man without acquirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority; if, above all, he possess a base nature, and leap all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious.

Rendered in every respect uncomfortable in circumstances by the miserable devices of this wretch, and agitated by the rumours which daily reached them, the royal family looked with apprehension to the future. Never had the dauphin seen so many tears; his most playful sallies could not extort a solitary smile. They did not tell him of the impending misfortune, nor could he have suspected it while gazing on the calm and firm countenance of his father. The poor child in his simplicity thought, and indeed said: 'They will not do any harm to papa; for papa never did them any harm.' The 20th of January 1793 came, and sentence of death was passed on Louis XVI. When it was announced to him, he asked to see his family. This request was granted. The interview took place at eight o'clock in the evening. The queen, holding the dauphin by the hand, Madame Elizabeth, and Marie Thérèse, rushed sobbing into the arms of Louis XVI. During the first moments it was but a scene of confusion and despair. At length tears ceased to flow, the conversation became more calm, and the king tried to console his heart-broken family. While the dauphin stood between his father's knees gazing on his face, scarcely conscious of the full extent of the loss he was so soon to sustain, the public criers suddenly proclaimed under the tower the sentence of death, and the hour for the execution. The half-distracted boy tore himself from his father's arms, rushed from the apartment, and endeavoured to force his way through the guards.

'Where are you going so fast?' asked one of them, rudely repelling the poor child.

'To speak to the people, gentlemen; to implore them not to kill papa. Oh, do let me pass!' All was in vain, and Louis-Charles had to retrace his steps, crying: 'Papa, papa! oh, do not kill papa!' as if his heart were like to burst.

The king led his family to entertain the hope of a last interview in the morning; but on consideration he thought it better that such should not take place. At an early hour, the roll of the drums announced that the unfortunate husband and father was led out to execution. The particulars of that dreadful event are too painful to be minutely dwelt upon. At the scaffold he addressed a few words to the people, saying in a firm voice that he died innocent of the crimes imputed to him; that he forgave the authors of his death, and prayed that his blood might not fall on France. He would have continued, but the drums were instantly ordered to beat, and their rolling drowned the voice of the king. In a few moments all was over. As soon as the deed was perpetrated, furious wretches dipped their pikes and their handkerchiefs in the blood, spread themselves throughout Paris, and with shouts even went to the gates of the Temple to display that brutal and factious joy which the rabble manifests at the birth, the accession, and the fall of princes.*

Such was the fate of the unfortunate Louis XVI., a man of almost unexampled benevolence of disposition, who ever endeavoured to act on his favourite maxim, that 'kings exist only to make nations happy by their government, and virtuous by their example.' Now called on to expiate the political errors of his dissolute predecessors, an angry word never escaped him in the depth of his misfortunes. In his will, written December 25, 1792, he says: 'I forgive, from my whole heart, those who have conducted themselves towards me as enemies, without my giving them the least cause, and I pray God to forgive them. And I exhort my son, if he should ever have the misfortune to reign, to forget all hatred and enmity, and especially my misfortunes and sufferings. I recommend to him always to consider that it is the duty of man to devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow-men; that he will promote the happiness of his subjects only when he governs according to the laws; and that the king can make the laws respected, and attain his object, only when he possesses the necessary authority.' In the same spirit, on the day before his condemnation, he sent to his faithful servants, who were ready to risk all for him, this message: 'I should never forgive you if a single drop of blood were shed on my account. I refused to suffer any to be shed when, perhaps, it might have preserved to me my crown and my life; but I do not repent: no, I do not repent.'

SEPARATION OF THE YOUNG KING FROM HIS FAMILY.

Marie Antoinette was now a widow, and her children orphans. The prince was acknowledged throughout Europe to be king, under the title of Louis XVII. But, alas! this honour only aggravated the sufferings of this unfortunate child. A short time after the execution of her husband, the queen was forcibly separated from her son. The scene of her parting with her dear boy, for whose sake alone she had consented to endure the burden of existence, was so touching, so heart-rending, that the very jailers who witnessed it could not refrain from tears.

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* Thiers.

The revolutionary tribunal, which had no little difficulty in finding pleas against Louis XVI. and his queen, was greatly embarrassed in its treatment of their infant son. Only eight years of age, he was too young to be either tried or guillotined. Not that the wish was wanting to put him to death along with the other members of his family; but the spectacle of a child under the hands of the executioner might have formed a somewhat dangerous provocative to public indignation. There was *one* thing, therefore, which the monsters who assumed the character of judges in that dreadful period durst not do : they durst not openly put an innocent and fair-haired child to a bloody death. Undetermined as to what should be done with this youthful descendant of a hundred kings, they readily yielded to the request of Hebert, who proposed that it would be highly expedient for the nation to give Louis Capet, as he called him, a sound *sansculotte* education; that he should receive thorough notions of liberty and equality, and be at the same time taught a handicraft, whereby he might gain an honest livelihood. The means of instruction, he said, were already at hand. Simon, a shoemaker and a good Jacobin, was quite the man to undertake this weighty charge. Hebert's proposal met with a ready assent, and the young prince was consigned to Simon and his wife, both of whom went to reside in the Temple, for the purpose of conducting their new duties.

From anything which can be gathered from history, it does not appear that Simon was to be in any respect accountable for his treatment of the poor boy handed over to his care; and from his conduct, it might reasonably be inferred, that the greater his cruelty, the greater would be his merit in the eyes of the Convention. The most correct mode of describing Simon would be to speak of him as an utter blackguard, a man lost to all sense of decency—ignorant, brutal, and habitually intemperate. Torn from the arms of his mother, and committed to the charge of such a personage, the youthful king was made to drain even to the dregs the martyr's bitter cup.

The whole course of life of Louis-Charles was now altered. Simon hated books, and tore and trampled in pieces those of his prisoner, substituting for them, as his only recreation, the perusal of a placard entitled *The Rights of Man*. Simon hated exercise, and therefore would not permit the young king to walk any more in the garden attached to the prison. Simon hated birds, and therefore took away from his little captive two tame canaries which his aunt, Madame Elizabeth, had reared for him. Simon hated religion, and therefore expressly forbade his young charge ever to say his prayers; and one night having surprised the child kneeling with uplifted hands beside his flock-bed, he flew at him, crying: 'What are you about there, Capet? tell me or I will be the death of you.' The child confessed that he was repeating a little prayer which his mamma had taught him. Simon instantly seized the child by the arm, and flung him into a dark dungeon, where for several days he was allowed only bread and water.

But there was one thing which Simon did not hate, and that was —drink; and whenever he sat down to it, he used to hold out his glass, crying: 'Here, Capet, wine here; hand me some wine, I say.' Hard was it for the child to brook such an office to such a being; but the slightest murmur was so severely punished, that he was obliged to submit to be a servant to Simon, and to learn the duties of his new situation from the cruelties of this tyrannical supporter of equality and the rights of man. Nor were his merry moods less trying to the little sufferer; for then he began to sing, and as he would not sing alone, and as he knew only those horrible choruses howled around the guillotine, the child had to choose between joining in them and being severely beaten; and often did he suffer himself to be felled to the earth sooner than comply. Not even at night had he respite from his tormentor. Several times he was awakened by this Simon calling out: 'Capet, are you asleep? Where are you? Come here till I look at you.' The poor little victim used to start from his sleep, jump out of bed, and run almost naked to his tyrant, who suffered him to approach till near enough to be kicked back to bed.

The wife of Simon, however, at times felt some touch of pity for the sufferings of the unhappy child, and tried, without the knowledge of her husband, to procure him some indulgences. She once ventured to remonstrate with his terrible jailer, representing to him the cruelty of not giving the little Capet a single plaything. 'You are quite right,' answered Simon; 'children ought to be amused; he shall have a plaything to-morrow.'

On the morrow he brought him a little model of a guillotine: the child, in horror, hid his face in his hands, crying: 'I will die rather than touch it.' Simon rushed upon him, poker in hand; and had it not been for the interposition of M. Naudin, the surgeon, who came in at that moment to see Simon's wife, who was ill, the helpless victim would for ever have escaped the brutal rage of his tormentor, who, however, when the surgeon had left, handed to the boy, as if shamed into indulgence, two pears in addition to his usual scanty supper. The child took them, and laid them aside for a purpose not to be discovered by such a mind as that of Simon, and began to eat his bread, which he held in one hand, while with the other he added another story to the card-edifice he was raising. Seeing the caution with which the young prisoner was placing each card, Simon bent over the table and blew upon the castle, which instantly fell.

'Eh, Capet, what do you say to my breath?' said he, with a savage laugh.

'I say that the breath of God is more mighty still,' answered the child.

MORE PRISON SCENES.

The next day the surgeon repeated his visit: but let us for a moment try to realise the scene which the prisoner's apartment presented. It was one of two compartments, the first of which served as an antechamber, communicating with the next by an aperture in the partition; its only furniture a stove. In the second, which was lighted by a window secured with thick iron bars, were a large table, a small square one, some straw chairs, and two beds without curtains, in one of which lay the sick wife of Simon.

Several men were smoking and drinking round the larger table, and were already intoxicated. A poor little child, pale and haggard, was seated near the window at the smallest table. With his weak emaciated hands he was building a castle of cards, but his tearful eyes hardly followed the movement of each card as it rose or fell. His pallid countenance had but one expression, that of sorrow, and at times terror. Alas! who could have recognised in this miserable little creature the once charming child—so gay, so mirthful, so delicately neat, so graceful? Not only had his mourning, which he had worn since his father's death, been taken off him, but his hair, his beautiful fair hair, whose clustering curls had been so often fondly stroked and carefully arranged by a mother's hand, had fallen under the pitiless scissors of the woman who deemed she was thus depriving him of the last remaining relic of royalty. A woollen shirt, a coat and trousers of coarse red cloth, had replaced the silk and velvet, the cambric and lace, of days gone by.

'Well, Citizen Naudin,' said one of the municipals, as the surgeon, with an involuntary stolen glance towards the place where the young king was seated, approached the sick woman's bed: 'well, Citizen Naudin, any news to-day?'

'You might have learned that from the cannonading,' replied the doctor.

'Ah, citizen, a republic is a fine thing—always something stirring,' said Simon, now so drunk as to be scarcely able to stand. 'Apropos—is there any news of the ex-queen, the she-wolf?'

'She was removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie the 2d of this month,' was the answer.

The name of his mother having instantly brought the child to Simon's side in the hope of hearing something of her fate, he said to him: 'Do you remember your mother, Capet?'

'Remember her!' exclaimed he, tears springing to his eyes—

'remember her! I see her now: I have her before me yet, my poor mother. I hear her saying, as they were tearing me from her arms: "Forget not, my child, forget not a mother who loves you better than life. Be prudent, gentle, and virtuous." Simon,' continued the child of Marie Antoinette, the hot tears falling from his eyes—'Simon, you may beat me, you may kick me; I will do anything you wish; I will love you, if you will only speak to me of my mother. You never speak to me of her.'

'I would desire nothing better, Capet,' answered Simon; 'and as a beginning I will sing you a song that the Sansculottes have just made upon her.' Then, with a hoarse discordant voice, he began to roar out a couplet, every word of which was a vile slander upon the unhappy queen. The poor child recoiled with horror. But holding him fast by the coat, Simon continued: 'What! you little cub, you ask me news of your mother, and now you refuse to listen. You shall not only listen, but sing too.'

'Never; no, never! You shall kill me first,' said the child, struggling to escape from his grasp.

'Well, if you will not sing, you shall join in a toast. Citizens, fill your glasses; it must be a bumper;' and as he spoke he filled his own glass and those of his companions. 'The republic for ever!'

'The republic for ever!' shouted every voice but that of the child, who was now weeping bitterly.

'Capet,' said Simon, the moment he observed his silence; 'Capet, cry "the republic for ever!" Come, let us have it.'

'No,' said the child in a low but firm tone.

'Oh, if you please, Capet.' Louis made no answer.

'I command you, Capet.' The same silence on the part of the boy.

'Will you obey, wolf-cub?' cried Simon, in a paroxysm of fury. 'If you do not instantly cry "the republic for ever!" I will knock you down, Capet; I will knock you down.'

Without appearing the least intimidated by Simon's preparing to suit the action to the word, the young victim dried his tears, and gazing calmly and steadfastly upon his persecutor, said: 'You may do what you please, sir; but never will I utter those words.' Immediately a piercing cry re-echoed through the vaults of the dungeon. Simon had seized the unhappy child by the hair, and was holding him up by it, crying: 'Miserable viper, I know not what hinders me from dashing you against the wall!'

'Scoundrel! what are you about?' cried Monsieur Naudin, indignantly; and once more rescuing the child from him, he placed him gently on his chair, whispering in his ear some little soothing and caressing words.

'Sir,' said the child, 'you shewed yesterday also much kind interest in me, and I was thankful. Will you do me the favour to accept those two pears? They were given me for my supper last night. I have no other way of shewing that I am not ungrateful to you.'

Deeply affected, Monsieur Naudin took the fruit; and as he respectfully kissed the hand of the little prisoner, his tears fell upon it.

'The Citizen Naudin must always have his joke,' said Simon, sullenly. 'I meant the child no harm.'

But neither suffering nor constant intercourse with these rude men had as yet had power to alter the noble disposition of the child.

'If the Vendéans were to set you at liberty,' asked Simon one day, 'what would you do?'

'I would pardon you,' was the instant reply.

Could the most determined party-spirit—that spirit which has been well termed 'a species of mental vitriol which men keep to let fly at others, but which, in the meantime, injures and corrodes the mind that harbours it'—could the most determined party-spirit behold this poor child, and hinder its tears from falling?

MARIE ANTOINETTE—THE SIGNATURE.

The queen survived her husband nine months, and they were months of the deepest sorrow. Separated from her son in the Temple, and afterwards conveyed to the Conciergerie, a prison of meaner pretensions, she there was made to endure the greatest indignities. Lodged in an apartment unwholesome from its dampness and impure odours, she was waited on by a spy—a man of horrible countenance and hollow sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the attendant chosen of the queen of France. A few days before her trial he was removed, and a gendarme placed in her chamber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when in bed, but by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend frequently, and she was utterly destitute of shoes.

To relieve the difficulty of substantiating charges against the queen at her trial, Hebert conceived the infamous idea of wringing from her son revelations which would criminate his mother. As the boy was too young to admit of his appearing as a witness before the tribunal, and as it would have been impossible to make him charge his mother with imaginary crimes while in possession of his senses, it was resolved by Hebert and Simon to induce him to drink by a show of kindness, and to effect their purpose when he should become intoxicated. This diabolical scheme was forthwith put in execution. A deposition full of the most revolting confessions and accusations was carefully prepared and brought to the Temple. All that was necessary to complete it as an instrument to be laid before the tribunal, was the signature of the little captive king.

On the morning of the 5th of October 1793, Simon and Hebert, with two municipal officers, were breakfasting together in the prison in the company of the prince, from whose thick and rapid utterance, unusual loquacity, and flushed features, it was easy to perceive they had succeeded in intoxicating him. When it was thought he was sufficiently stupified by liquor, Simon opened a large paper, and giving him a pen dipped in ink, he said: 'Come, Capet, my boy; let us see whether you can write. Just try if you can put your name at the bottom of this paper.'

'Let me read it first,' replied the child, speaking quite thick, and hardly able to lift his head.

'Sign it first, and read it after; but you must have a little more to drink. Here, take this one glass of Malaga.'

'You make me drink too much, Simon,' said he, putting up his hand to his burning brow; 'it disagrees with me, and besides I do not like wine—you know I do not.'

'It is well to be accustomed to everything. Come, my boy, this one little glass of wine, and then you can write your name.'

'I would rather do it than drink any more,' replied the child, taking the pen and writing Louis-Charles of France at the bottom of the sheet that lay open before him; then letting his head fall heavily on the table, he was carried to bed by Simon, where he lay for some hours in a heavy slumber.

Fortified by the instrument so basely fabricated and subscribed, the revolutionary tribunal proceeded to try Marie Antoinette. The accusations were so odious that the Jacobin audience, bad as it was, was disgusted. Urged to answer if she had not attempted to pollute the mind of her son, the queen said with extraordinary emotion: 'I thought that human nature would excuse me from answering such an imputation; but I appeal from it to the heart of every mother present.' This noble and simple reply affected all who heard it. To the general charges of interfering in political affairs, she shewed that there was no precise fact against her, and that, as the wife of Louis XVI., she was not answerable for any acts of his reign. All was unavailing; it had been determined to put her to death, and she was accordingly condemned.

Being taken back to prison, she there passed in tolerable composure the night preceding her execution, and on the morning of the following day, October 16, she was conducted to the scaffold. Her long hair, now white as snow, she had cut off with her own hands. She was dressed in white; and though depressed with a thousand conflicting emotions, she had an air which still commanded the admiration of all who beheld her; and she ascended the scaffold with a step as firm and dignified as if she had been about to take her place on a throne by the side of her husband. With the same nobility of soul did this much injured woman submit herself to the hands of the executioner, and endure the stroke which deprived her of existence.

The intelligence of the condemnation of his mother was not communicated to Louis-Charles, nor did he know of her death till some hours after it had taken place. On the morning of the execution he rose earlier than usual, for, depressed with melancholy, he had spent a wretched night; and dressing himself, he sat down to wait the entrance of his keeper, who was later than usual at his post. Simon at last appeared with breakfast. As the door opened to admit him, the boy perceived a Savoyard with his back to the door smoking; and at the moment Simon called to the man: 'Citizen, will you help me to put this room in order?'

'Willingly, citizen, I was looking for a job,' said the man with an air of affected indifference; and taking the offered broom, he began to sweep.

'Simon,' said the prisoner to his jailer, 'I cannot eat any breakfast; I am not hungry.'

There seemed to be something extraordinary about Simon himself this day; a half-expression of remorse seemed to have taken place of the usually unvarying harshness of his countenance, and he carefully avoided meeting the restless glance of his victim.

'What is the matter with you?' asked Simon in a more softened tone than he had ever yet been heard to use. 'Are you ill this morning?'

'No,' said the young king, 'but I have had such a horrid dream; it is the second time I have dreamt it. The night before they took me from my mother, I dreamt that I was in the midst of a troop of wild beasts which wanted to tear me to pieces. I dreamt it again last night.'

'Oh, you must not mind dreams,' replied Simon.

'That may be; but, Simon, pray listen to me. I am so frightened—I know not why—but I am terrified; take me to your shop, teach me to make shoes, I will pass for your son; for I know,' continued he, in a timid faltering voice, 'oh, I *know* they will not spare me any more than my poor father. They will kill me.'

Simon made no answer, but went out abruptly, slamming the door after him.

As Simon closed the door, Louis dragged his failing limbs to his usual seat in the window. The poor child already felt the symptoms of the malady which carried him off. He now perceived that the man introduced by Simon, instead of sweeping, was from time to time gazing at him, and manifestly with tears in his eyes.

'You weep as you look at me,' said he, making an effort to go to him, but again falling back upon his seat—'you weep. Who can you be? No one here has any pity for me.'

'A friend,' replied the man in the low tones of caution.

'And are you come to tell me of my mother? Oh, where is she? What is become of her?'

'Unhappy prince!' said the pretended Savoyard with gasping sobs.

'Oh speak, sir, speak! Is she ill?'

'They have killed her,' said the man.

'My mother!—killed her!' repeated the child with a cry of agony.

'Hush, hush, sir. This morning at half-past four.'

'As they did my father, upon the guillotine—as they did my father?'

And as the tears of the man prevented his reply, the poor child went on: 'She so good, so good! O my God, have pity on me! But of what did they accuse her?—what could they lay to her charge? She who did nothing but good to every one. Mother! mother!'

'They condemned her partly upon your testimony, sir; upon what you told of her.'

'I—I—accuse my mother!—I who would lay down my life sooner than a hair of her head should be touched. Believe me, sir, you are mistaken.'

'Calm yourself, and listen to me,' replied the stranger. 'Some members of your family yet remain, and you may ruin them as you did your mother; nay, you may destroy yourself. Doubtless some insidious questions have been answered by you imprudently; and upon words uttered by you, it may be at random, they have founded a charge against the queen of having plotted with some of the municipal officers against the constitution, and of carrying on a correspondence with foreign states. On this charge she was condemned, sir.'

The young king, who had almost held his breath as if the more distinctly to hear these killing words, now said, in a tone which despair rendered calm: 'I am a wretch: I have murdered my mother. Never again shall a single word pass these guilty lips.' So saying, he seated himself in his usual place at the little table under the window, and from that time till the end of eighteen months, and then only a few hours before his death, opened not his lips to utter a word.

FATE OF THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

When Marie Antoinette had been conducted from the Temple to the Conciergerie, she left in that prison, beside her son, her sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, and her daughter Marie Thérèse. Before proceeding further with the history of the little captive king, let us say a few words of these ladies his relations.

Madame Elizabeth, whose whole life was an example of the tenderest affection, gentleness, and female dignity, remained in a cell in the Temple till the 9th of May 1794. On the evening of that day she was transferred to the Conciergerie, charged with the offence of corresponding with her brothers. The next evening she was carried before the revolutionary tribunal, and when asked her name and rank, she replied with dignity: 'I am Elizabeth of France, and the aunt of your king.' This bold answer filled the judges with astonishment, and interrupted the trial. Twenty-four other victims were sentenced with her; but she was reduced to the horrible necessity of witnessing the execution of all her companions. She met death with calmness and submission; not a complaint escaped her against her judges and executioners. Without being handsome, Elizabeth was pleasing and lively. Her hair was of a chestnut colour, her blue eyes bore a trace of melancholy, her mouth was delicate, her teeth beautiful, and her complexion of a dazzling whiteness. She was modest, and almost timid in the midst of splendour and greatness, but courageous in adversity, pious and virtuous, and her character was spotless.

The fate of Marie Thérèse, the daughter of Louis XVI., was less cruel than that of her parents, her aunt, or her brother. She remained in confinement in the Temple till December 1795; never, however, being allowed to share the sorrows of poor Louis-Charles, and remaining in a state of constant apprehension. Undetermined what to do with the princess, the revolutionary government at length, at the above period, consented to exchange her for certain deputies whom General Dumouriez had surrendered to the Austrians. She was accordingly sent out of France, and was carried to Vienna, where she resided with her uncle (afterwards Louis XVIII.), by whom she was married to the Duke d'Angouleme. She lived to return to France at the Restoration.

The revolutionary tribunals, which destroyed every one claiming relationship with royalty that fell within their grasp, did not even refrain from taking the lives of servants and instructors of royal personages. Among the number of blameless and defenceless women who perished in this dreadful storm, was Madame de Soulanges, the abbess of Royal Lieu, who had been an instructress to the aunts of Louis XVI. This excellent woman and her numerous sisterhood were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted a hymn upon the fatal car. When they arrived at the place of execution, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus; but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—it was the silence of death!

EFFECTS OF PROLONGED CAPTIVITY.

From some cause not recorded in the history of the revolution, Simon was dismissed by the municipal authorities from his office of tutor to the young king; but the change does not seem to have led to any improved treatment of the little prisoner. Hebert, likewise, was no more seen in the Temple: he had, like most of the revolutionary leaders, taken his turn under the guillotine, and received the punishment due to his manifold outrages on society.

About thirteen months after the visit of the Savoyard, three persons presented themselves at the Temple prison, as visitors from the committee of public health, to verify statements which the municipal officers had deemed it their duty to make to it of the rapid progress of the disease of Louis XVII. The boy was in his usual place at his usual employment of building card-houses, his once expressive countenance now one dull blank. Even the heavy tread of the gentlemen as they approached him did not seem to excite his attention; nor did the sight of such unusual visitors arouse him from his apathy. Monsieur Harmand, advancing before his companions, approached the prisoner. 'Sir,' said he, taking off his hat as he stood before the innocent victim, 'the government, informed of the bad state of your health, of your refusal to take exercise, to use any remedies, or receive the visits of a physician, and to answer any questions, nay, even to speak, has commissioned us to ascertain whether this is really the case. In the name of the government, we now renew the offer of a physician. We are authorised to permit your extending your walks, to allow you any amusement or relaxation you desire. Allow me to press upon you the acceptance of these indulgences. I await respectfully your reply.'

At the commencement of this address the unhappy child raised his eyes to the speaker, and seemed to listen with great attention; but this was all—Monsieur Harmand did not obtain a single word in reply.

'Perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself, sir—have not made myself understood by you? I have the honour of asking you if you would like playthings of any description—birds, a dog, a horse, one or two companions of your own age, to be first submitted to you for approval? Perhaps you would like to go now and then into the garden or on the ramparts? Do you care to have sweetmeats or cakes, a new dress, a watch and chain? You have only to say what you wish.'

The enumeration of all these things, usually the objects of childish desire, did not excite the slightest sensation. The prince's countenance wore a look of utter indifference to all that was offered, and when the speaker ceased, there succeeded an expression of such sad, such melancholy resignation, that Monsieur Harmand turned away to hide his emotion.

'I believe, sir,' said one of the jailers, 'that it is useless for you to talk to the child. I have now been nearly thirteen months here, and I have not yet heard him utter a word. Simon the cobbler, whose place I took, told me that he had never spoken since he made him sign some paper against his mother.'

This account, so simple yet so touching, went to the very hearts of the deputies of the commune. A child not yet nine years old forming and keeping a resolution of never again speaking, because a word of his had given a pretext to the murderers of his mother! At this moment the young prince's dinner was brought up, and on its appearance the visitors could scarcely repress an exclamation of indignant surprise. For the delicately-reared son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, for the child of royalty, the heir of France, was served up for dinner 'a brown earthenware porringer, containing a black broth covered with lentils; a dish of the same ware, with a small piece of black, coarse salt beef; and a second dish, on which were six half-burned chestnuts; one plate and no knife completed the dinner-service.'

Involuntarily they turned to look at the child; his face expressed: 'What matters it? Take your victim.' Was this resignation, or was it utter hopelessness? How could he have hoped for anything from the murderers of his mother? Alas! had he hoped for anything at their hands, he would have been disappointed. The representations of the visitors were disregarded. His allowance of fresh air was diminished, his window was narrowed, the iron bars were made closer, and washing, both of his person and his clothes, was thrown altogether upon himself. The door of his prison was, as it were, sealed, and it was through a narrow wicket that the pitcher of water, too heavy for his weak arms, was handed to him, with the sordid provision barely sufficient for the day. Not having strength enough to move his bed, having no one to look after his sheets and blankets, now nearly in rags, he at length was reduced to the extreme of wretchedness.

Condemned to solitude—for though two guards kept watch at the door, yet they never spoke to him—his intellect was at last impaired, and his body bent as if under the burden of life; all moral sense became obtuse, and so rapidly did his disorder now gain ground, that the tardy aid of two physicians, sent by the municipal authorities, was utterly ineffectual to arrest its progress. One of them could not restrain his indignation when he saw the state of the poor victim, and as he was audibly and in no measured terms giving vent to it, the prince beckoned him to approach his bed. 'Speak low, sir,' said he, breaking a silence which he had persevered in for eighteen months; 'I pray, speak low, lest my sister should hear you, and I should be so sorry that she should know I am ill, it would grieve her so much.'

DEATH OF THE LITTLE CAPTIVE KING.

We have been telling no imaginary tale. The sufferings of Louis XVII. in his foul prison require no picturesque embellishment. Yet the mind of the compassionate reader may well be excused for doubting the truthfulness of these melancholy details, and will naturally inquire if no effort was made to rescue the unfortunate prisoner from his oppressors—if no humane hand interfered to point out his condition to the people. Nothing of this kind appears to have been done. A nation assuming itself to be the greatest, the most civilised, and the most polite, quailed under the despotism of a set of wretches elevated to a power which they disgraced. As M. Thiers forcibly observes: 'People dared no longer express any opinion. A hundred thousand arrests and some hundreds of condemnations rendered imprisonment and the scaffold ever present to the minds of twenty-five millions of French.' And thus the fate of poor Louis-Charles, if it did not escape notice, at least encountered no censure.

The visit of the physician, to which we have alluded, took place only after the Reign of Terror had subsided, and the nation had resumed something like its senses. But this resumption of order came too late to save the little captive king. The physician, on seeing his deplorable condition, had him instantly removed into an apartment, the windows of which opened on the garden; and observing that the free current of air seemed to revive him for the moment, he said in a cheerful tone: 'You will soon be able to walk and play about the garden.'

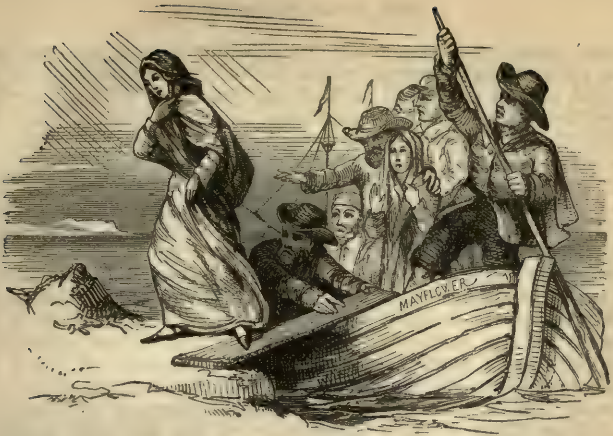
'I!' said the prince, raising his head a little; 'I shall never go anywhere but to my mother, and she is not on earth.'

'You must hope the best, sir,' said the physician soothingly.

The child's only answer was a smile; but what a tale of withered hopes, of buried joys, of protracted suffering, was in that smile!

On the 8th of June 1795, about two o'clock, he made signs to those about him to open the window. They obeyed, and with a last effort he raised his eyes to heaven, as if seeking some one there, softly whispered, 'Mother!' and died.

Thus expired Louis XVII. at the early age of ten years and two months. He was buried in a grave so obscure that it has never been identified. This and other circumstances, strangely enough, led various impudent individuals, in after years, to pretend that the little prince did not die in prison, but survived in their own persons. These impostors met with no respect from any but the most credulous, and they have ceased to be thought of. Any one desirous to get full particulars of the captivity and death of the unfortunate Louis XVII., may consult the carefully written work of M. A. Beauchyne (Paris, 1852).



THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

IT could hardly have been expected that the more eager and enthusiastic partisans and admirers of the great religious movement in the sixteenth century, would remain content with such changes in ecclesiastical doctrine and government as satisfied the views and wishes of the royal and hierarchical personages who in this country helped on the triumph of the Reformation. True, the change which bound the nation to the pontificate of Rome was snapped asunder, and some of the dogmas to which they were chiefly opposed had been denounced and discarded; but more, much more, in their opinion, remained to be accomplished, before there could be any well-grounded hope of the establishment of pure scriptural rule in England. It was not, they would fain believe, merely to set up the spiritual supremacy of the crown that that of the pope had been abrogated; and certainly, as regarded themselves, they, the Puritans, as many began to call them, were not one whit more disposed to submit to the yoke of Canterbury for having cast off that of Rome. Austere, impracticable fanatics, persons of less fervid zeal, less deeply rooted convictions, or more comprehensive charity, no doubt deemed them to be; but none could deny that they were, as a body, thoroughly sincere, and terribly in earnest; men who held the pleasures of life and worldly advantages as nought—personal liberty, life itself, at a pin's fee—if by their sacrifice the cause which they believed to be of God might be thereby advanced. And it was quite in vain that our reforming monarchs, Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, James, who, one after another, traced with their sceptres the exact line upon the sand beyond which the rushing and tumultuous tide should not be permitted to flow, had recourse to the discredited weapons of a defeated intolerance in vindication of *their own* infallibility. Imprisonment, torture, death, failed to subdue, or sensibly check, the stubborn nonconformist spirit which animated the majority of the middle classes both in England and Scotland; and Elizabeth's reign had not closed, when it was clearly apparent that the fulminations of Lambeth were as impotent to rebuke or control effectually the progress of religious 'opinion,' as had been the thunders of the Vatican. No doubt, during the earlier portions of the great queen's reign, when the independence of the realm was menaced by the haughty and powerful Spaniard, devotion to her majesty, whose throne seemed to be the only barrier against the reimposition of papal rule, absorbed or dominated all other and comparatively minor considerations. One, for instance, of the most forward and stubborn of the Puritans, condemned by Elizabeth's iniquitous Court of High Commission to lose his right hand, the instant it was struck off waved his hat in the air with the other, and shouted: 'God save the queen!' But after the magnificent Armada had been destroyed, and the Low Countries had finally triumphed in their long and terrific struggle with Spain; when Scotland especially, for centuries the unyielding, and, from her position and the character of her population, one of the most dangerous enemies of England, was about, by the accession of James to the English throne, to be united with her ancient antagonist, and all reasonable fear of successful invasion had consequently vanished, the fierce and prolonged struggle in behalf of mental freedom, liberty, sanctity of conscience, commenced in real earnest. Yes, mental freedom, liberty and sanctity of conscience, albeit these principles were not inscribed upon the banners of the earlier Puritans, who were, nevertheless, unwittingly it may be, their first and only indomitable champions. They began by wrangling against formularies in worship—the Book of Common Prayer, the use of the ring in marriage, the cross in baptism, the Aaronitic vestments of the priesthood; and if the ablest, most clear-sighted amongst them had been asked what essentially they were contending for, the answer, if an unreserved and candid one, would doubtless have been, as the after-acts of their zealous leaders but too fully proved, that they were bent upon establishing and enforcing the practice, or at least the profession, of pure spiritual religion, as interpreted by Calvin and themselves from the Bible, and rooting out all other forms and modes of Christianity—a despotism as gross and detestable as any other that in any age has afflicted mankind. But the arguments they used, the principles they appealed to, especially that main pillar of their strength, the indefeasible right of private judgment in matters spiritual, could not, experience taught them, be long dwarfed and restricted to such narrow issues as they would have imposed. Two main irreconcilable principles, in fact, and they only, were in presence of each other—authority and conscience. There was no middle course permanently possible. Either the stubborn nonconformist must again bow his neck to authority, or, however reluctantly, concede to others that which it was his aim to secure at any cost or hazard for himself—inviolability and supremacy of conscience in things spiritual. This vital principle it is—lying at the very root of Puritan dissent, but not, unhappily, for many years embodied in its practice—that has breathed enduring life and vigour into the dry bones of a sour, dogmatic theology; this, the sacred flame, the beacon-light, which, borne half-unconsciously, if you will, across the Atlantic to the shelter, and for the guidance of a new world by the Pilgrim Fathers, still hallows their footsteps, and sheds a glory over their history which conceals beneath its veil of light the faults, errors, crimes—for that is the true word—which blot and darken the else bright, heroic record. As humble but faithful expositors of truth, it will be our duty to draw aside that veil, certainly with no irreverent hand, but the less unwillingly that we believe a higher moral, a greater, or, at all events, a more needed lesson, is to be derived from those stained and sorrowful leaves, than from the lustrous pages with which they so deplorably contrast; although these, we at the same time entirely agree, will be pondered over with enthusiasm and delight, as long as lofty enterprise, unswerving resolution, and unquailing self-sacrifice, have power to arouse the sympathies and command the admiration of mankind.

Next to the House of Commons, in which the Puritans had, in the latter days of Elizabeth's reign, a powerful and growing party, they looked with hope, almost with confidence, to the accession ot James for relief from the vexations and persecutions to which they were exposed. They were miserably disappointed. A conference was held at Hampton Court, before the king, between the Puritan leaders and their dignified opponents, at which his majesty, after giving unusual vent to the loquacious egotism it was his delight to indulge in, plainly declared, that if nonconformists of all patterns and degrees did not submit to what he, in the plenitude of royal wisdom, deemed to be true and orthodox, it should be worse for them. 'I will make them conform,' were his words to Dr Reynolds, 'or harry them out of this land, or worse.' His acts redeemed his threats; and as he was enabled for some years to rule without a parliament, the only potent and ever-hated foe of absolutism, the burning, hanging, torturing of unhappy dissidents from the Establishment, soon became as common as during the reign of the imperious Elizabeth. Many bowed their heads in affected submission, till the violence of the storm should have passed away; others, of sterner purpose and hardier mould, disdained to temporise, preferring rather to seek in foreign lands the peace and safety refused to them at home. A large number had emigrated, some years previously, to Holland, Switzerland, and parts of Northern Germany; and amongst others who followed their example were a numerous body of reputed 'Brownists,' from the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire. They were called Brownists for no other reason than that, like the Rev. Mr Brown, a beneficed and eccentric clergyman of the Establishment, they asserted the right of free churches, and refused submission to Episcopacy and state rule. Their first resting-place (1606) was Amsterdam; but a schism having broken out between two of their pastors or elders, who mutually excommunicated each other, a large portion of them removed to Leyden, under the clerical guidance of the Rev. John Robinson, a Norfolk divine, and an amiable, just man. They now assumed the more appropriate designation of Independents, and for about twelve years dwelt and worshipped in peace—in peace, that is to say, inasmuch as they were not molested from without; but their hearts yearned for the accustomed haunts, the old customs, manners, the familiar accents of their native land. The people about them were civil and helpful enough, but strange—strange as the tongue they spoke. This home-sickness grew upon them; and whilst anxiously pondering how to deal with it—for there was yet no safety in England, except on condition of 'conformity'—Mr Robinson bethought him of the vast new western continent, where reputedly fertile solitudes appeared to offer so inviting a refuge to fugitives from the oppressions of the Old World. The Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Hollander, were, he knew, already busy there, and the plantation of Virginia had been partially commenced in Elizabeth's time; why might *they* not, then, hope to found another England in the American wilderness? —a New England, to which they would bear the language, the manners, the traditions, the self-reliant spirit, the passionate attachment to representative institutions, the indomitable hatred of despotism, the Magna Charta, the jury-trial of OLD England—reproduce, in fact, in the regions of the setting sun, the England from which they were self-exiled for conscience' sake, in all but its persecution of the people of God! The reverend gentleman lost no time in imparting the idea, which had so forcibly struck him, to his congregation, by whom it was received with enthusiasm. It was, they said, a message from God himself, commanding them to go forth and plant His church in the wilderness; and no dread of suffering, peril, death itself, should deter them from obeying the divine injunction. These were the first PILGRIM FATHERS—the forlorn-hope of the great Puritan emigration which, commencing in 1620, and mainly concluded by the meeting of the Long Parliament, not only founded and settled the New England states of America, but has, in a wonderful degree, impressed its own political and religious policy and character, in their essential attributes, upon the institutions, ideas, tendencies, of the entire republic, one-third of whose inhabitants at this day pridefully acknowledge a Puritan origin.

Unfortunately, these founders and lawgivers of a mighty empire, eager as they were to set out on their great enterprise, had not the pecuniary means necessary for transporting themselves across the Atlantic, much less of purchasing the implements, plants, seeds, indispensable to the attempt at hewing out and founding another England in the forests of the New World. But difficulties, however great, usually vanish when grappled with by brave and earnest men. A joint-stock company was ultimately formed, in which a number of English merchants were shareholders for considerable sums. The commercial principle upon which the association was based was simple enough, though rather unfairly onerous towards the emigrant who had no capital but his labour to offer. Each of these, by virtue of that labour mortgaged for seven years, during which all were to work in community, was a shareholder to the extent of £10; so that upon the division of profits at the end of that time, the capitalists who advanced £100 would be entitled to just ten times as much as a working emigrant. It was at first thought that a grant or charter might be procured from the crown, but this was quickly found to be quite out of the question: a slight, contemptuous half-promise that they would not be interfered with, being all in this way their friends could, with much difficulty, obtain—a disappointment of little moment, after all, to men who firmly believed themselves to be acting under the direct inspiration of the King of kings. Two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*—one of 60, the other of 120 tons burden, were taken up and prepared for the emigrants' reception; and as many of the Rev. John Robinson's congregation as provision could be made for, eagerly prepared to embark. The minister himself remained behind, but was to follow with the remainder of his people as soon as the first detachment had effected such a lodgment in the American wilderness as would justify their inviting over the feebler remnant left reluctantly at Leyden. They were first to embark at Delft Haven for Southampton; and on arriving at Amsterdam, several Dutch citizens of ample means were desirous of accompanying them. 'Nay—nay,' said the English Pilgrims with one voice. 'We go to found a New England in the Far West; and none but men of English blood, and who speak the English tongue, shall help in that great work.' Foremost amongst this band of stout-hearted, prejudiced Englishmen were John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton, Thomas Prince, John Alden, Samuel Fuller, and John Howland, all 'pious and godly men;' to which list of memorable names must be added that of Miles Standish, who, though not a member then or afterwards of the congregation, was a valiant soldier, whose military experience and well-tried sword might, he and others shrewdly suspected, prove of great service in a country where it was well known 'salvages' existed in large numbers, and *might* have to be encountered with the arm of flesh.

The embarkation at Delft Haven (July 1620) must have been an affecting one. The Rev. Mr Robinson knelt upon the beach, invoking, with uplifted hands and broken voice, the blessing of the Most High God upon the faithful companions of thirteen years of exile, now departing only to prepare another and more genial home for *all* the brethren beyond the deep waters. These prayers and blessings were echoed back by the Pilgrims, mingled with hurrahs from the more light-hearted and youthful amongst them, and followed by a rattling 'volley of shot, and three pieces of ordnance'—a significant token that those strongly practical, as well as deeply religious men had not left themselves without the means of self-defence, should the 'heathen,' amongst whom they were about to dwell, unfortunately prove insensible to the milder persuasions of peaceful words and kindly acts.

They were not long in reaching Southampton, where, on the 5th of August 1620 (O.S.), the Pilgrims, in number 101, including women and children, embarked in the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* for their final destination. They were scarcely in the Channel, when it was discovered that the *Mayflower* was greatly in need of repairs, and there was nothing for it but to run into Dartmouth. At the end of eight days, they once more put to sea, only again to suffer temporary check and disappointment. This time it was the captain of the *Speedwell* that obstructed the voyage. He could not, at the last moment, nerve himself to encounter the perils of the Atlantic at such a season of the year, in so slight a vessel as that which he commanded. It was perforce, therefore, that the indignant emigrants put into Plymouth. There both the *Speedwell* and its captain were abandoned, and all went on board the *Mayflower*, which, on the 6th of September, took its final departure from the shores of England. The Pilgrims experienced much sympathy and kindness at Plymouth from persons of their own views and convictions, many of whom promised to follow as soon as news of the success of this first experiment should reach them. The voyage out lasted sixty-three days. The intention was to settle somewhere in the vicinity of the Hudson River; but the captain of the *Mayflower* ignorantly mistook his course, and effected (November 8) a landing at Cape Cod, the southern horn of the Bay of Fundy (Massachusetts), and considerably north of the intended place of settlement.

As the adventurers had, as it were, cast themselves loose from all regularly constituted authority, it was obviously necessary that some definite form of civil government should be agreed upon, especially as there were some on board not, it was feared, 'well affected to peace and concord.' With this view, the following document—the first American charter of self-government—was drawn up towards the close of the voyage, and ultimately subscribed by the whole (forty-one) of the male emigrants: 'In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better enduring and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws and measures, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we all promise due obedience.' Under this constitution, John Carver was elected governor for one year, with five, and subsequently seven, magistrates to assist him. Carver did not live to fulfil his term of office, having died during the first spring; he was succeeded by William Bradford, who held the governorship till his death in 1651, except for three years, during two of which Edward Winslow filled the chair, and one when Thomas Prince was elected. We may also here mention, that the 'commons' remained so few in number till 1631, that they *all* met for legislative purposes. In that year, representation of the increasing commonalty was resorted to. But to return from this anticipatory digression to the forlorn band of New Englanders just arrived at Cape Cod.

The geographical blunder of the captain of the *Mayflower* may be esteemed a fortunate one, inasmuch as the vicinity of the Hudson was crowded at the time with warlike savages, whereas the southern shores of the Bay of Fundy had been swept by a pestilence, which had destroyed great numbers of them, and driven the survivors to a considerable distance from the fatal neighbourhood. When Standish, Bradford, and others—impatient of the delay occasioned by the repairs required for the shallop, in which it was proposed to explore the unknown and iron shores of the bay, in search of a secure harbour and a decently eligible location—attempted an excursion inland, they met with nothing in the snow-covered, frozen wilderness but deserted wigwams, Indian graves, and a few ears of maize. Finding it useless to persevere in a land exploration at that season of the year—an unusually severe one, by-the-bye—they returned with somewhat dismal forebodings to their companions. The shallop at length being ready, Carver, Winslow, Bradford, Standish, and others—in all, twenty hands—nothing daunted by a second attempt which led to no result, embarked on the 6th of December upon a third voyage of discovery. The first night they bivouacked at Namskeket, or Great Meadow Creek, and early the next morning continued their westward course along the shores of the bay. The weather was intensely cold, and they were, moreover, exposed for several hours in the open boat to a fierce storm of wind, hail, and snow. In the afternoon, the shallop's rudder was torn away by the furious sea, and they steered as well as they could with oars. In consequence of carrying more sail than was prudent, in order to reach the harbour they had heard of before nightfall, which was rapidly falling, the mast snapped in halves, and the sails went overboard. Fortunately, the tide was favourable; and after safely sweeping over a dangerous surf, they found themselves 'in a fair sound,' and sheltered under the lee of a small island, just within the entrance of what they afterwards named New Plymouth Harbour. The next day was Sunday; but precious as time was to the worn and harassed explorers, and fully conscious as they were of how anxiously their return was expected, the duties of the Sabbath might not be neglected; and the holy day was passed in devotional exercises, just as if they were still assembled in the old meeting-house at Leyden. The return to Cape Cod was effected without accident; the report they brought was deemed satisfactory; and on the 11th of December 1621, the sea-weary passengers of the *Mayflower* leaped exultingly ashore, and took grateful possession of the promised land, albeit that land was a frozen, inhospitable desert, hemmed in on one side by the howling wilderness, and on the other by the raging sea. Forlorn outcasts upon earth as they might be considered, were they not, in their own firm belief, favoured children of the heaven whose blue vault clipped them round about there as in the Old World, and whence myriads of radiant eyes were looking down with love and sympathy upon the holy mission to which they had been called—that of planting the pure church of God amidst the savage fastnesses of a but recently revealed and heathen wilderness! To such men, what could there be of terror or dismay in the aspect of difficulty, danger, privation, or even of untimely death?

The spot thus fixed upon was called New Plymouth, in remembrance of the last place in England where they had briefly sojourned, and the kindness experienced there. Tradition relates, that the first to land on the rock at New Plymouth was Mary Chilton, the eldest of two sisters, Mary and Susannah. They came out with their father, Richard Chilton, who died during the first winter. It is added, that Mary Chilton married John Winslow, and Susannah a Mr Latham. The direct descendants of the Winslows are at the present day to be found in Boston; those of the Lathams are citizens of Bridgewater. In 1775, when the people of New England were on the eve of an unequal conflict with the same despotic principle, though assuming another shape, from which their forefathers fled for refuge to the forests of America, and it was judged expedient to reawaken in the minds of the people the heroic memories connected with the landing of the first band of Pilgrim Fathers, the face of the rock was taken off, and carried in procession to a spot beside the New Plymouth court-house, where it yet remains.

The bed of the rock is still pointed out at the head of the longest wharf in the now busy and flourishing city.

The first faint hectic breathings of the infant colony could have indicated to the eye of faith alone its after-vigorous youth and manhood. The time of arrival—mid-winter—was unpropitious; and, inland folk as they all were, the long voyage, cooped up as they had been in the little *Mayflower*, enfeebled the health of the Pilgrims, and rendered them much less able, in the unhoused and precarious condition in which they found themselves, to contend successfully, as they might otherwise have done, with the rigours of a New England climate. With March, milder weather came, and for the first time 'the birds sang pleasantly in the woods,' but very many were by that time in their graves; and with the advance of spring, the mortality greatly increased. At the end of five months from their arrival, *half the emigrants were dead.* This frightful death-havoc did not in the slightest degree dismay the survivors, or dissuade them from their great task. 'Let it not grieve us,' they were wont to say to each other, 'that we have been instruments to break the ice for others: the honour shall be ours to the world's end.' Nor was the period of hardship and peril a brief or transitory one. Once during the third year of the settlement, they were so near famine, that only one pint of corn, which allowed just five grains to each individual, remained; and for months together a piece of lobster or other fish, without corn or vegetables of any kind, was the sole, and that often scantily, obtainable food. The system of common property, stipulated for in the agreement with the London capitalists, bred grievous discontents, and it was found necessary to abolish it; after which a much greater alacrity and zeal for labour began immediately to manifest itself. There were other perils and discouragements. Although the pestilence of the previous year had cleared the neighbourhood of Plymouth of the tribe of savages formerly located there, the smoke of numerous fires in the distance testified from the first to the large number of them that skirted the English settlement; and it was not long before a considerable body of Indians was seen hovering at intervals about the colony. One day—this was early in the first spring—an Indian called Squiculo suddenly presented himself before the colonists, exclaiming: 'Welcome, Englishmen!' He had been kidnapped some years before by the Portuguese, and taken to Europe. How he reached England, we do not know; but he was met with there by Sir F. Gorges, governor of Plymouth, and sent back by a trading vessel to his own country. He knew a smattering of English, and was of considerable service to the colonists, by introducing them to Massatoit, the sachem of a neighbouring Indian tribe, with whom they made a treaty, which endured for fifty years. The New England settlers, there can be no question, treated the Indians, as long as it was possible to do so, with respect and kindness; and to having done so, the Plymouth Pilgrims owed their escape from a great danger in the early and comparatively defenceless state of the settlement. The Narragansets, a near and powerful tribe, were from the first disposed to look upon the pale-faced strangers with dislike and suspicion. The aged and ferocious Canonicus was the patriarch and chief ruler of this tribe; Miantonimoh, their prime warrior and leader in battle. The latent enmity of this tribe was once so near kindling into open hostility, that Canonicus, by way of declaration of war in form, sent the English a bundle of arrows enclosed in the skin of a rattlesnake. The governor, William Bradford, quite aware that the only chance of eluding the menaced attack was to appear fearless and disdainful of it, returned the serpent's skin with a stuffing of powder and shot. This significant message had the hoped-for effect. The echoes of the English fowling-pieces in the woods had already warned the Indians that the new-comers possessed weapons which it might be hazardous to encounter with clubs and bows and arrows; and the powder-and-shot response to their hostile message would seem to have confirmed and deepened that impression. Friendly intercourse was renewed; and peace with the Indian tribes generally might not for a long time have suffered the slightest interruption, but for occurrences over which the Plymouth colonists had no control. Thomas Weston, a merchant who had taken a share in the outfit of the Pilgrim Fathers solely from commercial considerations, obtained a grant in 1623—from what source we shall presently see—of a tract of land near where Weymouth, New England, now stands, and arrived to take possession, with about sixty companions, in the following year. Weston imagined that a profitable fur-trade might be organised there; but neither he nor his people were made of the stuff necessary to the formation of men who would grapple successfully with the almost incredible obstacles opposed to early colonisation in the wilds of America. After a brief struggle, the attempt was abandoned, but not till after some of his men had quarrelled with and ill-treated a party of Indians, who naturally threatened reprisals. A confederacy was not only contemplated by several tribes for the purpose of suddenly attacking the Plymouth as well as Mr Weston's settlers, but nearly matured, when the gratitude of a sachem, whom Mr Winslow had succoured during a dangerous sickness, induced him to warn his benefactor of what was likely to occur. There was not a moment to be lost; and Captain Miles Standish, taking with him only eight resolute men, marched at once upon the chief conspirators, attacked them unhesitatingly, obtained a complete victory, and returned in triumph, bearing a sachem's head, in token of 'this capital exploit,' as it was termed. A glowing account of the affair was forwarded to the Rev. John Robinson, who was still at Leyden, anxiously waiting for means of reaching America with the remnant of his congregation—a hope, by the way, never destined to be realised. His answer, instead of the expected gratulation, was a mild rebuke. 'How happy,' he wrote—'how happy a thing, if you had converted some before you killed any!' The 'exploit,' however, served to intimidate greatly the Indians, and that was an object of paramount importance. There was another abortive attempt at colonisation in Massachusetts Bay—where the town of Quincy has since been built—by Captain Wollaston, and one Merton, a lawyer of doubtful character. The failure was ludicrous. It was not by such hands as theirs that a New England was to arise in the American wilderness.

Spite of the severe trials to which it was exposed, the colony of New Plymouth took deep and permanent root in the unpromising but tenacious soil; and by 1628, there was no longer any doubt entertained, either by the settlers themselves, or by their anxiously observant friends in England, that complete ultimate success was assured. 'Out of small beginnings,' one of them wrote about this time, 'great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort to our whole nation.' Yet so slow had been the growth of the settlement, so scanty the emigration up to that period, that it scarcely numbered 300 souls even then; and it was not till that year that the first cattle—three heifers and a bull—were imported into the colony. Now, however, the main body of the Puritan Pilgrims began to prepare actively for following in the track of their courageous and devoted advanced guard. But before more fully adverting to that important movement, and the politico-religious aspect of affairs in England by which it was hastened and confirmed, it will be necessary to say a few words upon the English governmental policy, as far as the king was concerned, relative to the colonisation of North America.

The natural timidity of James's character—its prudential wisdom, writers who display a microscopic vision in the detection of such qualities in rulers, have termed it—prevented him from boldly asserting and enforcing those rights over vast portions of the New World, which, according to the law of nations, he might fairly claim in virtue of the discoveries of his subjects, or of former Englishmen, lest, peradventure, he might thereby come into collision with foreigners: with the Spaniard, who, not satisfied with more than the lion's share of the southern half of the new continent, had begun, after a brief struggle with the French, to settle so far north as Florida, and was building St Augustine, which, by the way, is the oldest town in the United States; with the Dutch, who were talking of a New Netherlands in the vast and fertile tracts drained by the Hudson and Connecticut rivers; or with the French, already busy in South Carolina. Still, his majesty, provided there was no risk, and a probable chance of benefit to the royal coffers, had no objection to encourage, so far as words, wax, and parchment would serve, the natural anxiety of his people to secure for Great Britain *some* portion at least of the vast countries which the genius of Columbus had opened to the enterprise of Europe. With this view, the Council of Plymouth, Devonshire, consisting of forty noblemen and gentlemen, 'for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing New England in America,' was created by a royal patent, dated November 3, 1620, shortly after the departure of the *Mayflower*. By New England—a phrase borrowed of the Pilgrim Fathers—was meant the country extending from 40 to 48 degrees of north latitude—from about New York to the Gulf of St Lawrence—and in westerly direction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean: a wide domain, no doubt, but of slight value to gentlemen disposed 'to live at home at ease,' unless they could induce a sufficient number of enterprising individuals to set earnestly about converting a nominal and barren sovereignty into a real and fruitful one. The New Plymouth colony was, for a time, contemptuously ignored, and Weston's and Wollaston's patents having resulted in loss and failure only, the Council attempted a bolder game in virtue of their delegated royal prerogative, which, but for the interposition of the parliament the king's necessities had obliged him to summon, must have resulted in serious mischief. One Francis West was appointed admiral; Robert Gorges, son of Sir F. Gorges, governor of Plymouth, lieutenant-governor; and James Morrell, an episcopal clergyman, spiritual chief of New England. The admiral's powers extended from Cape Cod to Newfoundland; the lieutenant-governor and spiritual chief had jurisdiction over the entire surface set forth in the Council's patent as New England; and those naval, civil, and clerical officers were especially enjoined 'to drive away all interlopers' from their delegated dominions. These absurd assumptions were, as might have been expected, resisted by the English ships frequenting the American coasts, and quietly set at nought by the Puritan settlers. When the matter was brought before the House of Commons, it was declared that the king's patent was an attempt to override Magna Charta; inasmuch as it annulled the natural rights of British subjects, as set forth and consecrated by that celebrated instrument, which, it would seem from the argumentation of Sir Edward Coke and others, had been, with marvellous prevision, framed for the especial purpose of meeting the present exigency. 'Your patent,' said Sir Edward, then Speaker of the Commons, addressing himself to 'Lieutenant-governor Gorges'—'your patent contains many particulars contrary to the laws and privileges of the subject. It is a monopoly, and the ends of private gain are concealed under colour of planting a colony.' 'What!' exclaimed the indignant Speaker at another sitting, 'shall none visit the sea-coast for fishing? If you alone are to pack and dry fish, you attempt a monopoly of the wind and the sun.' James was, of course, terribly wroth, and denounced parliaments and parliamentarians more bitterly than ever; but his anger availed nothing, and the Council soon comprehended that one course only was open to them, if they wished to render their privileges at all profitably available, which was, to abandon entirely their preposterous claim to vicarious sovereignty, exclusive fishing-rights, &c., and to confer on parties really capable of carrying on the work of colonisation—and if in favour with the parliamentary opposition, so much the better—a title to such lands as they might be able to plant and occupy within a reasonable period. An opportunity of acting upon this sensible resolve was not long in presenting itself.

For a long time, the growing ferment and discontents of the English Puritans, and their anxiety to escape from the persecutions to which they were exposed, had been taken advantage of by the Rev. Mr White of Dorsetshire, and other eloquent and enthusiastic men, to urge them on to a mighty effort at founding a great English, Christian nation in the dark and idolatrous regions of North America. 'Go out from amongst them, my people,' the apostles of the Puritan denomination everywhere iterated to willing audiences; 'be ye not partakers of their plagues. Carry the pure light of the Gospel to the benighted pagan wilderness, where the faithful few that have gone before are already prospering in the holy work. A change of times in England, predicted by some amongst us, is a vain dream, and, should you be beguiled thereby, will prove a delusive snare. In this reign, it is admitted you have nothing to hope; and what better may with reason be prophesied of that of Prince Charles, espoused to a Catholic wife, and supported, as he will be, by the nobility and gentry of two kingdoms.' Other, besides religious feelings, were appealed to, as the following extract from a publication, entitled *Generall Considerations, in Answer to several Objections, on the Plantation of New England*, curiously testifies: 'The land grows weary of her inhabitants, so that man, which is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth they tread upon, so as children, neighbours, and friends, especially of the poore, are counted the greatest burdens, which, if things were righte, would be the highest earthly blessings. . . . Hence it comes to passe, that all artes and trades are carried on in that deceitful manner and unrighteous course, as it is almost impossible for a good upright man to maintayne his chardge and live comfortably in any of them.' This declamatory reasoning was generally acquiesced in; and an extensive emigrative association, chiefly from amongst the Puritans of Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, was zealously organised. Finally, an instrument, dated March 19, 1628, and entitled 'The Colony of Massachusetts Bay Patent,' was obtained from the Plymouth Council, by which 'all that part of North America which lies and extends between Merrimac River and Charles's River, in the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, and three miles to the north and south of every part of Charles's River, and three miles south of the southernmost part of the said bay, and three miles to the north of every part of Merrimac River, and all lands and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the limits aforesaid, north and south in latitude and breadth, and in length and longitude of and within all the breadth aforesaid throughout the main land; thence from the Atlantic Sea, in the east part, to the Pacific Sea, in the west part,' was granted for the purpose of 'planting and settling,' to Sir Henry Rowsell, Sir John Young, Thomas Southcoate, John Humphrey, John Endicot, Simon Whitcomb—all gentlemen of Dorsetshire; and there were soon afterwards added to the list of the directorial committee the names of Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, Bellingham, and others, all influential and generally wealthy men. This patent was confirmed under the Great Seal on the 4th of March 1629, by Charles I., a short time only before that monarch proclaimed his intention to rule without a parliament.

Neither this nor any other patent of the time conferred political or judicial power on the companies to whom they were granted. They appear to have been merely viewed as trading, joint-stock associations, to whom, for the furtherance of trade and commerce, it was deemed advisable to concede certain territorial rights and privileges; and yet, from the very first, the most exalted attributes, both legislative and judicial, were assumed, not only by the popularly elected governors of New Plymouth, but by the self-nominated magistrates of Massachusetts colony. The thoroughly oligarchical 'constitution' of Massachusetts, as concocted by those gentlemen, was, in its broad and simple outline, this: That the colony should be absolutely ruled by a governor, assisted by thirteen councillors, eight of whom, including the governor, were to be nominated by the Patentee Council, three others by those eight, and two by the general body of the colonists. This burlesque arrangement could not, in the nature of things, be permanent; and as it was not long before the powers of the Home Patent Government were transferred to the stockholders resident in the colony, a satisfactory settlement of the question was speedily and quietly brought about. Much stress continued to be laid upon the desirableness, the duty, rather, of propagating the Gospel among the American aborigines. In illustration of this aim and view of the association, the colonial seal was an Indian erect, with arrows in his hand, and the words: 'Come and help me.' It was also over and over again declared, that the corner-stone, the vital principle, the very foundation of the colony of Massachusetts, was, in somewhat tautological phrase, 'the freedom of liberty of conscience.' In what sense this was understood by the leaders, lay and clerical, of the Puritans, we shall presently have to relate. There was quite a rivalry at the time in such high-sounding professions. George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a recent convert to Roman Catholicism, having obtained a patent from the crown for planting Maryland—the name was chosen by Queen Henrietta-Maria, Charles's wife—as a refuge principally for his co-religionists, promised the freest toleration to all sects of Christian people. The oath which Lord Baltimore framed to be taken by himself and all succeeding governors of Maryland, was as follows: 'I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any one professing to believe in Jesus Christ, on account of his religion.' This, no doubt, excludes Jews and infidels; but, at all events, as far as it went, it was sacredly *kept*, and hence Maryland became the asylum not alone of Catholics driven out of England, but of Puritans escaping from Virginia.

As soon as the necessary means of transport were ready, John Endicot, a man of singular determination, but of far too fierce a zeal in religious matters, was despatched, with about 300 colonists. He owed the honour of this appointment to the unanimous opinion of his colleagues, that 'John Endicot was a fit instrument to commence this wilderness work.' He landed with his companions towards the end of June 1629, on the neck of land now called Charlestown—a bleak and dreary wild at that time—where he found an independent English colony of four persons—three brothers of the name of Sprague, and Waldron, a blacksmith, already located in a miserable hovel, the only habitation visible for miles around. John Endicot must have immediately perceived that if, as his friends at home flatteringly suggested, he had an especial aptitude for 'wilderness work,' there was unquestionable scope for the exercise of that precious gift before him. The first experience of the new-comers was nearly as disastrous as that of the earlier Pilgrims, notwithstanding that the Plymouth colonists afforded all the help in their power; but that, in a material sense, was of course trifling, poor, needy, and struggling as themselves still were. By the following year, 80 of the 300 had died, yet did not those left behind abate one jot of heart or hope. The work proceeded earnestly, though slowly; Salem, the first town in Massachusetts, and second in New England, was commenced, and no doubt was expressed or entertained of an ultimately successful issue to their high-reaching enterprise. In this spirit John Endicot wrote home, urging, in strong terms, the folly, the unreasonableness, the danger, the guilt of further procrastination.

In the spring of 1630, the main body of the first Puritan emigrants, about 1600 in all, including 180 servants, were ready for embarkation. A fleet of seventeen ships had been prepared, and nothing remained but to go on board, weigh anchor, and make sail for the West. Amongst this large draft from the English middle classes, there was a slight sprinkling of English female nobility, as well as a goodly proportion of the gentry of the kingdom. Lady Arabella, the wife of Mr Isaac Johnson, the richest of the colonists, was the sister of the Earl of Lincoln; and the wives of John Humphrey, the Rev. Messrs Sharman, Bulkley, and Whiting, were daughters of noblemen: delicately nurtured as these ladies must have been, it was not amongst *them* that doubt, irresolution, fear of encountering the perils of the great deep—differently estimated now than at that time—began to be manifested as the hour of departure drew near. It was amongst the leading *men* that this faint-heartedness appeared, several of whom abandoned the enterprise at the last moment. On the very eve of embarkation, at the last court held at Southampton, it was found necessary to elect three substitutes in the place of the same number of the Council added to the list of defaulters, and, when absolutely on board, they had to choose a new lieutenant-governor in the place of John Humphrey.

All obstacles at length removed or overcome, the emigrants who remained constant to their purpose all safely embarked at different ports. At Southampton, when the looked-for signal from the *Arabella*, enforced by the discharge of ordnance, flew aloft, the anchors were lifted amidst the lusty cheering of the crews, echoed again and again by the crowds which thronged the long line of beach, the platform, quays, and house-tops of Southampton, and, less densely, the shores of Netley and the New Forest; and the gallant ships—their white wings unfolded for the long flight across the Atlantic, glittering in the golden light of a cloudless morning of spring—swept swiftly down the river. During a great part of the previous night, and of the early morning, the self-exiled Puritans had been listening with kindling pulse and flashing eyes to the exhortations of their ministers, and other speech-gifted brethren, in which, as ever, there mingled with diviner teachings fierce denunciations of the state corruptions, the state idolatries (in their vocabulary), the state tyrannies, from which they were about to flee; but as the sympathising shouts of their countrymen rang over the waters, and the English shores receded from their view, the stern aspect of the deck-crowding exiles visibly, rapidly softened, and it was not long before—according to the testimony of one of the most zealous and prejudiced amongst them—the fiery pulse was checked, the angry, flashing glance quenched in the gushing memories of home, kindred, country; and instead of 'Farewell, Rome,' 'Farewell, Babylon,' as they had thought to have uttered, the last broken, passionate exclamation of the departing enthusiasts was: 'Farewell, dear, dear England!' followed by fervent supplications to the God of Israel that He would protect and bless and redeem her people! Governor Winthrop embarked at Yarmouth, just previous to which he thus expressed himself: 'Our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness!'

On and about the 12th of July, the fleet arrived safely in New England. The new-comers found one house, and some dozens of completed hovels, but of course neither church, nor town, nor street, nor road, either at Charlestown or at Salem. They pitched their tents on Charlestown Hill, and the first place of worship was under a large spreading tree, the Rev. Mr Warham, 'a famous preacher,' of Exeter, officiating at the initiatory service. Work, resolute work, was at once zealously organised, and before long, houses, villages, towns, cities, began to uprear themselves in all directions. Where Boston now stands, one William Blaxton—somewhat of an original and impracticable sort of man—had previously located himself and family: he lost no time in shifting his quarters after Governor Winthrop's arrival, out of the range of the Massachusetts patent. 'I left England,' said Blaxton, 'to escape the tyranny of the Lord Bishops, and I leave Massachusetts to be free of the discipline of the Lord Brethren.' The courage and perseverance of the new settlers were, as with their predecessors, sorely tried. The mortality amongst them, previously terrible, was enormously increased by a famine which commenced in the February following their arrival in America. Very soon there was not a particle of bread left, save in the governor's house, and the sole support of the colonists was clams, mussels, ground-nuts, and acorns. Two hundred died, one hundred were permanently discouraged, and as quickly as possible returned to England. Had it not been for the opportune return of a vessel which the governor had despatched to the nearest port of Ireland for provisions, the consequences must have been irretrievably calamitous. Lady Arabella Johnson was amongst the earliest victims; and her husband soon followed, from grief, it is said, at her loss, aggravated, no doubt, by the gloomy, dispiriting aspect of the enterprise upon which he had lavished both wealth and personal exertion. As a general rule, however, the sufferings and privations endured by the colonists served only to inflame their zeal and harden their constancy. Even children seem to have caught the enthusiastic spirit of the time, and to have whispered consolation with their dying breath to weeping parents, bidding them be of good heart, 'remembering why they came thither.' There may possibly be some exaggeration in all this; but it is, at all events, abundantly clear that the unaided colonists bravely wrestled with and triumphantly overcame the apparently insuperable obstacles which beset them at the outset of their gigantic undertaking. So rapid, indeed, was the progress of the New Englanders, and so constant the immigration of the Puritans from Old England, that a wish 'to enlarge their borders' was very early manifested by the citizens of Massachusetts. Towards the close of 1631, an application was made to the authorities by an Indian sachem, entreating them to establish settlements on the Connecticut River (Quonehtacut—*long* river), principally, it seemed, in order to assist him and his tribe against the fierce and conquering 'Pequod' race of savages. There was much to tempt, and something to deter in this project. Otter and bear skins might be obtained in great numbers there: the lands were fertile, and deer, moose, fat bears, turkeys, partridges, quails, pigeons, widgeons, sheldrakes, teal, lobsters, oysters, *et cætera*, abundant beyond belief. On the other hand, the Dutch had begun to found a settlement there, an incipient New Netherlands, and the Indians were numerous and hostile, the Pequods especially. As to the Dutch, who, our Puritan Fathers coolly alleged, 'were always mere intruders,' *they* might, it was believed, be successfully dealt with; and with regard to the hostile savages, that was a danger which *must* sooner or later be confronted and overcome, either by reason or by force—by the former weapon, if possible; but if not, assuredly by the latter.

The proceedings of the Council of Plymouth (England) stimulated the ardour of the colonists. They, the Council, made a grant, on the 19th of March 1631, to the Earl of Warwick, of so much of Connecticut as was comprised within 41° to 42° of north latitude, and 72° to 73° 45′ of west longitude. The earl transferred his patent to Lord Say and Sele, and there was no lack of settlers to convert the dead parchment fiction into a living practical fact. It was all to no purpose that the Dutchmen pleaded the authority of their High Mightinesses of Holland. Their High Mightinesses, it was replied, had no more right to New England—and was not Connecticut indisputably a part of New England, though as yet not formally taken possession of?—than they had to Old England. By way of a practical protest against the intolerable assumption of the Hollanders, the governor of New Plymouth, Mr Winslow, despatched William Holmes in a small merchant-vessel, manned by a picked crew of valiant men of war—if reluctantly driven to the use of carnal weapons—with orders to erect the frame-house which he took with him somewhere upon the fertile banks of the Connecticut. The Dutch fancied they had sufficiently prepared for an attempt of this kind by the erection of a fort, mounted with two pieces of cannon, near the entrance of the river. Stout William Holmes snapped his fingers at the fort, sailed past without material damage, and landed on the west bank of the river, at a place subsequently named Hartford. He next purchased a quantity of land of some Indian sachems, who declared themselves the rightful owners thereof, in equity, at all events, if not in law and fact—the allies of the Dutch, the savage Pequods, having forcibly dispossessed them some time previously. Under such circumstances, it is not, we presume, likely that the purchase-money could have been very heavy; but be that as it may, William Holmes completed his bargain, took the contracting sachems under his protection, and immediately commenced erecting his frame-house upon the newly acquired property, which he named 'New Windsor.' The Dutch governor, Jacob van Curten, protested against the re-transfer of land purchased by Dutch settlers of his good friends the Pequods; but finding the trespassers stolidly indifferent to 'protests,' he sent Walter van Twiller, in command of seventy armed men, against them. This force advanced towards New Windsor with 'banners displayed;' but when within view of William Holmes's palisades, and the protruding musket-muzzles from the loopholes of New

Windsor, Walter van Twiller and his friends decided, after consultation, upon returning to Jacob van Curten for further instructions, and did not think proper to reappear. In this simple and practical manner it was that the Puritan settlement of Connecticut became an irreversible fact; and this notwithstanding that, as some assert, other emigrants—amongst whom were Mr Fenwick and the Rev. John Peters—had before successfully located themselves on the disputed territory.

In the same month and year (September 1633), the Rev. Mr Hooker, a renowned preacher from Chelmsford, Essex, arrived in New England. 'Now,' exclaimed this exceedingly popular gentleman—'Son of Thunder' he was called by his more especial admirers—addressing the people who crowded to welcome him—'now I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord!' He soon afterwards threw himself heart and soul into the Connecticut movement, and of course greatly increased the feeling in favour of that settlement. The Council of Massachusetts, sitting at Boston, now the recognised capital of the state, were alarmed at the prospect of so large a defection, and requested the Rev. Cotton Mather to preach against the scheme—the ordinary resource with them in times of difficulty. In this case, however, the expedient did not produce the desired effect: the emigration went on; and the following year, Massachusetts consented to the establishment of Connecticut, on condition that it should remain under, or at least in connection with, the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Shortly after this decision, the Rev. Mr Hooker removed from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Hartford, in Connecticut, accompanied through the intervening swamps and forests by a considerable number of settlers and their families. Driving their cattle before them, the hardy Puritans forced their fearless way through a tangled and pathless wilderness, swarming with savages, rendering the woods vocal as they toiled along with the strains of the Psalmist, and occasionally halting to listen to the fervid declamation of their reverend chief, who, although so ill that he was obliged to be carried on a litter, had still strength enough to thunder forth eloquent exhortations to press forward in the steep and thorny path of duty and holiness, and fierce denunciations of God's wrath upon backsliders and lukewarm adherents of the great cause intrusted to their zeal. Thus sustained and encouraged, the journey, a painful and exhausting one, was accomplished not only in safety, but much more speedily than had been anticipated.

The Connecticut settlement progressed with giant strides; but it was not long before the Indian danger became more and more palpable and menacing. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, there can be no reasonable doubt in the minds of unprejudiced persons, that the New England Puritans were heartily disposed to treat the natives of North America with kindness, forbearance, and consideration, and were, moreover, for a considerable time sanguine of converting a goodly number at least of the neighbouring tribes to Christianity. In 1633, when the small-pox broke out with great virulence amongst them, nothing could exceed the care and attention lavished upon the sufferers by the Puritans of all ranks. But the favour or indifference with which the savages, confiding in their overwhelming numbers, had looked upon the tiny settlement of Plymouth, changed gradually to misgiving and fear as the rapid increase of the Pale-faces warned them, that not a few adventurers merely, as they had at first supposed, but a great nation, was settling upon their sea-board. This inimical and growing feeling was especially observable amongst the Pequods, a turbulent race, who had established themselves, by conquest over weaker tribes, from Nehamtuck to Narraganset Bay. The Narragansets were also very numerous, but as yet friendly; so apparently were the Mohawks, and the tribe of Mohegans—spelt Mohicans by Cooper—commanded by a celebrated sagamore of the name of Uncas. In Connecticut alone there were supposed to be 20,000 Indians! And these were only the near, bordering tribes—the straggling outposts, as it were, of the vast masses which in all probability peopled the interior of the huge American continent. This immeasurable peril—such it literally was—must have constantly pressed with terrible weight upon the councils of New England, well knowing as they did, that their only earthly reliance was—first, on their own prudence; next, on the deadly feuds between the savage tribes themselves; and, in the last extremity, on the superiority of their arms, and the firm resolution of every man in the colony to wield them valiantly whenever the sad necessity for doing so should arise. As to help from England in any extremity, that, it was felt, in the then condition of the kingdom, could not be hoped for. These considerations should in fairness be borne in mind, when we come, as we presently shall, to some startling passages in the first war waged between the Indians and colonists. They will account for, and in some degree palliate, much that otherwise would be without the shadow of excuse. In 1636, that war had become inevitable. The murderous ferocity of the Pequods, inflamed by impunity, must, it had become quite clear, be resolutely checked, or soon no one's life would be safe. Two merchant captains, Norton and Stone, with their crews, had been treacherously surprised and murdered. An apology had been accepted for this ruthless deed, which was not long afterwards followed by the assassination of a Mr Oldham. Upon this, John Endicot was sent with an armed force against Block Island, in the hope of terrifying the Pequods into respect for the lives of the colonists. The expedition proved a failure; and worse, infinitely worse than that, reliable intelligence reached Boston, to the effect that the chiefs of the principal neighbouring tribes were about to hold a conference, at the instance of the Pequods, with a view to patch up all feuds amongst themselves, and unite as one man to expel or destroy the intruding colonists! As this dark rumour flew from mouth to mouth, the name of the only man who could effectually aid them in such an extremity flashed instantly across the minds, and trembled on the lips of the startled colonists—that of Roger Williams, of the brave, good man, whom they had weakly, tamely permitted their intolerant rulers to hound forth of the colony but a few months previously. Where could he now be found? And if found, could it be expected that, returning good for evil, he would hasten to the assistance of those by whom he had been so despitefully, cruelly treated? Yes, yes; let him only be sought out, and the fearless and eloquent apostle of toleration, charity, forgiveness, love to all mankind, would, no one for an instant doubted, illustrate by his own practice the divine teachings that had occasioned his barbarous and illegal banishment.

The name of Roger Williams—the greatest, noblest of the emigrant Puritans, a true hero in the highest meaning of that much-abused word—might well at such a crisis strike the minds of the colonists with a sense of grief and shame. He was a young Welsh preacher of singular gifts and remarkable eloquence, who arrived in the colony in 1631, and found, to his infinite surprise and dismay, that the same system of religious persecution—differing only in its shibboleths and watchwords—from which he had fled to the shelter of the wilderness, was established there, in its fullest intensity, under democratic sanction. That this is no exaggeration, a few words will suffice to demonstrate. The actual government of Massachusetts, including Plymouth and Connecticut, was a democratic, spiritual hierarchy. The male adults of the colony who were church communicants—in actual, not suspended communion—elected the governor, magistrates, and lawgivers annually; and it was a fundamental principle, that all laws should be in accordance with the Scripture, as interpreted by the ministers and elders of the congregations; and any omissions in the settled code were to be supplied from the same source, under the same direction. No other than the Puritan form of worship was on any pretence to be tolerated; and absence from divine service, without good and sufficient excuse—dangerous sickness only, by-the-bye—was punishable by fine and imprisonment. The penalties consequent upon any infringement, by word or deed, of any portion of this fundamental intolerance were, in the first years of the colony, fine, whipping, imprisonment, banishment; but, as the spirit of opposition waxed stronger, more stringent expedients were unsparingly resorted to, for the purpose of putting it down; till at last—it seems almost incredible that truth should compel us to write such things of exiles for conscience' sake—sentence of torture and DEATH was pronounced—ay, and executed too—upon stubborn heretics to the Puritan establishment! In the first year of Governor Winthrop's arrival, two brothers, Samuel and John Browne, attempted to use the *Book of Common Prayer;* but this was at once pronounced to be an atrocious heresy, and Samuel and John Browne were packed off to England without delay. This spirit of intolerance was as yet in its infancy when Roger Williams arrived in the colony; and he quickly discerned and denounced, with the fervid eloquence of which he was so great a master, not only its inherent wickedness, but the frightful lengths to which, if persisted in, it must necessarily lead. It was soon found that the young Welshman could not be treated in the off-handed manner adopted towards the Brownes; crowds of colonists attended his discourses, and applauded the fierce denunciations which he hurled at the blind and inconsistent men who sought to re-enact in America the very tyranny from which they had fled there to escape. The toleration of Roger Williams embraced all sects, all classes, all nations—the Catholic, Episcopalian, Socinian, Jew, infidel, all were included; nay, he had patience even with the absurd idolatries of the Indian savages, whose earnest champion in all just claims he soon became. And the worst of it was—in the estimation of the authorities—that it would be quite useless, or worse, to insinuate any charge of infidelity against this Roger Williams, whose influence increased so rapidly, that, in the words of the Rev. Cotton Mather, a quaint historian of the colony, 'the windmill in the young Welshman's head seemed likely to turn everything topsy-turvy in the settlement.' The preaching of this gifted and fervent man seems to have been but a prolonged and varied paraphrase of the eternal words in the sermon upon the Mount: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged!' 'Enforce attendance at church!' he on one occasion exclaimed: 'why, that is to mock God in His very temple by the worship of hypocrites! As well apparel a corpse in new garments, and think you have breathed into it the breath of life, as force an unwilling mind to worship its Creator. No one should be bound to attend—nay, no one be bound to support any form of religion against his own consent.'

'What!' cried his opponents, 'is not the labourer worthy of his hire?'

'Yes, from those that hire him.'

This would never do; and the Boston authorities, Winthrop and others, who, in consequence of their great services, and high standing in every respect in the colony, were possessed of vast moral, almost despotic authority, determined to finish with Roger Williams. The ministers were assembled, and they declared that 'whoever denied the authority of the civil magistrate to extirpate heresy was worthy of banishment.' This project of law was of course directed against the popular young Welshman, who immediately afterwards was chosen by the people of Salem to be their preacher. This was esteemed a grievous affront to the ruling body; and, as a punishment, a considerable quantity of land to which Salem was entitled was withheld from it. Severer measures were in contemplation;

and Williams took the bold step of writing to the congregations, urging them to 'admonish' their representatives as to the folly and wickedness they were about to commit. A cry of 'treason!' was immediately raised, and Salem was disfranchised till it should repudiate its preacher, which, after a time, it was intimidated, morally coerced into doing. More—Williams's very wife was so wrought upon, as for a time to forsake him; but nothing could shake, much less subdue, the brave man's constancy, and it was finally resolved to send him by force to England. For this purpose, he was summoned before the Council: he disobeyed the summons, and an armed pinnace was sent to Salem to secure him. The bird had flown—had been gone three days: when the officers arrived, Williams was traversing the wilderness alone on foot, through frost and snow—this occurred in the winter of 1635—towards the Indian settlements, not merely for the purpose of sheltering himself from the vengeance of the New England magistrates, but to procure authority and means for accomplishing the prime object of his life—the establishment of an American colony 'which should *really* be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience' sake.' 'For fourteen weeks,' he afterwards wrote, 'was I tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean.' He was kindly received, and, so far as their means went, hospitably entertained by the Narragansets, and he applied himself diligently, whilst with them, to perfect himself in their dialect. 'The ravens,' he exclaims, 'fed me in the wilderness;' and so completely did he win upon the favour of his savage entertainers, 'that the barbarous heart of Canonicus loved him as his own son till his last breath.' Williams, in pursuance of his cherished purpose, first pitched his tent at Seekonk; but hearing that it was included in the New England jurisdiction, crossed over to Rhode Island, and settled on a spot which he named 'Providence.' Soon afterwards, an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonimoh transferred to him the entire island—of which now populous and prosperous state, this greatest of the Pilgrim Fathers thus became the founder and lawgiver.

In the following winter (1636), the breathless messenger of the Massachusetts authorities arrived at Providence. 'Would Mr Williams exert his influence with the Narragansets to prevent the coalition between them and the Pequods, by which the very existence of the colony was menaced?' 'Would he?' Ay, surely so, and that without a moment's delay. It was blowing hard at the time, but Roger Williams put off at once in a 'poor canoe' from the island, reached the opposite shore in safety, and once more speeded through the frost-bound wilderness to the camp of the Narragansets. He arrived but just in time, for the Pequods were already there, and both Canonicus and Miantonimoh had received their advances favourably. For three days did Roger Williams exert every faculty of reasoning and eloquence that he possessed to dissuade the

Narragansets from accepting the proposed alliance—for three nights sleep calmly within reach of the knives of the exasperated Pequods. He succeeded: the Narragansets determined on holding fast by their agreement with the English; the baffled Pequods were dismissed, and Williams returned to Providence.

Notwithstanding this ominous failure, the Pequods, emboldened by their great fame as warriors, determined to make war upon the Pale-faces, though they should stand alone in the contest. With true Indian cunning, they contrived to force the colonists to attack them on their own territory, where, from their necessarily superior acquaintance with the ground, and other advantages, they anticipated a comparatively easy victory. With this view, two more Englishmen, Tilly and Butterfield, were murdered, and war was instantly resolved upon, first by Connecticut, and quickly afterwards by Massachusetts. The 'army' of Connecticut was fixed at 90 men, of whom Hartford was required to furnish 42, New Windsor 30, and Weatherfield 18. The Massachusetts and Plymouth contingent was estimated at about 100 men; but these were not waited for. On the 10th of May 1636, the Rev. Mr Hooker, after a solemn appeal to the Lord of Hosts, placed the staff of command in the hands of Captain Mason; and the expeditionary force, which, when joined by the whole of its Indian allies, reached the respectable number of 350 presumably fighting-men—90 English; 200 Narragansets, under Miantonimoh; and 60 Mohegans, commanded by Uncas—sailed direct for Narraganset Bay, the object being to attack Fort Mystic, a stronghold of the Pequods. As they neared the fort, its formidable reputation, as well as that of the warlike race who occupied it, told sensibly upon the courage of the Indian contingent; and when the push came, the colonists had all the fighting part of the business to themselves. The 'fort' was simply a rude mud-wall, enclosing some hundred Indian wigwams: the assault, two hours before dawn, was vigorous, and thoroughly successful, so far as penetrating into the enclosure went; but the hand-to-hand encounter which ensued amidst the wigwams with 700 or 800 Pequod warriors, was a desperate and unequal one. Captain Mason, with the ready and ruthless decision of a soldier in such a crisis, exclaimed: 'We must burn them!' The order was obeyed, the English, at the same time, spreading themselves in a circle round the devoted enclosure. The weather was sultry, the wigwams dry as tinder, and the flames consequently spread with terrible rapidity. The Pequods, unable to arrest the progress of the flames, burst through them with one only frantic hope—that of escape. A vain one! The dark forms of the Indians, as they sprang out of the smoke and fire, were mercilessly shot down; and when the sun arose, 600 Pequods, according to Captain Mason's report, lay dead around the smouldering embers of their fort and dwellings. The women and children that were taken alive were either, with others subsequently captured, employed as domestic slaves in the colony, or sent for sale to Jamaica. A body of 200 or 300 Pequods that arrived subsequently within view of the terrible scene, tore their hair with grief and rage at the unexpected sight. Their own fate was a similar one. The Massachusetts contingent was equally successful, and still more pitiless. It was commanded by the Rev. Mr Wilson and a Mr Slaughter, and, by aid of some Narragansets, managed to surprise a large number of Pequods in a swamp—the 'Battle of the Swamp' the fight was called—in which all were shot down but eighty prisoners, thirty of whom being males, were, with the exception of two sachems, immediately put to death. The sachems were respited, because they promised to lead the victors to another assured and easy triumph over their own people; but the victors, finding, as they approached Guildford, that this promise was of no value, the sachems were forthwith beheaded. This is the origin of the name of 'Sachem's Head,' by which the spot where the barbarous deed was performed is now called. In fine, the Pequod race was utterly destroyed—annihilated; and the terrific example so dismayed the Indian tribes, that, till Philipp's formidable war, many years after, not a hand was raised by the aborigines against the English colonists.

In order to have done at once with all transactions that fall within the scope of this paper between the Indian tribes and the Puritan emigrants, we relate here the circumstances that have given rise to so many comments connected with the death of Miantonimoh. In 1642, Miantonimoh quarrelled with Uncas, the sagamore of the Mohegans, and a battle ensued, in which the Narragansets were defeated. Stung by his discomfiture, Miantonimoh is said to have hired a Pequod to assassinate Uncas. The Pequod failed; confessed who employed him; and Miantonimoh, in order to get rid of his evidence, contrived to murder the Pequod on the road between Boston and Narraganset. All this, be it remembered, Miantonimoh to the last denied, and the main facts rest upon no better authority than that of Uncas, his implacable enemy. In 1643, Uncas applied to the 'Commissioners of the United Colonies,' in whose power Miantonimoh then was, to deliver up his enemy, in order that he, Uncas, might put him to death. This application, after much cogitation and delay, was complied with. The reasons of the commissioners for thus acting, and the stipulations they made as to how and where the act of vengeance should be performed, read strangely: 'That as Uncas could not be safe whilst Miantonimoh lived, he might justly put such a false and blood-thirsty enemy to death, *but* the commissioners *advise* that no torture be used, and *insist* that the execution shall not take place within the English settlements.' In pursuance of this decree, Miantonimoh, the constant friend and protector of Roger Williams, was delivered into the hands of Uncas, who, the moment he saw his bound and helpless foe, leaped exultingly towards him, 'split his head with an axe,' and then 'cut a large piece out of his shoulder, and ate it with great relish!' The sanguinary savage merely obeyed his brutal instincts; but the conduct of the commissioners in this matter, spite of all the ingenious excuses that have been suggested in their behalf, will not only remain for ever obnoxious to unqualified censure for its manifest illegality, but the motive by which they were animated in coming to such a decision will always appear gravely questionable to every man who carefully ponders *all* the circumstances attendant upon, and inextricably connected with it.

Reverting to our brief outline of the civil progress of the Pilgrim Puritans, we find that the banishment of Roger Williams has not (1636) restored religious peace to New England. The prophetic warning of the eloquent exile seemed likely to be more quickly realised than he himself had probably anticipated. 'You begin,' he had said, 'by reviling the erring brother, you will end by hanging him, for in that path there is no halting-place.' Anne Hutchinson—a woman of courage, considerable force of intellect and power of language, and impressed with peculiar doctrinal views, of which we have nothing to say—was the next popular exponent of the antagonistic feeling growing up amongst the colonists against the intolerant 'establishment' of New England. 'Like Roger Williams, or worse,' she was pronounced by the settled ministers of the colony to be. Of course, her strong, and, in a logical point of view, impregnable position, when arraigned for 'heresy' before those 'ushers of persecution,' as she presumed to call the lay and clerical rulers of the colony, was that furnished by their own example. 'If what you say of the sin of schism be true,' exclaimed the fearless woman, 'why did you not submit to the prelates of the English church?' 'We uphold truth,' it was replied: 'God forbid we should be so weak as to tolerate error.' 'Truth! error!' rejoined Anne Hutchinson; 'ah! I see you are already familiar with the devil's horn-book! That has been the language of persecutors in all ages of the world.' It was useless arguing. The magistrates were predetermined to put down all heresies by force, since persuasion would not avail; and Anne Hutchinson was ultimately banished, and at the same time warned, that if she dared return, her punishment would probably—so far had they gone already—be death! There is no end to the chameleon colours in which sincere, well-meaning bigotry strives to conceal from the world, and chiefly from itself, its unchangeably hideous front. The excuse offered to themselves and others by the New England inquisition in this instance was, 'that Anne Hutchinson had weakened the hands and hearts of the people towards their ministers.' The celebrated Sir Harry Vane was in the colony about this time. He had been received by all classes in a very flattering manner, and invested with chief office; but his popularity continued only with the lower classes and the protesters against religious persecution. He throughout sided with the Anne Hutchinson party;

and as to the law of banishment, he denounced it in unmeasured terms. 'Scribes and Pharisees,' exclaimed Sir Harry Vane, 'and all such, are not to be denied cohabitation, but are to be pitied and reformed: Ishmael shall dwell in the presence of his brethren.' He might as well have reasoned with the winds; and it was not very long before he returned to England, much to the relief of the thoroughgoing intolerants of the colony. Mrs Anne Hutchinson, who, I have omitted to mention, was strongly suspected of witchcraft—a satanic propensity just then epidemical in the old as well as the New World—although perfectly decisive proofs thereof could not be obtained—took refuge in Rhode Island, where she for a time laboured with Roger Williams in the founding of that state, the signet-seal of which they agreed should be a sheaf of arrows—the 'bundle of sticks,' sharpened—with the motto: *Amor vincet omnia.* One of her sons—she was married, and had a somewhat numerous family—and her son-in-law, Collins, was not so fortunate. They had the audacity to remonstrate with the Boston authorities upon the treatment Mrs Hutchinson had met with, and got rewarded for this filial zeal by a long and rigorous imprisonment.

It will no doubt strike the reader as remarkably strange that if, as we have intimated, the feeling of the Puritan *people* was, in the main, opposed to such outrageous proceedings, they could, under a democratic system of government, have been persisted in. The explanation is an easy one, and will be admitted to be quite sufficient by every man that has had an opportunity of estimating the potency of certain catch-words upon the masses of mankind. From the very first establishment of Massachusetts, a 'national' feeling, so to speak, was very apparent amongst the colonists; and the ministers and chief men of Boston, Salem, Plymouth, and other towns took care to identify themselves intimately and cordially with it. They framed what was called 'The Freeman's Oath,' by which all candidates for office of any kind swore fidelity to the institutions of Massachusetts *only*, all mention of any authority beyond the sea being studiously avoided. The parties punished by the magistrates very naturally threatened an appeal to the English crown, which had delegated no such powers—Roger Williams was the only 'culprit' who did *not* dispute the *legal* power of the colonial authorities—and an immediate cry of 'treason' against the 'rights' of the colony was successfully raised. In the elections which took place not long after Anne Hutchinson's sentence, the cries of 'Toleration for ever!' 'Let us allow to others what we claim for ourselves!' were met by 'Massachusetts and independence for ever!' 'No Star-chamber appeals!' The self-flattering illusions of a blind and senseless nationality induced them, against their better feelings, to take part with the appeal-menaced authorities, who were, though by narrow majorities, confirmed in their functions, which, in consequence of the exasperation sure to be engendered by a powerful and irritating, but unsuccessful opposition, they abused more recklessly than before; and fining, imprisoning, whipping, and banishing, in the names of Truth and Faith, went on at a great rate, with, however, only one visible effect—that of peopling 'contumacious Rhode Island' with many of the best citizens of New England. Anne Hutchinson herself did not long remain there. Fearing for her family much more than for herself, that they were not safe from the ever-menacing clutch of the New England rulers, she removed to the Dutch settlers' territory. There, one fearful night, her dwelling, with others, was surprised and fired, and herself and family, all but one child, murdered by ruthless savages.

The English votaries of freedom of conscience seemed determined to allow the New England exiles for conscience' sake no rest or peace. One lady came to them all the way from London, for the sole purpose of remonstrating against the persecuting doings in the colony. This rashly indignant person received twenty stripes for her pains, and an immediate passage home again. Next, Mary Dyar and Anne Burder, two of the sect of Quakers, and overflowing with the fresh liveliness, the young enthusiasm of a newly inaugurated mission, arrived out with the express design of denouncing the formalism of the Puritan worship, and defying the vengeance of its ministers. Anne Burder, after the infliction of a reasonable quantum of 'wholesome discipline'—we cannot tell the precise amount, but there is no doubt Anne Burder could and did for some time afterwards—was reconveyed, unmistakably endorsed therewith, to the plague-teeming island she had unwisely quitted. Mary Dyar was fortunately caught and secured by her husband, just in the very nick of time; forcibly borne off in the marital arms, and safely deposited in Rhode Island. In addition to many less notable persons, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, also two of the 'accursed sect'—we use the Massachusetts statute-phrase applied to 'Friends'—were reported to have arrived in Boston Roads. There was as yet no law forbidding Quakers to land in the colony, but the ruling powers at once resolved to arrest the growing mischief by any and every means, legal or illegal, within their reach. The fair Friends were forbidden to come on shore; and duly appointed officers visited the ship, with the view, if possible, to bring them within the iron meshes of the law. Their boxes were broken open, and diligent search made throughout their books and apparel, whilst the same process was going on elsewhere by female hands with their persons, for signs or marks of witchcraft. Witches unquestionably they were, there was no doubt entertained as to that, though, unfortunately, the marks were not quite so discernible as the technicalities of the statutes in such cases made and provided would require. This being the case, the books were burned, and the persons of the delinquents placed in solitary and rigorous confinement for five weeks, at the expiration of which an opportunity offered of sending them back, with eight others in the same pestilent category, to the prolific source of all heresies—England! Mary Fisher subsequently made a journey to Adrianople, where she publicly rebuked the sultan for his unreasonable and wicked adherence to Mohammedanism. The grave Orientals thought her crazy, and, influenced by the almost reverential awe with which every Mussulman regards persons that the hand of Allah has so terribly afflicted, treated her with great kindness and respect. Mary Fisher could not have understood the motive of this courteous behaviour, or she would not, one would think, have so constantly dilated, as she did subsequently, upon the painful contrast between Christian-minded Turks and Pagan-minded New England Christians.

To meet and check thoroughly this onslaught of Quakers, a penal code was framed, and resolutely acted upon, of which the brief provisions were—that whoever presumed to entertain any of the 'accursed sect, should be fined and imprisoned at the discretion of the magistrates; any Quaker or Quakeress coming to, or found in the colony, be whipped and banished; and if he or she returned from banishment, hanged. There was also a law passed, authorising the torture and mutilation of the offenders, copied apparently from the code of the English Star-chamber; but this the indignant clamours of the citizens prevented from being put in execution, and it was soon erased from the statute-book.

Under this frightful death-code, Marmaduke Stephenson, John Robinson, and Mary Dyar, who had again escaped from her husband, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. After sentence, Robinson mildly asked the judges if they thought God would be blinded by their wretched sophistries; Stephenson invoked a curse upon their heads; and Mary Dyar gently exclaimed: 'The will of the Lord be done!' and 'returned full of joy to the prison.' Robinson and Stephenson were executed on Boston Common; Mary Dyar was also led to the scaffold; but the appearance of the young and beautiful enthusiast, and, moreover, a wife and mother, so wrought upon the spectators, let us hope the judges also, that she was reprieved when the halter was round her neck, greatly, as it seemed, to her own disappointment. She had mildly, whilst walking to the gallows, replied to a coarse taunt of the Rev. Mr Wilson's—the gentleman who commanded at the 'Battle of the Swamp'—that 'she had been in Paradise many days.'

Mary Dyar was once more banished; but the coveted crown of martyrdom was hers at last. She again returned; was again condemned. Vainly this time did her husband, seconded by thousands of sympathising voices, entreat the judges to spare her life for this once only. 'Pity me; I beg it with tears,' he wrote. The magistrates were inexorable—pitiless; and Boston Common was the scene of another judicial murder. Mary Dyar was hanged there.

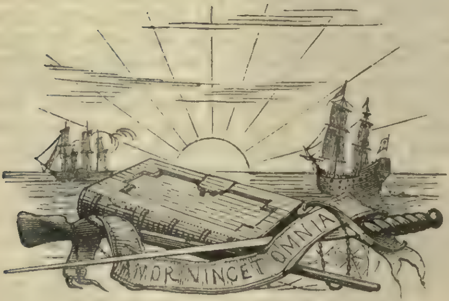
The next Quaker sentenced to die was William Leddron. Whilst the solemn mockery was proceeding, Wenlock Churtson, who had been previously banished on pain of death, suddenly entered the court, and confronted the dismayed and astonished judges! Where, with such men to deal with, was this butchering work to end? Leddron was offered his life, if he would promise to leave the colony and not return. He refused to compromise, or barter away, even for life, his right as an English citizen, and was hanged!

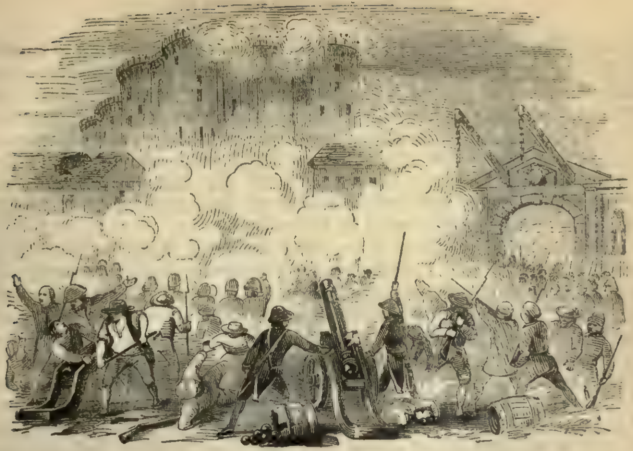
Leddron was the last Quaker victim. The hideous doings of the court had become too monstrous—the contrast between such frightful tyranny and their own high-sounding professions—their glowing apostrophes to freedom! liberty! too glaring to be longer even partially concealed beneath the gloss of a vain and exaggerated nationality, and the whole murderous enginery fell to pieces amidst the soul-felt rejoicing of every genuine and enlightened Puritan in the colony! Let us add, upon an authority which cannot be gainsaid—that of Roger Williams—that the great majority of those merciless magistrates were, in all the private, and with the exception only of their intolerance, public relations of life, the best, kindest, most excellent of men. 'I know you mean well,' Williams would frequently say. 'I am sure you are earnest, sincere, naturally kind-hearted and godly men; that you verily believe you are serving God, whilst doing the work of the devil. And this is why I chiefly tremble for you: the measure and fervency of your zeal will be that of your cruelty and rage.'

The repetition of the high-minded founder of the state of Rhode Island's name, reminds us that we have not yet stated that Roger Williams proceeded to England in 1643; and, backed by the influence of Sir Harry Vane, readily obtained an independent charter for Rhode Island, with which he returned in triumph to America—in real triumph, for the ship in which he came back had not anchored, when a perfect fleet of boats, crowded with New England citizens, put off to welcome him—another proof, if any were wanting, of the sympathy of the great body of the colonists, dominated by habit and clerical influence as they to a great extent were, with the benign, tolerant, Christian principles of which he was the fearless and eloquent expounder and champion. The constitution of Rhode Island, many years afterwards confirmed by Charles II., was a democracy, with this one proviso, that in matters of conscience the majority should have no power to legislate for the minority. Roger Williams was still a banished man; but armed with the letters of which he was the bearer from the Long Parliament, he had nothing to dread, as he passed through the streets receiving and reciprocating the congratulations of the citizens of Boston! It was in this year that Miantonimoh was delivered up to the tender mercies of Uncas.

We have no inclination, nor is there any need, to dwell upon the witch-destroying propensity of the Pilgrim Puritans—a cruel and absurd mania they carried with them from Europe, in many parts of which it flourished long after it had died out in New England. We will only quote the lamentation of the last witch-judge, as recorded by Increase Mather—a bitter foe to witches—over the common-sense-compelled cessation of the tragedies that had been enacted in Salem and other towns in New England. It reminds one very forcibly of the predictions indulged in by a famous English chancellor—that England's sun would infallibly set on the day that her parliament should decide on doing justice and loving mercy. 'The last court for the trial of witches sat at Charlestown, February 17, 1693. The judge said: "That who it was obstructed the execution of justice, or hindered those good proceedings, he knew not, but thereby the kingdom of Satan was advanced, and the Lord have mercy upon the country!"' Increase Mather does not give the name of this indignant justice; but the important part of the business, that all the witches in custody were discharged, and no more prosecutions permitted, is duly and circumstantially set forth in his History of New England Witchcraft, compiled at the request of the New England divines.

The material progress of the colony meanwhile was unprecedented—marvellous. New England had attained a giant growth; whilst other settlements on the same continent, with much greater advantages as to climate, soil, and previous organisation, were still in a condition of doubtful vitality. The Puritan emigration amounted from first to last, according to Mr Bancroft, the historian of the United States, to 21,200 individuals, who, says the same authority, by the time the Long Parliament met in England, when the movement, as a peculiar and distinctive one, may be said to have ceased, had marked out and commenced fifty towns and thirty villages, built between thirty and forty chapels, begun to export furs and timber, carried grain and cured fish to the West Indies, and in 1643, had ships upon the stocks of 400 tons burden! The youth and manhood of New England have, it is well known, amply realised the dazzling promise of its infancy. It was chiefly with reference to the astounding commercial enterprise of this state, that Mr Burke and others in the British House of Commons in 1775, uplifted their hands with astonishment, exclaiming: 'What in the world was ever equal to it!' It was in Boston the flame burst forth which, kindling the rifle-flashes of Bunker's Hill, taught the astounded ministers of George III., that the old spirit which had vindicated English liberties at Marston Moor and Naseby—and in so doing, prepared the way for the yet far-off constitutional and beneficent monarchy under which the people of these islands have now the happiness to live—glowed as brightly as ever in the hearts of Englishmen, wherever upon the earth's wide surface they might chance to have been born! New England, too, was the first state in America, in the world, to declare the slave-trade piracy—capital felony; and her free schools, set on foot in the early days of the colony, were the type and precursors of the public educational establishments throughout the Union. Neither can there be any question, that although the Virginian city of Washington is the governmental, and New York the commercial capital of the republic, New England is its intellectual metropolis. Above all, the soul and centre of the great moral agitation which in recent years has pulled down the huge enormity that, like the hideous intolerance whose doings we have faintly recited—and inherited, let us never forget to acknowledge, from the same source as that—mocked by revolting contrast the liberty with which it was associated, as well as drowned in its chain-clankings and muttered slave-curses the triumphal hymns to freedom and the natural rights of humanity that resounded throughout the vast, and, in so many aspects, glorious republic of the West.





HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE.

AT the eastern boundary of Paris, on the way towards the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, we have occasion to cross an open space, on which once stood the famous prison-fortress, the Bastille. The name of *Bastille* or *Bastel* was, in ancient times, given to any kind of erection calculated to withstand a military force; and thus, formerly in England and on the borders of Scotland, the term *Bastel-house* was usually applied to places of strength and fancied security. Of the many Bastilles in France, that at Paris, whose history we propose to narrate, and which at first was called the Bastille St-Antoine, from being erected near the suburb of St-Antoine, retained the name longest. This fortress, of melancholy celebrity, was erected under the following circumstances.

In the year 1356, when the English, then at war with France, were in the neighbourhood of Paris, it was considered necessary by the inhabitants of the French capital to repair the bulwarks of their city. Stephen Marcel, provost of the merchants, undertook this task, and amongst other defences, added to the fortifications at the eastern entrance to the town a gate flanked with a tower on each side. The popularity which the provost acquired by this measure, and others equally judicious, was for some time considerable; but his secret connection with the king of Navarre, who laid pretensions to the French throne, proved his ruin. On the 31st of July 1358, he attempted to introduce that prince into Paris through the gate of the Bastille, but his intention having transpired, he could not succeed in having it opened. His enemies, who were alike fierce and numerous, soon reached the spot, and surrounded him. The provost, holding the keys in his hand, strove to defend himself from his assailants, and, ascending the entrance-ladder, endeavoured to take refuge in one of the towers; but a man named De Charny having struck him on the head with his axe, he fell, and was despatched by the infuriated crowd at the foot of that Bastille which he had himself caused to be erected.

Hugh Aubriot, the next who, after Stephen Marcel, added to the constructions of the Bastille, proved scarcely more fortunate. He was provost of Paris under Charles V., king of France, who, not thinking the walls of the Bastille sufficiently strong and high, and wishing to complete them, charged him to superintend the necessary extensions. In the year 1369, Aubriot accordingly added two towers, which, being placed opposite to those already existing on each side of the gate, made of the Bastille a square fort, with a tower at each of the four angles. Notwithstanding his great talents and integrity, or rather on account of these very qualities, Aubriot had acquired many enemies, by whom, on the death of Charles V., he was bitterly persecuted. Although, owing to the influence of his friends at court, his life was spared, he was condemned to perpetual confinement, and placed in the Bastille, of which, according to some historians, he was the first prisoner. After some time, he was thence conveyed to Fort l'Evêque, another prison, where he remained forgotten until 1381. The *Maillotins*, a band of insurgents, so named from the leaden mallets with which they were armed, then delivered him, to place him at their head; but though he seemingly joined in their plans, Aubriot escaped from them the same night, and safely reached Burgundy, his native province, where he died within the space of a year.

After the insurrection of the Maillotins in 1382, the young king, Charles VI., still further enlarged the Bastille by adding four towers to it, thus giving it, instead of the square form it formerly possessed, the shape of an oblong or parallelogram. The fortress now consisted of eight towers, each a hundred feet high, and, like the wall which united them, nine feet thick. Four of those towers looked on the city, and four on the suburb of St-Antoine. To increase its strength, the Bastille was surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet deep, and a hundred and twenty feet wide. The road which formerly passed through it was turned on one side, the old gate blocked up, and a new one, which retained the name of its predecessor, erected on the left of the fortress. The Bastille was now completed (1383), and though additions were subsequently made to it, the body of the fortress underwent no important change.

Each of the eight towers which composed the Bastille bore a different name. One of the two which had been erected by Stephen

Marcel was called the Tower of the Chapel; and the other, the Tower of the Treasure, from the large sums deposited in it by Sully, minister of Henri IV. One of those added by Aubriot received the name of the Tower of Liberty, and the other the Tower de la Bertaudière; whilst of the four towers which Charles VI. caused to be built, one was termed the Tower of the Well, from the well which was near it; the second, the Tower of the Corner, on account of its position; the third, the Tower de la Bazinière, from a gentleman of that name who was confined in it; and the fourth, the Tower de la Comté. Each of the towers was four stories high, besides the low and horrible dungeons situated beneath the level of the soil. Nothing can be conceived more gloomy or wretched than one of these noisome dens. The damp stone walls and ceiling were continually dropping water, and the slimy flooring swarmed with rats, toads, newts, and other kinds of vermin. A narrow slit in the wall, on the side of the ditch, admitted light, and too frequently, instead of air, unwholesome exhalations, to this abode of misery; a few planks, supported by iron bars fixed in the wall, and scantily covered with straw, formed the prisoner's couch; whilst ponderous double doors, each seven inches thick, and provided with enormous locks and bolts, shut out the captive from the world, and never admitted any other form than that of a jailer.

The first three floors above this dungeon consisted each of a single room of an irregular octagonal shape, about eighteen feet high, and twenty feet wide. Most of the rooms had double ceilings, a fact which the prisoner De la Tude discovered, and turned to advantage, by making use of this vacant space to conceal in it the rope-ladder through which he effected his escape. A small closet, made in the thickness of the walls, frequently accompanied these apartments. The room on the fourth and last floor, termed La Calotte, was narrower and lower than the rest. It was so arched, in order to support a platform above, that the individual confined in it could not stand upright in any other part than the centre. The narrow windows or openings which gave light to these apartments afforded no prospect from without, not only on account of the thickness of the walls, but also owing to the double grating of iron bars, each as thick as a man's arm, with which they were provided. In the lower stories of the building these openings were half filled up with stone and mortar, and even some of them could not be reached save by ascending three steps. The floorings were either of tiles or stones, and the chimneys were secured by iron bars in several places. All the rooms, and even the staircases leading to them, were closed by thick double doors. Previously to the year 1761, it was in some of those apartments, then of course more comfortable, but the only official ones, that the governor and his suite resided.

Both as a place of military defence, and as a state prison of great strength, the Bastille was, even at an early period, very formidable.

During the troubled reign of the insane Charles VI., it frequently served as a prison and a fortress by turns, and assumed some importance in the struggles of the period. The kingdom of France, the greatest part of which was in the power of the English, was, moreover, distracted by the dissensions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs. The king's eldest son, the Dauphin, who belonged to the last party, was in possession of Paris, and his devoted friend, Tannegui du Châtel, held the Bastille with a strong garrison. When Paris was, through treachery, delivered to the Burgundians on the night of the 28th of May 1418, Tannegui had barely time to run to the youthful prince's hotel, snatch him half-awake from his bed, and wrapping him up in the bedclothes, carry him in his arms to the Bastille, which he fortunately reached in safety. From the towers of the fortress, the Dauphin, however, beheld the massacre of almost all his adherents and friends; none of the Armagnacs were spared by their vindictive foes, and the streets of Paris literally flowed with blood. Tannegui soon abandoned the Bastille, which fell into the power of the Burgundians, and two years afterwards was held by the English, then masters of Paris, which they kept for sixteen years. During this space of time, L'Isle Adam, a Burgundian general, was the only prisoner of the Bastille. When, in 1436, the Dauphin, now Charles VII., stormed Paris, the English governor, Willoughby, retired to the Bastille. An honourable capitulation having been offered to him, he in a few days surrendered the fortress, of which he was the last English military occupant.

Under the reign of the tyrannical Louis XI., the Bastille became a prison of some importance, and received many of the unfortunate victims of that monarch's hatred. Amongst these, Cardinal Balue and several others are worthy of mention. The cardinal was a man of obscure origin, noted for his ingratitude towards all those who contributed to his elevation. With D'Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, and without so much as the shadow of an excuse, he betrayed Louis XI., who, notwithstanding his suspicious temper, had confided entirely in him. The ecclesiastical character of the offenders screened their lives, but it could not save them from the king's vengeance. Balue he caused to be shut up in one of those iron cages of which the cardinal himself is said to have been the inventor, and which were so fearfully contrived that the unhappy being immured in them could not experience even one moment's repose. The cardinal remained for eleven years in the castle of Loches, whence he was occasionally transferred to the Bastille, in order that Louis might, when in Paris, enjoy the sight of his torments. In 1480, three years before the death of Louis XI., he was at last set free, and quietly ended his days in 1491.

His accomplice, D'Harancourt, fared still worse. He was confined in the Bastille, where a cage was constructed expressly for him. The framing of this cage, which was made of massive beams fastened together by iron bolts, occupied nineteen workmen for the space of twenty days. Such was its weight, that it was found necessary to rebuild the vault destined to support it. In this gloomy abode, D'Harancourt spent fifteen years: he was set at liberty at Louis's death, and died in 1500, at an advanced age.

Two members of the unfortunate family of Armagnac were also amongst the victims of Louis XI.'s pitiless policy. The first, Charles of Armagnac, was punished because, though himself wholly innocent, his brother John had revolted against the king. After having been cruelly tortured, he was thrown into the Bastille, the governor of which, L'Huillier, treated him with the greatest barbarity. For fourteen years he inhabited one of those dungeons which we have already described. When the son of Louis XI., Charles VIII., drew him from this wretched abode, and reinstated him in his property, the hapless captive's reason had fled; he lingered for a few years, and died in 1497. His relation, James of Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, having mingled in some intrigues against Louis XI., retired to the town of Carlat, supposed to be impregnable; he, however, surrendered, without resistance, to the king's general, on condition that his life should be spared. This was solemnly promised to him; yet such was the terror of his wife, then recently confined, on seeing him led away a prisoner, that she died of grief within a few days. The melancholy forebodings which hastened her end were justified by the event.

After having been taken to Pierre Encise, the duke was conveyed to the Bastille, and there, for the space of two years, treated with the greatest cruelty. Louis at last brought him to trial, insuring, by the most iniquitous means, his condemnation to death. The revolting details of his execution shew the character of Louis under its most fearful aspect. The chamber in which the duke confessed himself to the priest was all hung with black, and housings of the same dismal hue were thrown over the horse which led him to the place of execution. But this was not enough: a scaffold, with openings between the planks, was expressly constructed for him to suffer upon, and his children, of whom the youngest was only five years old, were placed underneath, bareheaded, clad in white, and their hands bound, in order that, when his head had fallen beneath the executioner's axe, they might receive from above the blood of their unhappy father. When this fearful tragedy was over (August 4, 1477), they were taken back to the Bastille, and placed in a noisome and narrow dungeon, where they had scarcely room to move about. They remained there for five years, and until the accession of Charles VIII. to the throne. The young king, wishing to repair his father's injustice and cruelty, subsequently restored them some of their property. But the two elder, whose health was destroyed by confinement, died soon afterwards. The youngest, however, survived, and inherited the title of Nemours.

The subsequent history of the Bastille, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, does not offer much that is remarkable. From the year 1553 to the year 1559, it was, however, greatly enlarged. The additions made to it consisted in a curtain, flanked by a bastion surrounded by a deep ditch. Parallel with it was another curtain, and a demi-bastion with a similar ditch. A standing bridge was the only means of communication from the Bastille to the bastion, on which a garden, planted with trees, was afterwards laid out.

Besides several of the Protestant leaders who were incarcerated in it, the Bastille received, during the troubled sixteenth century, many prisoners of note. It was also, at the epoch of the civil wars, of great importance as a fortress, and was alternately held by the weak king Henri III., or by his rebellious subjects. Bussi le Clerc, who had been made governor of it by the Guise party, rendered himself so conspicuous for his harshness and cruelty, that even his stern employers grew weary of his repeated barbarities, and finally took his command from him. Singularly enough, Bussi, whose behaviour to the prisoners under his care was anything but lenient or humane, once acted not only with common kindness, but even with generosity, towards a Protestant prisoner named Damours, for whom he contracted a singular affection, frequently declaring that, 'Huguenot as he was, Damours was worth more than all those politicians, the presidents and counsellors, who were only hypocrites.' Not satisfied with these protestations, he so effectually interceded in behalf of Damours that he procured his freedom.

Bussi le Clerc was succeeded in the government of the Bastille by Du Bourg, a brave and honourable soldier, partisan of the Guises. When, after the assassination of Henri III. in 1589, Henri IV., his successor, for the fourth time besieged Paris, Du Bourg vigorously intrenched himself in the Bastille. Henri IV. was repulsed from the walls of Paris, and retreated with great loss to Normandy. So confident were the Parisians that he would be taken by their general, Mayenne, that many of them hired windows in the street of St-Antoine in order to see him pass on his way to the Bastille. In this expectation they were, however, disappointed, for the next year Henri once more besieged them, and reduced them, through famine, to the direst extremities. His natural compassion prevailing, however, over his interest, he allowed bakers to carry bread to the city, which they entered by the gate of the Bastille. In 1594, he at last triumphantly entered the capital, for the giving up of which Brissac, then governor of Paris, is said to have received nearly 1,700,000 livres. Du Bourg, however, remained incorruptible: after defeating a plot to seize upon the Bastille, he defended it for five days, and even turned his cannon upon the city. But having learned that it would be impossible for Mayenne to afford him any assistance, he at last consented to capitulate on very honourable conditions; and after again refusing the money which was offered to him, he called Brissac a traitor, and challenged him to mortal combat—a cartel which the other did not choose to accept.

During the earlier part of Henri IV.'s reign, the Bastille, owing to that monarch's natural clemency, had not many tenants. In 1602, his minister, Sully, was appointed governor of the fortress, and made one of its towers a receptacle for the large sums which his economical administration enabled him to save in the national expenditure. This, as we have already stated, was the origin of the name of the Tower of the Treasure, given to one of the towers of the fortress.

THE BASTILLE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Like all fortresses, the Bastille was under the dominion of a governor, appointed by the king, and bound by his oath to obey and maintain in every respect the regulations of the castle; he was also responsible for the safety of the prisoners under his care. The other officers or members of the household of the Bastille were as follows: the king's lieutenant, a major (who acted as secretary), a physician, a surgeon and his assistant, a chaplain, two priests and a confessor, four turnkeys, and a company of invalids, besides several other individuals who held minor offices. The vigilance exercised in guarding the fortress was excessive. A wooden gallery, called 'The Rounds,' and which was reached by two flights of steps, had been erected along the summit of the exterior wall of the ditch, sixty feet above the bottom. This gallery was constantly filled by sentinels, whom their officers visited every quarter of an hour. No soldier could sleep out of the fortress without first obtaining permission of the governor; and for an officer, the leave of the minister was necessary. The tyrannical method of capturing and placing prisoners in the Bastille may now be described. The usual plan was to issue a warrant, called *lettre de cachet*, or sealed letter, which the police officers were sometimes empowered to carry into effect, by conveying the person therein mentioned to the Bastille; whilst in some cases, where unnecessary disgrace was avoided, the individual was merely enjoined to constitute himself a prisoner, as will be seen in the following document, addressed by Louis XV. to the Prince of Monaco, then a brigadier in his army:

'MY COUSIN—As I am by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to inform you of my intention, which is, that as soon as you receive it, you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastille, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Given at Versailles this 25th of June 1748.

(Signed) LOUIS.
(Countersigned) VOYER D'ARGENSON.'

The number of lettres de cachet issued at one time was enormous. In the reign of Louis XV., on whom popular enthusiasm had bestowed the name of 'Well-beloved,' it amounted to 150,000, or 2500 annually. Even during the fifteen years that the benevolent Louis XVI. was on the throne, as many as 14,000 lettres de cachet were carried into effect. What increased the evil was, that, though signed by the king, those lettres de cachet were often used without his sanction, it having been thought *necessary* for every minister or court favourite to be provided with a certain number, in which a blank was left for the name of the victim.

The following abridged narrative of an individual incarcerated in the Bastille, will give a correct idea of the mode of arrest usually employed, and of the rules observed on the entrance of a prisoner into the fortress.

'At about five in the morning, I was awakened from my sleep by a violent knocking at my room door, and commanded, in the king's name, to open it. I obeyed, and an officer of the police, with three men and a commissary, entered. They desired me to dress myself, and began to search the apartment. They took such of my papers as they chose, and put them into a box, which was carried to the police-office. The commissary then asked me my name, my age, the place where I was born, how long I had been at Paris, and the manner in which I spent my time. The examination was written down by him; a list was made of everything found in the room, which, together with the examination, I was desired to read and sign. The officer then told me to take all my body-linen and such clothes as I chose, and to come along with them. At the word *all*, I guessed where they were about to take me.

'Having shut and sealed the drawers, they desired me to follow them; in going out, they locked the room door, and took the key. On coming to the street, I found a coach, which I was desired to enter; the others followed me. The commissary told me they were carrying me to the Bastille; and soon afterwards I saw the towers. They did not go the shortest and most direct road, which I suppose was to conceal our destination. The coach stopped at the gate in St-Anthony's Street. I saw the coachman make signs to the sentinel, and soon afterwards the gate was opened; the guard was under arms, and I heard the gate shut again. On coming to the first drawbridge, it was let down: the guard there being likewise under arms. The coach went on, and entered the castle, where I saw another guard under arms. It stopped at a flight of steps at the bottom of the court, where, being desired to go out, I was conducted to a room, which I heard named the council-chamber. I found three persons sitting at a table, who, as I was told, were the king's lieutenant, the major, and his deputy. The major asked me nearly the same questions which the commissary had done, and observed the same formalities in directing me to read and sign the examination. I was then desired to empty my pockets, and lay what I had in them on the table. My handkerchief and snuff-box being returned to me; my money, watch, and indeed everything else, were put into a box, that was sealed in my presence; and an inventory having been made of them, it was likewise read and signed by me. The major then called for the turnkey whose turn of duty it was; and having asked what room was empty, he replied the Calotte de la Bertaudière. He was then ordered to convey me to it, and to carry thither my linen and clothes. The turnkey having done so, left me, and locked the doors. The weather was still extremely cold, and I was glad to see him return soon afterwards with firewood, a tinder-box, and a candle. He made my fire; but told me, on leaving the tinder-box, that I might in future do it myself when so inclined.'

All the prisoners were not, on their entrance into the Bastille, treated with so much civility as the individual whose narrative we have quoted. Thus, instead of being requested to empty his pockets, the prisoner was often rudely searched, deprived of his property, and even of his clothes, which he was compelled to exchange for filthy rags. The rooms entitled La Calotte, and which we have already described, were unenviable enough, but the captive might fare far worse than even in one of them. M. Linguet, another prisoner of the Bastille, was placed in a chamber, which, being close to the common sewer of St-Anthony's Street, was in autumn and spring filled with pestilential vapours. The furniture of this apartment he thus describes: 'Two worm-eaten mattresses; a cane elbow-chair, the bottom of which was held together by pack-thread; a tottering table; a water-jug; two pots of delf-ware, one of which was to drink out of; and two flag-stones to support the fire—such was the inventory, at least such was mine. I was indebted only to the commiseration of the turnkey, after several months' confinement, for a pair of tongs and a fire-shovel. It was not possible for me to procure dog-irons; and whether it arises from policy or inhumanity, I know not, but what the governor will not supply, he will not allow a prisoner to procure at his own expense. It was eight months ere I could obtain permission to buy a teapot, twelve before I could procure a tolerably strong chair, and fifteen ere I was suffered to replace, by a crockery vessel, the filthy and disgusting pewter vessel, which is the only one that is used in the Bastille. The single article which I was at the outset allowed to purchase was a new blanket, and the occasion was as follows: The month of September, as every one knows, is the season when the moths that prey upon woollens are transformed into winged insects. When the den which was assigned to me was opened, there arose from the bed, I will not say a number, nor a cloud, but a large and dense column of moths, which overspread the room in an instant. I started back with horror. "Pooh, pooh!" said one of my conductors with a smile; "before you have lain here two nights, there will not be one of them left!" In the evening, the lieutenant of police came, according to custom, to welcome me. I manifested so violent a repugnance to such a populous flock-bed, that they were gracious enough to allow me to put on a new covering, and to have the mattress beaten at my own expense. As feather-beds are prohibited articles in the Bastille—doubtless because such luxuries are not suitable for persons to whom the ministry wishes, above all things, to give lessons of mortification—I was very desirous that, every three months at least, my shabby mattress should have the same kind of renovation. But though it would have cost him nothing, the governor opposed it, on no other plea than that beating the mattresses wears them out.'

Though some of the rooms offered superior accommodation, and were even provided with slight luxuries—such, for instance, as glass panes to the barred windows—the generality of the prisoners fared no better than M. Linguet. The rooms were numbered, and distinguished by their situation in the towers. On entering his apartment, the prisoner received its name. Thus, the governor, if requiring a turnkey to produce one of the prisoners under his care, would, if that prisoner were confined on the third floor of the Tower de la Bazinière, have merely asked for No. 3 de la Bazinière. The real name of an individual confined in the Bastille was never uttered within its precincts. He was given, on his entrance into the fortress, a fictitious name, which he kept until he was set at liberty. De la Tude was thus called Daury; and the person known by the name of the Man with the Iron Mask, Marchiali. The wretched abode into which he was introduced, the oppressive sense of mystery which seemed to fill the very air around him, and, above all, the feeling that freedom was perhaps for ever lost, contributed to imbitter the gloomy presentiments of the hapless captive on his entrance into the Bastille. The prisoner whose narrative we have already quoted thus describes his sensations on being first left alone:

'When I heard the double doors shut upon me a second time, casting my eyes round my habitation, I fancied I now saw the extent of all that was left to me in this world for the rest of my days. Besides the malignity of enemies, and the anger of a minister, I felt that I ran the risk of being forgotten—the fate of many who have no one to protect them, or who have not particularly attracted the notice of the public. Naturally fond of society, I confess I looked forward to the abyss of lonely wretchedness which I thought awaited me with a degree of horror that cannot easily be described. I even regretted now what I had formerly considered as the greatest blessing—a healthy constitution, that had never been affected by disease.

'I recollect, with humble gratitude, the first gleam of comfort that shot across this gloom—it was the idea, that neither massive walls, nor tremendous bolts, nor all the vigilance of suspicious keepers, could conceal from the sight of God. This thought I fondly cherished, and it gave me infinite consolation in the course of my imprisonment, and principally contributed to enable me to support it with a degree of fortitude and resignation that I have since wondered at. I no longer felt myself alone.' This prisoner's pious trust in Providence was fully repaid, for, after a short captivity of eight months, he was set at liberty.

The allowance made to the governor for the prisoners' food was very liberal. Thus, for an individual of the lowest class it was equivalent to half-a-crown a day; four shillings for a tradesman; eight for a priest, a person in the finance department, or an ordinary judge; twelve for a parliament counsellor; twenty for a lieutenant-general in the army; one pound ten for a marshal of France; and two guineas for a prince of the blood. The following account of the ordinary food of prisoners is given by an individual who was long an inhabitant of the Bastille; it will shew how, with all the means of satisfying them, the avarice of the governor could retrench from the slight comforts of the prisoners.

'The Sunday's dinner consists of some bad soup, a slice of a cow, which they call beef, and four little *pâtés;* at night, a slice of roast veal or mutton, or a little plate of haricot, in which bare bones and turnips greatly predominate; to these is added a salad, the oil of which is always rancid. The suppers are pretty uniformly the same on flesh days. Monday—instead of four pâtés, a haricot. Tuesday—at noon, a sausage, half a pig's foot, or a small pork chop. Wednesday—meat generally either half-warm or burned. Thursday—two very thin mutton chops. Friday—half a small carp, either fried or stewed, a stinking haddock or cod, with butter and mustard; to which are added greens or eggs: at supper, eggs with spinach, mixed up with milk and water. Saturday—the same. And this perpetual rotation recommences on Sunday.'

To this indifferent fare, some trifling dessert and a bottle of bad wine a day were added. The quantity of meat given to a prisoner was sometimes so small that it did not weigh more than four ounces. The captive's other comforts were supplied on the same scale. He was allowed, in winter-time, six small pieces of wood and a candle a day, besides flint, steel, and tinder, a broom once a week, and a pair of sheets every fortnight.

The only bodily and mental recreations granted to the prisoners consisted in a walk in the garden erected on the bastion, on the platform of the towers, or in the principal court; occasional attendance at mass in the chapel; and the perusal of a few books from the library. The garden was laid out with plots, had a walk of trees, and a small pond. Some of those prisoners who were treated with least severity were allowed to take a walk in it every day. The court, as described by M. Linguet, was anything but pleasant. 'The walls which enclose it,' says he, 'are more than a hundred feet high, without windows; so that, in fact, it is a large well, where the cold is unbearable in winter, because the north-east wind pours into it; and in summer the heat is no less so, because there being no circulation of air, the sun makes an absolute oven of it. This is the sole lyceum where such of the prisoners as have permission can, each in his turn, disencumber his lungs from the pestilential air of his dungeon.'

Even those slight enjoyments were accompanied by many restrictions. The person who attended the prisoner in his walk on the bastion was directed to observe closely his movements, but forbidden to address or answer him. When he was allowed to walk in the court, he was to keep within sight of the sentinel on duty, who, though also forbidden to exchange even a word with him, had orders to watch if he dropped any letter or paper, to prevent him from writing on the walls, and to make him retire to a dark passage on the appearance of any other prisoner. This walk, which was seldom extended beyond an hour, was often considerably abridged by those forced retreats to the passage. The chapel was a small hole, seven or eight feet square, under a pigeon-house. There were five niches or closets in it for the prisoners who were allowed to hear mass. Those niches, of which three were in the wall, and two made of wainscot, could only admit one prisoner, who was strongly locked up. The person confined in them could neither see nor be seen. The doors were lined with iron bars, and glazed, but hung with a curtain, which was drawn back at the Sanctus, and closed at the concluding prayer. As only five prisoners could hear mass at a time, the number of those to whom this indulgence was occasionally granted was very limited. The library, consisting of about five hundred volumes, was founded by a foreign prisoner, who died in the Bastille towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some of the prisoners were allowed to read in the library itself, but the books were mostly brought to them, and selected by the turnkey. They were carefully examined on being returned, lest, as frequently happened, the prisoner should have written anything on the margin, or between the lines of the pages. The writing, in such a case, was immediately torn out: most of the books in the library were thus disfigured.

As despair frequently induced captives to attempt committing suicide, they were allowed no knives; the turnkey who brought their meals carved for them; the dishes, plates, forks, spoons, and goblets were all of pewter. M. Linguet wished, during his imprisonment, to resume his geometrical studies, and asked for mathematical instruments. After some delay the request was granted, with the exception of a pair of compasses, which were not given to him. When he remonstrated on the subject, he was gravely told that 'arms were prohibited in the Bastille.' He was at length, however, provided with a pair of compasses made of bone. This caution was not unwarranted. In the year 1766, one of the prisoners, Count

Lally, attempted to kill himself with a pair of compasses; and in the following year, a captive named Drohart, having succeeded in concealing a knife, destroyed himself, after having first inflicted a mortal wound on a turnkey.

Besides this already sufficiently harsh treatment, the jailers of the unhappy captive had many methods of heightening his misery. Thus, when he entered the Bastille, he was treated with great severity. It was not until he had undergone a second examination, which did not often take place for weeks, that he was allowed to be shaved, or suffered to have books, pens, or paper; everything was devised to make him feel still more deeply the living tomb into which he had been thrown; he seemed shut out not only from all the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, but even from the world itself. The silent turnkey, who, three times a day, entered his room, was the only human being who met his sight. The most unworthy stratagems were practised to entrap him into some avowal by which he might betray himself and his accomplices, if he had any. He was threatened, and more frequently seduced into compliance, by the menace of still greater severity, or the solemn promise of instant freedom. Woe to him who trusted in those deceitful words! No sooner had they ascertained what they wished to know, than his jailers informed him that their power did not extend to setting him free, but that they would take steps to procure his liberty. Of course this last assertion was as true as the promise by which it had been preceded.

Another of the many evils which surrounded the captive, even in his dungeon, was the consciousness that all who approached him were spies or enemies. The turnkey, the invalided soldier who attended him, and the lieutenant of police himself, were ever on the watch to treasure up any murmur of complaint against his oppressors, or any hint which might lead to implicate him. Sometimes, with unparalleled treachery, he was informed that his jailers, moved with compassion, would allow him a companion to share his captivity. The companion was a spy, instructed to obtain the prisoner's secret, and left with him until that object was attained.

The individuals attached to the Bastille were enjoined to observe the greatest silence towards the prisoners, whom the officers of the staff and the turnkeys were alone allowed to address or answer. When workmen were employed in the castle, sentinels were put over them, lest they should enter into any communication with the inmates. If a captive wished to write to his friends, he was supplied with all that was necessary for the purpose; but his letters never reached their destination, and, if imprudently worded, became instruments against him. It was seldom, and only by great favour, that prisoners could receive any visitors; even then they were not allowed to converse freely with them, but saw them in the council-chamber, in the presence of two officers, who stood between the prisoner and his friend. All conversation relating to the captive's imprisonment was strictly prohibited; intercourse between prisoners was likewise forbidden, unless when, as it sometimes happened, through the compassion of the governor, and oftener through want of room, two prisoners were placed in the same apartment.

When once the captive had crossed the threshold of the Bastille, he became as it were enveloped by that atmosphere of mystery which invested this fortress with so fearful a character. His apprehension was conducted so secretly, that for the most part of the time his friends knew nothing about it. If they had, however, reason to suspect that he was immured in the Bastille, and there inquired after him, it was boldly declared that no such person had ever been heard of in the fortress. In every quarter they met with denial, until, wearied with vain inquiries, they ceased their efforts, and the unhappy captive was often allowed to die unknown and forgotten in his dungeon. When, by some happy chance, he was liberated, an oath never to reveal what he had seen or heard during his stay in the Bastille was exacted from him.

The consciousness of hopeless captivity was but too frequently, and with uncommon malice, aggravated by the jailers, who seemed to delight in tormenting their captives. 'I was frequently told with a laugh,' says M. Linguet, 'that I ought not to trouble myself any longer about what the world was doing, because I was believed to be dead: the joke was carried so far as to relate to me circumstances which insane rage or horrible levity added to my pretended exit. I was assured also that I had nothing to hope from the warmth and fidelity of my friends; not so much because, like others, they were deceived with respect to my existence, as because they had become treacherous. This double imposture had for its purpose not merely to torture me, but at once to inspire me with a boundless reliance on the only traitor I had reason to fear, and who was perpetually represented as being my only true friend, and to discover, from the manner in which I was affected by these tidings, whether I had really any secrets which could lay me open for betrayal.'

In case of sudden illness, the captive had little assistance to hope for, unless it chanced to be in the day-time. If he was taken ill at night, even when he succeeded in making himself heard by the nearest sentinel, all that he could do for him was to communicate the intelligence to one of his comrades, who repeated it to a third, and so on, until it reached the guard-house, and the turnkey was roused. By the time that the keys were procured, permission obtained, and the surgeon awakened, nearly two hours must elapse, Even then the surgeon could not administer any relief to the patient, being only empowered to make a report of his case to the governor, who was to summon the physician, often residing at a great distance.

In case of serious indisposition, the prisoner was allowed an old invalid to attend upon him; but as the invalid, if he once shared his captivity, could no longer leave him, it was necessary to first purchase his consent, and to submit, besides, to hear his constant reproaches for the sacrifice he had made. When the captive's illness seemed likely to terminate fatally, the harshness of his jailers only increased, and it often happened that he was not even allowed to make his will. If, yielding beneath the accumulation of his woes, he died, none of his friends were informed of his death; but notice having been sent to the minister of the Home Department and the secretary of police, the fact was ascertained by the king's commissary, and the body interred at night in the neighbouring churchyard of St-Paul's. Two individuals from the Bastille attended it, to sign in the parish register, where the death of the deceased was entered under a fictitious rank and name, in order that no trace of him might remain. A register containing his real name was, however, kept at the Bastille, but it was almost impossible to obtain a sight of it. To all intents and purposes, the Bastille was indeed the tomb of the living and the dead.

Among the state prisoners confined in the Bastille in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Duke de Biron and the Marchioness d'Ancre were the most remarkable. Biron was accused, with justice, of treason towards his indulgent sovereign, Henri IV.; and having been found guilty, was executed in the Bastille after a certain period of confinement (1602). The Marquis d'Ancre, one of the court favourites of Louis XIII., having fallen into disgrace—a far from unusual occurrence with those who build their fortunes on court favour—was assassinated by the command of the king, and his widow was cast into the Bastille with every mark of contumely (1617). Such was the superstition of the age, that it was generally believed that this unfortunate had practised sorcery in order to obtain favour at the court. On her trial, she was accordingly asked by what magical power she retained her ascendency over the queen. 'By that power,' she haughtily answered, 'which strong minds exercise over weak ones.' This answer did not satisfy her accusers, and she was condemned to be executed—a sentence which less affected her than the royal mandate for disennobling her son. The marchioness died with firmness and resignation; her only error having been an undue spirit of ambition.

Thus the Bastille held within its dark bosom, for a short period, various individuals, who, falling under the capricious dislike of the king, the queen, or the ministry for the time being, were consigned to it as a preliminary of their extirpation. The Bastille was, in fact, the ready means of quietly removing any person who became objectionable to the ruling authority. During the tyrannical sway of Richelieu, the prime-minister of the weak Louis XIII., this horrible prison-fortress was filled with numerous victims of the cardinal's pitiless policy. For having displeased him, the Marshal de Bassompierre remained twelve years in the Bastille. Vitry, one of Concini's murderers, spent six years in the same fortress. Even after the death of Richelieu, Bassompierre and Vitry were only indebted to the king's avarice for their freedom. The Cardinal Mazarin and M. de Chavigny, who felt an interest in the prisoners, represented to the monarch that they cost him an immense sum to keep them in the Bastille: so struck was Louis XIII. with this observation, that he immediately ordered them to be set at liberty! But amongst the unhappy beings immured in the Bastille by the cardinal's orders, none suffered such a protracted imprisonment as an individual named Dussault. The motives for which he was incarcerated have never been known. When he had been eleven years in the Bastille, he learned that Richelieu was on his deathbed; in a letter which he addressed to him, and which is still extant, he earnestly prayed of him to set him at liberty. From this letter, it appears that he had refused to obey some sanguinary order of the minister. The following short extract is calculated to convey an accurate idea not only of the misery which could dictate such heart-wrung language, but also of the tyranny which placed it within the power of one man to plunge any of his fellow-creatures into such an abyss of wretchedness:

'My lord, you are aware that for eleven years you have subjected me to sufferings, and to enduring a thousand deaths in the Bastille, where the most disloyal and wicked subject of the king would be still worthy of pity and compassion. How much more, then, ought they to be shewn to me, whom you have doomed to rot there for having disobeyed your order, which, had I performed it, would have condemned my soul to eternal torment, and made me pass into eternity with blood-stained hands? Ah! if you could but hear the sobs, the lamentations, and groans which you extort from me, you would quickly set me at liberty. In the name of the eternal God, who will judge you as well as me, I implore you, my lord, to take pity on my sufferings and bewailings; and if you wish that He should shew mercy to you, order my chains to be broken before your death-hour comes; for when that arrives, you will no longer be at leisure to do me that justice which I must require only from you, and you will persecute me even after you are no more, from which God keep us, if you will permit yourself to be moved by the most humble prayer of a man who has ever been a loyal subject to the king.' If this epistle ever reached the dying man, which is doubtful, it remained without effect. But it seems that it was not to Richelieu alone that Dussault had given offence, for he remained a prisoner for the space of fifty years after his death. When, at an advanced age, he was at last set free, he had been sixty-one years a captive!

Richelieu's great severity produced, however, many beneficial results: thus it put an end to the absurd and barbarous fashion of duelling, then at its height. Amongst the prisoners incarcerated in the Bastille on this account was M. de Bonteville, who, in the space of three years, killed in duel no less than four gentlemen of the court. After the last of those duels, he fled from France to Brussels. The Archduchess of the Netherlands vainly solicited Louis XIII. to pardon him. Irritated by this refusal, De Bonteville exclaimed: 'Since a pardon is denied, I will fight in Paris—ay, and in the Place Royale too!' He kept his word; and his first act on returning to Paris was to accept of a cartel from a relative of his last victim. A combat of three against three was arranged, and took place. One of the combatants having been killed, the rest fled. All escaped but De Bonteville and one of his seconds. They were taken, tried, and condemned to die. It was in vain that their friends interceded for them with the king: he proved inexorable. De Bonteville, who was sincerely penitent, and conscious of his deep crime, felt, however, no wish to live, and but for his confessor, he would have requested his judges to condemn him to the gibbet, and have him drawn thither on a hurdle. Both he and his companion suffered death with great firmness. The example which was made of them, and their melancholy end, had much influence in repressing the practice of duelling, which had risen to an alarming extent.

Amongst the numerous victims of the cardinal's vengeance, one, however, partly merited his fate, which he drew upon himself by a series of scandalous intrigues. Noel Picard Dubois, after following for some time his father's profession of a surgeon, abandoned it in order to go to the Levant, where he spent four years in the study of magic. On returning to Paris, he employed his time in the same pursuits, chiefly associating with dissolute characters. A sudden fit of devotion made him enter a convent; but he soon grew tired of the restraint he there experienced, and, scaling the walls of his retreat, effected his escape. Three years after this, he, however, once more resolved to embrace a monastic life, took the vows, and was ordained a priest. In this new course he persevered for ten years, at the end of which he fled into Germany, became a Lutheran, and devoted himself to the search of the philosopher's stone. Dissatisfied with this mode of life, he again visited Paris, abjured the Protestant religion, and married under a fictitious name. As he now boldly asserted that he had discovered the secret of making gold, he soon grew into repute; and was at last introduced to Richelieu and the king, who both, with singular credulity, fully believed in his promises. It was arranged that Dubois should perform the 'great work' in the Louvre, the king, the queen, the minister, and other illustrious personages of the court being present. In order to lull all suspicion, Dubois requested that some one might be appointed to watch his proceedings. St-Amour, one of the king's body-guards, was selected for this purpose. Musket-balls, given by a soldier, together with a grain of the powder of projection, were placed in a crucible covered with cinders, and the furnace fire was soon raised to a proper pitch. When Dubois declared the transmutation to be accomplished, he requested the king to blow off the ashes from the crucible: this Louis did with so much ardour, that he nearly blinded the queen and the courtiers with the dust he raised. But when his efforts were rewarded by seeing at the bottom of the crucible the lump of gold which, by wonderful sleight of hand, Dubois had contrived to introduce in it, notwithstanding the presence of so many witnesses, he warmly embraced the alchemist, whom he ennobled, and appointed President of the Treasury. Several times Dubois repeated the same trick with equal success. But an obstacle which he might from the first have anticipated occurred: he soon grew unable to satisfy the eager demands of his protectors, who longed for something more substantial than an insignificant lump of gold. Some idea of their avidity may be conceived when it is known that Richelieu alone required him to furnish a weekly sum of about £25,000. Though Dubois asked for a delay, which he obtained, he was of course unable to comply with these extravagant demands, and was, in consequence, imprisoned in Vincennes, whence he was transferred to the Bastille. The vindictive minister, unwilling to acknowledge that he had been duped, instead of punishing Dubois as an impostor, accused him of magic, and appointed a commission to try him. As the unhappy alchemist persisted in asserting his innocence, he was put to the torture. His sufferings induced him, in order to gain a respite, to offer to fulfil the promises with which he had formerly deceived his patrons. Their credulity was apparently not yet extinct, for they allowed him to make another experiment. Having again failed in this, he confessed his imposture, was sentenced to death, and accordingly perished on the scaffold (1637), a melancholy instance of the superstition of the age, which he and others of his kind but too frequently endeavoured to turn to advantage, at the imminent risk of losing their lives in the attempt.

During the troubled minority of Louis XIV., the Bastille was for the last time used as a fortress. The country was then divided into two parties—that of the queen-mother, and of the king's uncle, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, both contending for the regency. In 1649, the queen was compelled to depart from Paris so precipitately that she neglected to leave a garrison in the Bastille, then under the command of Du Tremblai, who was, in consequence, under the necessity of yielding it up to the Fronde, as the Duke of Orleans' party was called. Peter Broussel and his son, La Louvière, both popular men, succeeded to him in the government of the Bastille. In 1652, it was entirely confided to La Louvière. On the 4th of July of the same year, the Duchess of Montpensier, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, saved, by her presence of mind, the city from falling into the hands of the royalists, who had attacked Paris on the side of the suburb of St-Antoine. At the most critical moment, she ascended the towers of the Bastille, and directed the cannon to be turned on the royal troops, which it effectually dispersed. Four months after this event, the Parisians, tired of the war, opened their gates to the youthful king and his mother. La Louvière was immediately summoned to give up the fortress under his charge: he prudently obeyed; and from that moment to the epoch of its destruction, the Bastille resumed its peaceful though gloomy character.

The superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, was one of the first state prisoners of note who inhabited the Bastille under the reign of Louis XIV. The great magnificence and splendour he displayed excited the jealousy and displeasure of the king, who believed, or affected to believe, that he meant to render himself independent, and seize on the dukedom of Brittany. The apprehension of Fouquet was conducted with great secrecy at Nantes, whence he was conveyed to the castle of Angers. After becoming the inmate of different prisons, he was finally taken to the Bastille. His trial lasted three years; but, notwithstanding the efforts of the king and of Colbert, Fouquet's mortal enemy, he was condemned, not to death, but to perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. His boundless generosity in the days of his happiness and splendour had secured him many friends, some of whom shared his fate, whilst others endangered their safety to afford him relief. Louis XIV. changed Fouquet's sentence from perpetual banishment to perpetual confinement, and called this a *commutation* of the penalty. From the Bastille the hapless superintendent was sent to the fortress of Pignerol, where he was very harshly treated, and where he is reported to have died in 1680.

The unfortunate Fouquet was not the only victim of Louis XIV.'s oppressive government. Besides the Chevalier de Rohan and his accomplices, who were imprisoned in the Bastille, where they suffered for high treason in 1674, many unhappy beings were likewise consigned, for the most frivolous motives, to the keeping of the gloomy fortress. A youth whose name is not recorded, but who was a student in a Jesuit college, having composed a satirical Latin distich, in which he ridiculed his masters, and even the king, was, on being discovered, immediately sent to the Bastille. When he had been confined in it for a long while, he was taken to the island of St-Margaret, on the coast of Provence. After remaining there for several years, he was again conveyed to the Bastille, from which he was ultimately delivered, after being thirty-one years a captive.

The number of individuals imprisoned in the Bastille was sometimes very considerable, especially when we reflect how little accommodation the fortress afforded, notwithstanding its large size. In the year 1663, fifty-four persons were incarcerated in it; and although the number was fewer in some years, it arose in others to nearly one hundred and fifty. In 1665, the Bastille was so full, that part of the prisoners were removed to other places of confinement. It not unfrequently happened that the fortress was employed by government as a means of extorting money from wealthy individuals —who, to say the truth, had mostly acquired their riches by robbing the public. Massat, a registrar of the council, was bastilled for remonstrating against a demand of six hundred thousand livres from himself and three of his colleagues. Catalan, a contractor, shared the same fate, and was even threatened with death; but, after a confinement of several months, he ransomed himself for six millions of livres. From another individual, nine hundred thousand livres, and from three of the treasurers of the exchequer, several millions, were obtained by the same powerful and efficient means. Monopolies likewise lent their aid to replenish the royal store. Niceron, a grocer, was lodged in the Bastille for having ventured to remonstrate against a projected monopoly of whale-oil; Poignant, a respectable citizen of Paris, shared the same fate for having too freely spoken on a similar subject; and a female named Madame de la Trousse was, for the same cause, prohibited from going to the town-hall, or to any other meeting, under pain of corporal punishment.

The money thus extorted was spent in the most lavish manner by the king, who sometimes gave as much as forty thousand pounds for the getting up of a ballet destined to the amusement of his court. To venture to blame in any manner the royal measures, would, however, have proved highly dangerous, and most likely qualified the imprudent censurer for what Guy Patin aptly termed 'a stone doublet.' It was not, indeed, always safe even for a barrister to perform his duty. In 1665, M. Burai, the advocate, was committed to the Bastille for having undertaken the defence of a treasurer prosecuted by government. Freedom of thought or speech, however innocent, met with severe punishment. The *Journal des Savants* having attacked Charles Patin, he was about to reply, when it was intimated to him that if he ventured to do so, the Bastille would assuredly receive him—the *Journal* being under the protection of the minister. M. de Montespan, having thought fit to blame the choice which the king had made of M. de Montausier for the Dauphin's tutor, suffered a long imprisonment in consequence; and a poor priest named St-Severin expiated, by years of captivity in the Bastille, the imaginary crime of sorcery. In short, there did not exist a charge, however unjust, trifling, or absurd, by which any individual might not, at the will of his tyrants or enemies, be consigned to the keeping of the gloomy prison, and linger there for years without so much as obtaining a chance of redress.

The next prisoners of the Bastille who come under our notice can inspire us with little or no compassion. We allude to those celebrated poisoners whose crimes shed such terror in the minds of all during the reign of Louis XIV.

Madame de Brinvilliers concealed, under an amiable and pleasing aspect, an almost inconceivable perversity of heart. The priest who attended her during her last moments, and who has left an interesting account of her, seems to think that she was naturally virtuous, but that she was disposed to receive evil impressions as well as those that were good. Unfortunately for herself and for others the first prevailed.

Her father, M. Dreux d'Aubrai, a respectable magistrate, had somewhat arbitrarily, but not without sufficient motives, caused an individual named St-Croix to be incarcerated in the Bastille, where he spent a year with Exili, the celebrated chemist and poisoner. Owing to the lessons of his fellow-prisoner, St-Croix soon became an adept in the art of poisoning, without so much as leaving traces of the crime; and on quitting the Bastille, he imparted his knowledge to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, with whom he was on intimate terms. He gave her several poisons, which she resolved to try on human beings, before she put into execution the horrible project she had conceived of destroying her own father. For this purpose, she made her first attempt upon her maid, to whom she gave a piece of poisoned cake: the girl was seriously ill, but did not die. Seeing that the quantity was not sufficiently strong, Madame de Brinvilliers visited the hospitals (for she maintained the appearance of an eminently pious and charitable person), and distributed to such of the sick as were convalescent poisoned cakes and delicacies. When some time had elapsed, she called again, and inquired after the individuals whom she had seen. She was informed that, shortly after her visit, they had all been affected with a strange and unknown malady, from the effects of which they had since successively died. Not the least suspicion attached to her, nor was even poison thought of by the hospital doctors. Madame de Brinvilliers was now satisfied as to the quantity it was necessary for her to administer, and with unparalleled atrocity proceeded to poison her father. It would be useless to detail how, under the perfidious mask of affection, she effected her purpose—tending with unwearied care on the unhappy man during his illness, and bewailing his loss with all the appearance of despair. Her main object in poisoning her father had been to escape from the rigid control he exercised over her actions, and to inherit his property. What was her rage on discovering from his will that he had transmitted his authority to her two brothers, and that the management of her portion of his inheritance would be in their hands! She immediately resolved to get rid of them; and after allowing some time to elapse, she succeeded, with the help of a servant, in effecting her detestable project.

These successive crimes had as yet attached no suspicion to the marchioness, when her accomplice, St-Croix, died in 1672—killed, as some say, by an explosion which occurred whilst he was preparing a new poison over a furnace. Amongst the different objects found in his laboratory was a box directed to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, and which he requested in his will might be given to her without being opened. Madame de Brinvilliers no sooner heard of his death than she asked for that box with such eagerness, that, suspicions being excited, it was opened. It was found to contain different and deadly poisons. The marchioness immediately left Paris, and took refuge in a convent at Liege. Means were, however, found to draw her from her retreat: she was arrested, conveyed to Paris, and imprisoned in the Bastille.

When brought to trial, Madame de Brinvilliers behaved with extraordinary firmness and courage, and boldly asserted her innocence. In order to extort a confession from her, it was resolved to put her to the ordinary question or torture. This consisted in forcing down the throat of the accused an immense quantity of water. On being introduced to the torture-room, and on noticing three large buckets of water which were in it, she observed with cool irony: 'This must be for the purpose of drowning me, for they can never expect a woman of my size to drink it all.'

After her condemnation to death, she, however, resolved to confess her crimes, and behaved with apparently very sincere penitence, yielding with exemplary humility to the ignominious inflictions which attended her end. She was beheaded, and her remains were thrown into the fire, and burned, on the 16th of July 1676. Nearly two hundred years which have elapsed since her death have not effaced the memory of her crimes, and the name of Brinvilliers is still synonymous in France with that of poisoner.

A few years after her execution, a fortune-teller named La Voisin was charged with vending a deadly powder, entitled 'the Powder of Succession,' and of which the object was to allow impatient heirs to enter speedily in possession of their expected property. No less than forty individuals were accused of being her accomplices, and imprisoned with her in the Bastille. Besides these, persons of the most eminent rank were, though not tried, asserted to be implicated in the whole affair. All were found guilty; but La Voisin alone was sentenced to be burned alive on the Grève. The revolting details of her execution shew her to have been totally devoid of every moral or religious feeling.

Amongst the prisoners which the Bastille received during the latter part of the seventeenth century, one of the most remarkable was the celebrated Man with the Iron Mask, whose history has been fully detailed in No. 70 of this series. Madame Guyon, a religious enthusiast, likewise became for several years an inmate of the gloomy fortress, where she was very harshly treated. She was succeeded in this abode of woe by many equally unhappy individuals, and amongst the rest by Constand de Renneville, a Norman gentleman, celebrated for his sufferings, and for being the first captive who ventured to reveal to public obloquy the iniquitous mysteries of his prison-house. The real motive of his imprisonment is supposed to have been a satirical poem against France, which he wrote whilst exiled in

Holland for his religious tenets : his enemies, however, accused him of being a spy in foreign pay, and after first recalling him to France, caused him, with unparalleled treachery, to be imprisoned in the Bastille. He was there treated with even more than usual severity. The gloomy and dirty chamber in which he was placed swarmed with fleas, whilst even his bed was overrun with vermin. He had, nevertheless, no great reason to complain of his jailers, until after the escape of another prisoner, whom he was thought to have assisted. On the mere supposition of this offence he was thrown into one of the worst dungeons of the fortress, where he remained till life was nearly extinct. He tells us that his only sustenance was bread and water, and that his sleeping-place was the bare ground, where, without straw, or even a stone on which to lay his head, he lay stretched in the mire and the slaver of toads. His situation when he was at length removed from this horrible den was indeed most pitiable. 'My eyes,' says he, 'were almost out of my head ; my nose was as large as a middling-sized cucumber ; more than half my teeth, which previously were very good, had fallen out by scurvy ; my mouth was swelled, and entirely covered with an eruption ; and my bones came through my skin in more than twenty places.' Although, on being conveyed from his dungeon to another apartment in the Bastille, more cleanly and comfortable than the former, De Renneville partly recovered, he continued to be treated by his jailers with great harshness during the remaining years of his captivity. He bore his misfortunes with much fortitude, and solaced his lonely hours by reading and composition. His pen was only a small bone, his ink a little lampblack mixed with wine, and he wrote between the lines and on the margins of books which he had succeeded in concealing. Notwithstanding these great disadvantages under which he laboured, he composed several works of considerable length. Amongst these productions was a *Treatise on the Duties of a Faithful Christian.* They were taken away from him by his persecutors, and he ever deeply regretted their loss. After having been confined for no less than eleven years, M. de Renneville was at last set at liberty, on condition that he should leave France for ever. To this he very willingly agreed, and accordingly sought an asylum in England, where he was pensioned by George I. In the year 1715 he published a work entitled *French Inquisition, or the History of the Bastille*, which, from the harrowing pictures it gave of hitherto unknown though suspected tyranny, met with great success, and, after going through several editions, was translated into various languages. It was probably at the instigation of those whom he had exposed in this book that he was attacked in the street by three cut-throats, whom he, however, bravely repulsed. De Renneville was still living in the year 1724, but the time and place of his death are both unknown.

THE BASTILLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

During the regency of the Duke of Orleans, many individuals were incarcerated in the Bastille : these were mostly guilty of meddling in petty political intrigues, or writing lampoons and satires on the government; and though their captivity was somewhat protracted, it was never very rigorous. Many literary individuals, of both sexes, were thus imprisoned. The most remarkable amongst these was Mademoiselle de Launay, better known as Madame de Staal (not the celebrated daughter of Necker, Madame de Staël, for whom she has frequently been mistaken), who, notwithstanding her great wit and good sense, had been led, by her attachment for the ambitious Duchess du Maine, to take an active share in the absurd Cellamare plot (1718). The object of this conspiracy was, with the assistance of Spain, to deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency, in order to bestow it on the Duke du Maine. As she was deeply implicated in the whole affair, and firmly refused to confess any of the facts that had come to her knowledge, and by which Madame du Maine might be injured, Mademoiselle de Launay remained for two years in the Bastille. She was, however, allowed the society of her faithful maid Rondel; and the rigours of her captivity were much softened by the kindness of the king's lieutenant, M. de Maison-Ronge, a most amiable and worthy man, who became deeply attached to her. But though Mademoiselle de Launay much esteemed him, she unfortunately could not repay his affection. The Chevalier de Menil, another prisoner of the Bastille, had likewise been smitten with her fascinating wit and manners, and to him she gave the preference. Time shewed her the error she had committed, in prizing the brilliant accomplishments of the chevalier above the simple but noble virtues of his rival. No sooner was M. de Menil out of the Bastille than he proved faithless, and married another. Mademoiselle de Launay long remained inconsolable; but time having at length cured her of her grief, she resolved to reward the constancy of her still devoted lover by an offer of her hand. It was too late. The excellent Maison-Ronge, who, since she had left the Bastille, had been a prey to wasting sorrow, was on his deathbed, and soon ceased to exist, the victim of unrequited love. Mademoiselle de Launay mourned his loss for several years; but, being desirous of settling in the world, she at length married the Baron de Staal, a Swiss officer in the French service.

In the Memoirs of her life which she has left, Madame de Staal gives an interesting account of the manner in which she spent her time whilst in the Bastille. Though she had always felt a great dislike for animals, the rats which infested her room compelled her to ask for a cat, which, having kittened whilst with her, became a source of inexhaustible amusement. The gambols of the young kittens with their mother, and the study of the Latin language, were indeed Mademoiselle de Launay's only recreations during the many tedious hours of her captivity.

Another of the prisoners implicated in the Cellamare conspiracy offered the rare instance of a captive unwilling to leave his dungeon. This individual, M. de Bon Repos, a poor and aged officer, remained for five years in the Bastille, forgotten by the government, who thought that all the persons connected with the Cellamare plot were at liberty. When, by mere accident, it was discovered that he was still unjustly detained, steps to procure his freedom were immediately taken. But the old man had got reconciled to his prison, where he was secure from want, and strongly objected to exchange it for liberty and starvation—the only prospect his old age offered. He was at length, but not without much murmuring on his part, induced to leave his cell in the Bastille for a room in the magnificent Hôtel of the Invalids, erected by Louis XIV. to receive aged and disabled soldiers.

In the earlier part of the reign of Louis XV., misguided and extravagant fanatics, known under the name of Convulsionaries, were unwarrantably persecuted, and a great number of them thrown into the Bastille. The tenets of these deluded votaries were fraught with the most abstruse and dangerous mysticism. They delighted in self-denial and torture; and when they could not succeed in obtaining the latter by provoking the anger of their judges, they organised a regular system of torments for themselves, practising them at their meetings in defiance of every authority. A detailed account of all the atrocities their insane rage led them to commit would be alike useless and revolting. To give an idea of their monstrous doctrines, we may, however, mention that some of them went so far as to let their fanatic brethren almost roast them alive; whilst others, in their mad impiety, caused themselves to be nailed on a wooden cross in imitation of the sufferings endured by our Saviour. These torments they generally bore with an extraordinary degree of fortitude, supported by their enthusiasm, which was indeed of the fiercest and sternest kind. 'I have seen them,' says Voltaire, 'when they were talking of the miracles of St-Paris' [a very pious and harmless man, on whose tomb they performed the extravagant antics which had caused them to be termed Convulsionaries], 'grow heated by degrees till their whole frame trembled, their faces were disfigured by rage, and they would have killed whoever dared to contradict them. Yes, I have seen them writhe their limbs, and foam, and cry out: "There must be blood!"'

These unhappy fanatics were divided into a great number of sects, animated by the bitterest hatred towards one another. Peter Vaillant, one of their leaders, was thought by the Vaillantistes to be the prophet Elijah; whilst Darnaud the priest boldly assured his deluded disciples that he was Enoch. The sect of the Augustinians also rendered itself noted for the extravagance of its members, whom the other Convulsionaries considered as heretics. As they already looked upon themselves as martyrs, whom the tyranny of their rulers would soon call upon to suffer in what they deemed the true cause, they made it a practice of walking every night in a procession, with torches in their hands, and halters round their necks, to the porch of Notre Dame, and thence to the Place de Grève, the spot where criminals then usually suffered; thus, as it were, rehearsing the circumstances which were to attend their supposed execution.

The wisest course would undoubtedly have been to leave to public ridicule and contempt the task of awakening those misguided individuals from their folly. But government shewed itself so hostile to them from the first, that what originally was a limited and obscure sect of fanatics, soon grew by persecution into a large and powerful body of men, whose madness had still enough method and reason in it to be highly dangerous. It was in vain that the harshest measures were resorted to; that for no less than five-and-thirty years the Bastille was filled with Convulsionaries; and that all their adherents, or those merely suspected of being such, were certain of utter ruin; their numbers not only remained undiminished, but even considerably increased, and men remarkable for their talents, riches, or rank in life were not unfrequently found amongst their most ardent supporters.

The ingenuity with which the Convulsionaries defied the utmost efforts of their persecutors, though it cannot inspire us with any sympathy for their cause, is still worthy of notice. Not only did they hold their secret meetings in spite of the police, but they also contrived to disseminate in the capital an immense number of tracts and pamphlets in defence of their doctrines, and even to cover the walls of Paris with bills and caricatures, by which they attacked the highest personages of the state. To effect this, they employed different stratagems, of which the following one generally proved most successful: A woman, raggedly dressed, and with a large basket or pannier on her back, would lean her burden against the wall, as though she wished to rest herself. A child, who was in the basket, when she stopped, immediately raised the lid, and fixed a bill on the wall. When his task was done, he drew down the cover, and the woman, resuming her load, would carry him to some other convenient spot. An innumerable quantity of bills were thus every year placarded in the streets of Paris.

But the inefficiency of the police to repress the Convulsionaries was never so much shewn as in the publication of one of their periodical works entitled *Ecclesiastical News*. For more than twenty years was the government foiled in its attempts to seize not only on the writers of this obnoxious production, but even on those who printed and distributed it. Sometimes the printing-press was worked in a boat on the Seine, or hidden among piles of timber, whilst the printers were disguised as sawyers. On one occasion it was secreted under the very dome of the Luxembourg, one of the royal palaces, and a spot where few were likely to seek for it. When this celebrated paper was printed in the vicinity of Paris, many ingenious means were likewise employed to smuggle it into the town. Amongst these stratagems one is worthy of notice, as being still frequently practised on the frontiers of France and Belgium. Water-dogs of a peculiar breed, having previously been trained for this purpose, were closely shorn; the papers were wrapped round them, a large rough skin was carefully sewn over the whole, and the sagacious animals then took their way, unsuspected, to their several destinations. Such was indeed the audacity of the Convulsionaries, and the success with which they baffled the lieutenant of police, who was one of their bitterest foes, that when he and his satellites were on one occasion searching a house which they suspected of being a printing-office, a bundle of the papers, wet from the press, was thrown into his carriage almost before his face.

Discouraged by those fruitless efforts, which only fanned the flame into a blaze, government at length allowed the Convulsionaries to remain unmolested. From that time they fell into obscurity and neglect, and soon ceased to exist as a body, though many individuals amongst them still tenaciously clung to the tenets of their sect. The greatest punishment endured by the Convulsionaries during the period of their persecution consisted in heavy fines and protracted imprisonments.

Peter Vaillant, who had already been confined for three years in the Bastille for an ecclesiastical offence, was again sent thither in 1734; and, after spending twenty-two years in this gloomy fortress, was thence transferred to the military prison of Vincennes, where he died. Several of his disciples, and amongst the rest Darnaud—he who had assumed the character of the prophet Enoch—were treated with great rigour, and likewise imprisoned in the Bastille, which was literally thronged with Convulsionaries: some of them, who had been sentenced to the pillory, obstinately refused the pardon which was offered to them. In 1775, when M. de Malesherbes visited the prison of the Conciergerie in Paris, he there found two Convulsionaries, a man and a woman, who had been confined for the last forty-one years. He proposed to procure them their liberty, if they would only ask for it; but they replied that they were innocent of any crime, and that it was the business of justice to atone for its errors. After a short delay they were released.

These two individuals, in whom age and years of captivity had been unable to chill either their early enthusiasm or the stern memory of their wrongs, were most probably the last of the Convulsionaries.

Besides these unhappy fanatics, many individuals innocent of crime, and, at the most, guilty of very trifling offences, were treated with inconceivable rigour. Amongst these we need only mention De la Tude, whose name is already familiar to our readers by the account given of him in another number of this series.* Even when a man obnoxious to government was not, like De la Tude, doomed to spend his days in a prison, he generally was—that is to say, on every occasion when his slightest imprudence gave rise to suspicion —a constant visitor to the Bastille or some other place of confinement. Most of the literary men of the eighteenth century thus became, at one time or another, inmates of the gloomy Parisian fortress. Amongst its most frequent visitors was Lenglet du Fresnoy, an author of some repute in his day—he wrote nearly thirty works, and edited an equal number—but now, notwithstanding the fertility of his pen, almost entirely forgotten. He was born in 1674, and, from the year 1718 to 1751, was five different times sent to the Bastille for slight or imaginary offences. He became likewise, during that period, well acquainted with Vincennes and other jails. So accustomed was he, indeed, to receive lettres de cachet, that when he saw M. Tapin, the officer who used to deliver them, enter his apartment, he generally greeted him with a familiar nod, exclaiming: 'Ah, M. Tapin, good-day to you! How do you do to-day, M. Tapin? I hope you have been quite well since I saw you last?' And then addressing his servant: 'Come, be quick; don't you see M. Tapin is waiting? Make up my little bundle, and put in my linen and my snuff.' And when all was ready. 'Now, M. Tapin, I am at your service.'

The cause of Lenglet's frequent imprisonments may perhaps be traced in his satirical disposition, and in an indomitable love of independence, which constantly led him to reject the offers of rich and influential personages. His death, which took place in 1755, was occasioned by his falling into the fire while he was asleep.

Literary men were not, however, the only individuals whom the enmity and caprice of a minister or court favourite could, for some imaginary offence, doom to imprisonment. Men who had shed their blood in the defence of their country, or devoted their lives to her glory and greatness, often shared the same fate. Amongst the numerous instances of this kind which occur in the annals of the Bastille during the eighteenth century, we will only mention two—those of La Bourdonnais the general, and La Chalotais the magistrate.

The conduct of the former, as governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon, was admirable in every respect, and such as to win for him the warm praise of the English, notwithstanding that, being then at war with France, they severely suffered by his military successes. But La Bourdonnais unfortunately had an enemy in Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who compelled him to surrender the command of the Isle of France. La Bourdonnais immediately returned to Europe, but on his way homeward, was taken by an English vessel. In England, where he was conveyed, he met with a reception that shewed him how, there at least, his talents and virtues were duly appreciated. After a short stay, he was allowed to proceed on parole to his native country. A far different greeting there awaited him: his enemies, who had long been watching for an opportunity of effecting his ruin, had not been idle during his absence; and three days after his arrival in Paris his papers were seized, and he was hurriedly conveyed to the Bastille. For twenty-six months he remained in solitary confinement, deprived of the means of writing, and denied the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his wife and children. Amongst other absurd charges, La Bourdonnais was accused by a soldier, who had been bribed to commit this perjury, of having secretly conveyed on board of his vessel a large sum of money from Madras. In order to refute this charge, and to prove that the witness could not possibly, from the spot where he asserted himself to have been, have seen any such proceeding, even if it had really taken place, La Bourdonnais drew from memory an exact plan of Madras, and succeeded in having it conveyed to the commissioners who had been appointed to investigate the whole affair. This plan was drawn on a white handkerchief —for he was wholly destitute of proper materials—with a rude sort of pencil, formed from a slip of boxwood, and dipped in brown and yellow colours, which he obtained from coffee and the verdigris scraped from copper coins. This singular and interesting document drew the attention of his judges towards him, and quickened their proceedings. The question was, after numerous delays, at last decided; and, though not without having undergone an imprisonment of three years, La Bourdonnais was finally pronounced innocent, and released. But even liberty came too late for the unhappy captive; his health was destroyed by grief, anxiety, and the unwholesomeness of his dungeon, and his persecutors had contrived to destroy all his prospects. After lingering for some time in pain and poverty, he at length sank beneath the accumulation of his woes, and died in the year 1755, at the age of fifty-six.

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* *Story of De la Tude*, No. 84.

La Chalotais, a Breton magistrate, remarkable for his talents and integrity, had given offence to several powerful personages, who, it is said, resolved to effect his ruin. He was accordingly accused, amongst other charges, of having written two anonymous letters to one of the secretaries of state, which contained insults upon the king and his ministers; and likewise of having entered into a conspiracy against the regal authority. Although several persons, accustomed to examine handwritings, asserted the letters to have been written by La Chalotais, the incorrect style and spelling which characterised them render this very improbable. The accused himself energetically denied this charge; and although then imprisoned in the citadel of St-Malo, where he was deprived of pen and ink, he nevertheless contrived to compose in his defence three eloquent memorials, and even to have them widely circulated. These memorials were written on scraps of paper which he had found wrapped round his sugar and chocolate, with a pen made from a toothpick, and ink composed of soot, sugar, vinegar, and water. Such was the excitement these memorials created over all France, that although La Chalotais was now in the Bastille, government did not venture to proceed with his trial; but though released from his prison, he was banished to the town of Saintes, and was not allowed to resume his seat in parliament till after the death of Louis XV.

During the reign of Louis XVI. less abuses existed; but even the monarch could not always restrain the tyranny of his ministers; of this one striking instance will suffice. The king, wishing to learn the state of public opinion on different points of government, privately instructed Blaizot the bookseller to forward to him, with great secrecy, all the political pamphlets written for or against the state. The Baron de Breteuil, one of Louis XVI.'s ministers, found this out, and had the audacity to cause Blaizot to be thrown into the Bastille by means of a lettre de cachet. Surprised at not receiving his accustomed supply of books, Louis made inquiries, and learned the truth of the case. Blaizot was immediately released, and the Baron de Breteuil severely reprimanded. This shews how inefficient the will of the monarch was in most cases, and how fearful a degree of tyranny was exercised under his name. But the moment was come when this could no longer endure: the Revolution was at hand. The taking of the Bastille in 1789—a memorable epoch in French history—was the first prelude to this important event.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

On the 12th of July 1789, it became known in Paris that Necker, the popular minister, had been exiled, and replaced by men obnoxious to the people. The capital was immediately in a flame, and a severe contest took place between the Parisians and the German military on the Place Louis XV. The crowd, though at first driven back, soon rallied, and being assisted by the French Guards, was victorious. During the whole of the night, Paris was in a state of unusual ferment; and it being reported that on the evening of the 14th the capital was to be attacked on seven different points, preparations were made by the people to resist to the utmost. The position of the Bastille, commanding as it did a considerable portion of the city, was a great impediment to the operations of the insurgents.

M. Delaunay, the governor of the Bastille, had received instructions to defend himself to the last extremity: he was amply provided with arms and ammunition, but he had not provisions for more than twenty-four hours. The people at first only wished to secure his neutrality, and M. Thuriot was sent to prevail upon him to remove the cannon from the towers. M. Delaunay replied that, without the king's orders, he could not venture to do this, but that he would withdraw them from the embrasures. Thuriot, who was allowed to inspect the summit of the fortress, vainly endeavoured to persuade the soldiers to surrender: they firmly refused, but promised not to be the first to fire. But though at first peaceable, the disposition of the people soon assumed a threatening aspect: from every quarter of Paris, and especially from the populous suburb of St-Antoine, numerous throngs of armed men poured forth in the direction of the Bastille, shouting as they went: 'Down with the troops! Down with the Bastille! We will have the Bastille!'

The first attack was made upon the guard-house: two of the volunteers having ascended the roof, broke the chains of the great drawbridge with their axes. The assailants followed into the court, advancing towards the second bridge, and firing on the garrison; but they were repelled, and forced to seek for shelter: they, however, kept up a brisk and incessant discharge of musketry. The committee having intercepted a despatch intended for the governor, and informing him that succour was at hand, sent another deputation, in order to prevail upon him to admit the Parisian militia. The deputation having reached the outer court, was invited to enter by some of the officers; but intimidated by the carnage of which this court still bore the traces, or mistaking the meaning of the officers, it retired without having delivered its message. The people immediately recommenced firing, and the soldiers in the Bastille answered with deadly effect. The besiegers attempted to set fire to the outer buildings with three wagon-loads of straw, but only succeeded in impeding their own progress. They were obliged to remove the straw, and in doing this received a discharge of grapeshot from the only cannon fired by the besieged during the whole of the contest.

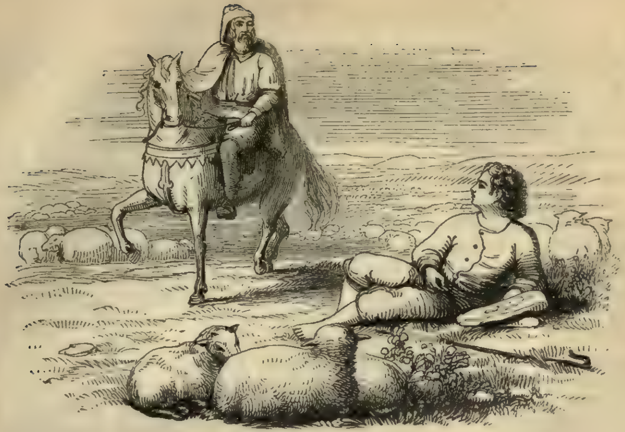
At this moment the French Guards arrived with four pieces of cannon, in order to take part in the attack. The besieged, who were aware of this reinforcement, were now very much discouraged, and required the governor to capitulate. M. Delaunay refused; and suspecting, doubtless, the fate which awaited him, he seized a lighted match in order to set fire to the powder-magazine. He would thus have destroyed not only the Bastille itself, but a large portion of the neighbourhood. Two non-commissioned officers fortunately opposed him, and compelled him with their bayonets to leave the spot.

It was now resolved by the garrison to surrender: the invalids beat a parley on the drum, and a white flag was hoisted on one of the towers. In spite of these signs, which they perhaps did not perceive, the besiegers continued their fire; but noticing at length the silence of their antagonists, they advanced towards the last drawbridge of the Bastille, and summoned the garrison within to lower it. A Swiss officer having looked out through a loophole, demanded that his comrades should be allowed to leave the fortress with the honours of war. This was refused. He then declared that, provided their lives were safe, they would submit. This assurance having been repeatedly given, the governor gave the key of the bridge, and the conquerors entered in triumph.

No sooner, however, was the Bastille in their possession, than they began to massacre the soldiers. A young girl whom they found in a fainting fit, and supposed to be the governor's daughter, they were on the point of throwing into the flames, when she was saved by the interference of a Parisian volunteer. Delaunay was forthwith taken to the town-hall, and after receiving innumerable stabs and wounds from his barbarous captors, he was put to death on the way, and his head, severed from the trunk, carried about in triumph. Five of his officers shared the same fate.

Eighty-two of the besiegers were killed in the attack; seventy-five, of whom fifteen subsequently died, were wounded; and thirteen crippled. Only seven prisoners were found in the Bastille—a fact which amply proves how much the number of lettres de cachet had decreased towards the end of Louis XVI.'s reign. Of those prisoners, four had been confined for forging bills to an enormous amount; one, the Count of Solange, had been imprisoned at his father's request for his dissipated conduct; and two, whose names were now forgotten, and unknown to the jailers themselves, were insane!

Not long after its capture, the Bastille was demolished by order of the local authorities, and a grand ball given on the place where it had formerly stood. As long as the Revolution lasted, the anniversary of the day on which it had been taken (14th of July 1789) was a festival throughout all France; and after the accession to the throne of Louis-Philippe in 1830, the handsome Column of July was erected on the spot formerly occupied by the bastion. At the foot of this Column are buried the remains of those patriotic citizens who, in the revolution of the three days of July 1830, and of February 1848, fell in the cause of freedom.



ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

IN the thirteenth century, after long ages of neglect, a taste for paintings and other objects in refined art began to revive in Italy, although not for several centuries later was any improvement in this respect manifested in England. While the British Islands continued the scene of barbaric civil wars, Italy was tranquilly engaged in the arts of peace. Two things conspired to assist art in Italy—the encouragement of men of learning and wealth, and the naturally fine artistic talent of certain obscure individuals, who devoted themselves to the profession of painting. The demand for pictures to embellish palaces and churches was the more immediate cause of vast numbers of paintings being executed. We propose mentioning a few of the great names known in connection with art in Italy and other countries in early times.

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

CIMABUE was born at Florence in 1240, and while still a child, manifested a taste for drawing. Happening to see the works of some Greek painters, he was affected by an extraordinary desire to study under them: his wishes were agreed to; and so diligently did he pursue his profession, that he soon excelled his masters. From his performances a school of art sprung up in Florence, which thus took the lead in the revival of taste. Cimabue lived to the age of sixty, and died in 1300. A notice of Cimabue interestingly leads to the history of his successor.

In the year 1276, in the town of Vespignano, about forty miles from Florence, there lived a poor labouring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant-boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity, made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father intrusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd-boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day as the shepherd-boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature, that the traveller beheld it with astonishment.

'Whose son are you?' cried he with eagerness.

The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. 'My father is Bondone the labourer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor,' said he.

'Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?'

The child's eyes flashed with delight. 'I will go with you anywhere to learn that. But,' he added, as a sudden reflection made him change colour, 'I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave.'

'That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together,' said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone at such a sudden proposal; but he perceived his son's wish, though Giotto was fearful of expressing it, and consented. He accompanied his boy to Florence, and there left his little Giotto under the painter's care.

His pupil's progress surpassed Cimabue's expectations. In delineating nature Giotto soon went beyond his master, to whom a good deal of the formality of modern Greek art, which he had been the first to cast aside, still clung. One morning the artist came into his studio, and looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. Cimabue tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted.

'Who has done this?' cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's talent, even though the frolic were directed against himself.

As Giotto grew older, his fame spread far and wide. Pope Benedict XI. sent messengers to him one day; they entered the artist's studio, and informed him of the pope's request that he should send a design for an intended church; for Giotto, like most of the artists of those early times, was an architect as well as a painter. He took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side, to keep his hand steady, and drew instantly a perfect circle.

'Tell His Holiness that this is my design,' said he; and with all their remonstrances, Giotto refused to give any other. Pope Benedict was a learned man; he saw that Giotto had given the best instance of perfection in his art; sent for him to Rome, and honoured and rewarded him. 'Round as Giotto's O,' became an Italian proverb. Giotto, as these stories testify, was a pleasant and humorous man.

The talents of Giotto won him the patronage of the great of his country. He visited in succession Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At the latter city he remained some time painting for the Prince of Este. While there, Dante heard of Giotto, and invited him to Ravenna, the abode then of the exiled Florentine poet. There also he painted many of his works, and formed a strong friendship with the great Dante. The poor shepherd-boy of Vespignano was now in the height of his fame. Admitted into the society of the Italian nobles, enjoying the friendship of the talented men of his age—Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch—and admired by all, his was indeed an enviable position. He was, moreover, a good man, as well as great, loved by all his friends; and, as his biographer Vasari says, 'a good Christian, as well as an excellent painter.' He died at Milan in the year 1336, and was followed to the grave by the sorrow of his friends, his obsequies receiving those public honours which he so well merited.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Of all the annals of youthful genius, there are none more remarkable than the history of Leonardo da Vinci. He was wonderful in his childhood for original genius; in youth for the surprising versatility of those talents, both natural and acquired; and in mature life he seemed able to do everything, and, moreover, to do everything well. He was at once painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, mechanist, chemist, astronomer : a man of science, and yet the ornament of a court, beautiful in his person, fascinating in his manner, and gifted with amiable qualities, which preserved the esteem which his exterior won at first sight, and prevented his companions from bearing malicious envy towards him for all those brilliant qualities which nature seemed to have lavished on him.

Leonardo was born in 1452 at Vinci, a small fortified town in the Val d'Arno. From his birthplace he derived his surname, as was the custom with most artists of that period. His father was a notary of Florence, respectable, though not of high birth. Even in childhood, Leonardo was remarkable for his surprising talent and readiness in acquiring all that was taught him. He would propose questions in arithmetic to his master, who in vain puzzled himself to answer them ; and then the pretty laughing boy would astonish his old instructor by solving the difficulty with the greatest ease. His musical talents were not less remarkable ; he studied it as a science with the greatest avidity and enthusiasm, played on the lyre, and sang the words and music, which were entirely his own composition.

But as he grew older, the great delight of Leonardo seemed to be the study of painting. At this time art was gradually increasing in fame and power, influencing all ranks of society in Italy. Lorenzo dei Medici, the most powerful of the nobles, encouraged and protected art in every way with so unbounded favour, that he gained the deserved title of 'the Magnificent.' Lorenzo's influence spread a taste for literature, and more especially for art, throughout his native Florence, which extended through all Tuscany. It is probable that this might have influenced Leonardo in his juvenile preference ; for it is certain that, among all the pursuits of his childhood, he loved painting best. Uninstructed as he was, his designs and models soon became excellent, and his delighted father at last determined to shew these productions to Andrea Verrocchio, one of the cleverest artists of the day. Andrea saw in them the dawnings of great power, and gladly received Leonardo as a pupil in his studio, where, by a combination then very usual, he followed the professions of painter, sculptor, architect, and even jeweller.

Time passed on, and the young Leonardo improved so fast, that Verrocchio could not but acknowledge to himself that the pupil was little inferior to the master. Partly to prove or disprove this inward doubt, and partly from the generous wish to excite his pupil's diligence, Andrea desired Leonardo to paint a portion of a picture on which he was himself engaged. The subject was 'St John baptising our Saviour ;' Da Vinci's task was an angel supporting some drapery. The delighted youth worked with redoubled diligence, and the figure was completed. Verrocchio came to see it ; he looked at it a long time in silence ; it was infinitely superior to the rest of the picture.

The artist's eye could not deny this, however grievous was the shock his pride sustained.

'Is this, in truth, your own work? No one assisted you?' said he to Leonardo, who stood by.

'It is indeed, Messer Andrea,' eagerly replied the boy.

'Then I will not submit to be outdone by a child; I will never touch a pencil more.' And Andrea Verrocchio kept his word: he never painted afterwards.

After this, Leonardo quitted Andrea, and pursued his studies alone. He resided at Florence, where his father had an estate. There is a characteristic story of him in these youthful days. Signor Pietro da Vinci had a favourite attendant in the field-sports, in which he delighted. One day he asked this man what mark of regard would be most pleasing to him in return for his services. The peasant answered that he would consider about it. One day he brought a piece of wood, cut from a large fig-tree, and requested that his young master, Il Signorino Leonardo, would paint upon it something to adorn his little cottage. The father asked his son to accede to this rather strange request for a peasant, and the young artist agreed, only resolving to astonish his father by his improvement. So he planed the wood smooth, filled up the little holes, and began to paint. His chosen subject was a Medusa's head, with its serpent-hair. For models he brought from the fields toads, vipers, lizards, and every kind of ugly reptile. From these he designed such a fearful-looking monster, that the boy almost shuddered at the work of his own hands. When the picture was finished, he brought his father to see it. Signor Pietro glanced round the room: his eyes fell on the Medusa: he started back with horror and surprise, and was about to run away from the vicinity of such a number of poisonous reptiles, when Leonardo assured him it was only a picture—his own work. 'And now,' cried the delighted boy, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm—'now I am quite satisfied: I have done what I wished. My picture has the effect I intended.'

The proud and happy father lavished warm praise on his gifted boy; but he would not give a picture like this to the peasant. It was sold to a Florentine merchant for one hundred ducats, which is equivalent to about £22 of our money—a sum which, in those days, was considered as much as £400 is now. The Duke of Milan soon afterwards bought it for treble the sum for which it was first purchased. The ultimate fate of this curious picture is unknown.

In spite of his extreme youth, Da Vinci quickly attained to fame. His universal talents gave a certain degree of unsteadiness to his character, inasmuch as he would now and then leave his painting for all sorts of desultory studies. But he always returned to the one great object, and devoted himself to everything that would advance him in art. He was the first artist who thoroughly studied anatomy, in which his knowledge was very great. His writings on this subject are admired, and found most useful even in the present day. The sunshine of fame was now upon Leonardo wherever he moved: his extreme beauty and grace of manner, his wit and universal courtesy, made him the delight of all circles. He indulged in luxurious dress and equipages, and had a number of the finest horses, for he excelled in all equestrian exercises. Yet all these expenses were defrayed by his unwearied industry in his art. Leonardo had a wonderful genius for mathematics and mechanics. He made all sorts of curious models and scientific inventions. This bent of his mind led him to form some wild projects, which were never realised.

About the year 1487, Leonardo left Florence, and settled at Milan, being received into the household of the Duke Ludovico Sforza, who gave to the artist the care of his son's education, and appointed him president of an academy which he founded for the encouragement of art and literature.

Leonardo followed his patron to Pavia, where he spent some time; and on his return to Milan, about 1497, he began the most celebrated of all his pictures—'The Last Supper of our Lord.' It was painted for the refectory of a Dominican convent: the moment chosen is when Christ exclaims: 'I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' The calm dignity of the Saviour forms a beautiful contrast to the varied passions which agitate his disciples at his words; but it is next to impossible to speak in adequate terms of so sublime a painting. It has gradually faded from the convent walls, until now scarcely a trace remains; but there are some good copies, which have made the original well known.

In 1513, Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici was elected pope, as Leo X. This noble patron of art made Rome the desired abode of its greatest followers, and thither came Leonardo da Vinci; but he found many competitors equal, and even superior to himself. Leonardo, now advancing in years, felt some anxiety from the rising stars of Raffaelle and Michael-Angelo, both of whom he had before met at Florence. Feeling himself unable to compete with these luminaries, he retired to France, where he concluded his career under the patronage of Francis I. In intimate friendship with this great monarch, he died at Fontainebleau in the seventy-first year of his age.

Da Vinci was a careful and laborious painter: he knew that genius was nothing without diligence. He was long in painting his pictures: on one portrait he spent four years. He neglected nothing that could add to his knowledge of art. It was his constant habit to carry with him a book, wherein he sketched heads and figures that attracted his attention.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

ON the 6th of March 1474, at Caprese or Chiusi in Tuscany, was born the child who was afterwards to become so renowned. Michael-Angelo was noble by birth; his father was descended from the counts of Canosa. Probably his wealth did not equal his patrician ancestry, for the proud nobleman sent his son to a grammar-school at Florence. A public school is no unusual place for genius to develop itself, and here it was that Michael-Angelo's soon shone forth. His facility in sketching—a talent always appreciated by schoolboys—made him popular among his young companions; they encouraged him, and their praises fostered the love of art in his bosom. This passion for drawing, however, was pursued in secret; for his father used all his efforts to discourage the boy, thinking, poor man! in his foolish pride, that it would disgrace the noble house of Canosa to produce an artist! He did not know that, but for that great artist, his ancient house would have been forgotten; and that now Michael-Angelo is remembered for his genius, not for his nobility.

The first story of the boy's progress in art is told of him in his thirteenth year. He borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude, that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. A plan for a boyish deception came into his head: he confided the secret to one of his playfellows, and the two boys, with grave faces and many thanks, brought to the lender, not his own picture, but Michael's copy. He, worthy soul, discovered not the cheat put upon him, and was restoring with perfect composure the fac-simile to the place of the original, when Michael's playfellow could resist his mirth no longer, and his irrepressible laughter revealed the jest. This story became known; his undoubted success encouraged the boy, and, to his father's horror, he declared his resolution to be an artist.

Most likely the incident of the borrowed picture influenced greatly Michael's future life; for in his fourteenth year we find him a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, one of the best painters of the day, who had studied under Giotto. Doubtless it was only after many struggles with his prejudiced father that Michael-Angelo obtained this favour; but when gained, he profited by it in proportion to the difficulty with which he had secured it. When fifteen, he one day saw a figure on his master's easel drawn in a style which he considered far from perfect. He made outlines of the incorrect portions of the drawing on its margin. These outlines were far superior to the picture itself; and his own consciousness of this, and a mean jealousy unworthy of the noble art he followed, made Ghirlandajo ever after strive to depress and injure the bold and talented boy who had dared thus openly to compete with his master.

Michael-Angelo remained with Ghirlandajo only three years, during which time his improvement was owing to his own exertions, and not to his jealous master, who scarcely ever condescended to give him the least instruction. But perseverance often fully atones for the want of imparted knowledge; and so it was with Michael. Before he left the studio of Ghirlandajo, he had availed himself of permission given to the pupils of Ghirlandajo, by Lorenzo dei Medici, to study in an academy which that wise and generous nobleman had instituted for the advancement of sculpture. Here Michael still continued to improve himself, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo the Magnificent by his beautiful drawings. The academy was held, like those early ones of ancient Athens, in a garden. This garden Lorenzo supplied with beautiful sculpture, chiefly ancient—for the moderns were very far from perfection until Da Vinci's time—and hither the good nobleman often walked among the objects of his taste and delight, supplied by his own munificent hand, or amused himself in watching the progress of the young artists whom he had invited to study in his grounds.

In this garden of art the young Michael-Angelo one day saw a fellow-student modelling in clay—a branch of art then very uncommon. He felt a wish to do the same, and attempted an imitation, which Lorenzo, who happened to pass by, praised with such warmth, that the young artist determined to try his skill in marble. He begged a piece of broken marble and a tool from some workmen who were employed in ornamenting the palace, and cheerfully and eagerly set to work. He chose as his model a mask of a 'Laughing Faun,' which was lying in the garden, much mutilated by time. But Michael remedied all these defects in his copy, and likewise added some improvements from his own powers of invention. The mask was nearly finished, when, a few days after, Lorenzo again visited his garden.

'This is wonderful in a youth like you,' cried the delighted nobleman. He examined the work, compared it with the original, and praised the several additions which Michael's genius had prompted.

'But,' said this acute patron and lover of art, with a good-humoured smile, 'there is one thing I do not quite approve, though it is but a slight fault in so good a work—you have restored all the old man's teeth; whereas, you know, a person of that age has generally some wanting.'

The young man acquiesced in this sensible remark; and when Lorenzo had departed, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw of the mask, and drilled a hole in the gum, to shew that it had decayed and fallen out in course of nature. On Lorenzo's next visit, he was so delighted with the ingenious way in which Michael-Angelo had followed up his patron's hint, that he gave the young artist an apartment in his house; made him a guest at his table; introduced him to the noble, wealthy, and learned that thronged the palace of the greatest of the Medici; and, in short, adopted him as his own son.

When only seventeen, Michael-Angelo executed for Lorenzo a basso-relievo in bronze; the subject was the 'Battle of Centaurs.' When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted himself to sculpture. His next work was a 'Sleeping Cupid.' The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce anything equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael-Angelo had not then arisen: so the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterwards pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue to Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome, where Pope Julius II. commissioned him to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he shewed it to the pope, His Holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced: Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favour not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarotti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

'Do you know to whom you speak?' asked the indignant painter.

'Perfectly well,' said the man; 'and I only do my duty, in obeying the orders my master has given.'

'Then tell the pope,' replied Michael, 'if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself.'

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: 'I have been expelled from the ante-chamber of your Holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your Holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shews it and the one towards whom it is shewn?'

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: 'We know the humour of men like Michael-Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace.' But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said: 'You have treated the pope as the king of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will.' The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented, and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said: 'Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you.'

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe: 'One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of everything except their art.'

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: 'Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael-Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment.' And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

Michael-Angelo's first commission after this was a statue of Pope Julius. It was the work of sixteen months, and worthy of Michael's genius. But its fame was short: in a popular riot this statue was thrown down, dragged through the streets, and broken to pieces, in contempt of the pontiff whom it represented. The head alone was preserved by the Duke of Ferrara. After Michael had completed this statue, he returned to Rome, and again set to work on the mausoleum. But Julius had changed his mind, and determined to build the Sistine Chapel, to the memory of his uncle, Sixtus IV. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco paintings. His first attempt shewed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect Bramante could contrive was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael-Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarotti invented some machinery so complete, that the carpenter who made it under his direction realised a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention.

In twenty months the frescos were completed, to the delighted wonder of his friends and the envy of his enemies; all being the work of Michael-Angelo's own hand, unassisted by any one. The pope had almost daily climbed to the top of the platform to watch the artist's progress; and by his persuasions, Michael took down the scaffolding almost before the frescos were finished. Crowds of the learned rushed to the building to see this wonderful work. But when the pope had gratified his impatience by viewing the painted ceiling from below, he began to wish for more ornaments on the drapery of some figures—more gilding and show. But Michael's reproof was not long wanting.

'I have painted,' said he, 'men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing.'

The Sistine Chapel was publicly opened on All-Saints' Day 1512. From that time to the present, Michael-Angelo's frescos have been acknowledged the most glorious triumph of art in any age. They consist of a series of colossal paintings, descriptive of the progress of the Christian religion from the creation of the world until the last judgment of all men. To particularise them is impossible; and their praise has been a universal theme. Most of them are painted on the arched ceiling; and it is said that many figures were executed by the artist lying on his back on a heap of cushions, this being the only position in which he could reach them.

Three months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Julius died. Leo X., who succeeded him, was by no means a warm friend to Michael-Angelo. But his fame was now too well established to suffer from this lack of favour. He was now growing old; but his energy and talents were unwearied. Besides the Sistine, another chapel was erected, called the Paoline; for this he painted two pictures—the 'Conversion of St Paul' and the 'Crucifixion of St Peter.' At the age of seventy-two, he was nominated architect of St Peter's. This undertaking had been begun nearly a hundred years before; but little progress had been made, and every new architect had proposed a new design. Michael designed the dome, and had the satisfaction before his death of seeing it nearly completed. His plans for the other parts of the building were unhappily departed from in many things after his death. While labouring at this work, the artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavoured to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

'Three more windows will be placed there,' said Michael-Angelo.

'You never told us of that before,' replied a cardinal.

'Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do!' cried the high-spirited painter. 'It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves: to build St Peter's is mine!'

This independent speech won the favour of the then pope, Julius III. From this time he placed unlimited confidence and regard in the artist, often saying that should Michael-Angelo die before himself, his body should be embalmed, and kept in the palace, that his mortal form might endure as long as his works. But Julius died in 1555; and Paul IV. insulted the painter by wishing to *reform* the 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine. Michael sent this message in answer: 'If His Holiness will undertake to reform mankind, I will engage that my picture shall reform itself.'

This pope plunged Rome into war and bloodshed. Michael-Angelo, then eighty-two years of age, took refuge in a monastery until these perilous times were over. It was with regret that he left this quiet abode to enter again on the turmoil of the world. He lived until the age of eighty-nine, and then died peaceably and calmly, uttering his last will in these words: 'My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, my worldly goods to my next of kin.'

Michael-Angelo's countenance was like his mind—full of noble grandeur. Straight Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do—not beautiful, but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael-Angelo was in every way a noble and good man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. He lived in study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge throughout his long life. In his old age, he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. 'I go yet to school,' said Michael, 'that I may continue to learn.'

This great artist's soul was full of high principle: he scorned everything mean and dishonourable. His disposition was generous, and many a kindness did he shew to inferior artists and others who needed it. Sometimes his gifts were munificent. To his old servant Urbino he gave two thousand crowns; a donation in those days considered worthy of a monarch. This man died when Michael was eighty-two, and his aged master remained with him day and night in his last illness, and afterwards wrote this of him: 'Urbino's death has been a heavy loss to me, yet also an impressive lesson of the grace of God; for it has shewn me that he who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die, not with reluctance, but even with a desire for death.'

His poems were numerous, and all breathe the spirit of purest Christianity. The sternness of his character won little affection from his contemporaries, yet none ever breathed a word against him.

The fame of Michael-Angelo's works will live for ever, and with that his memory as a truly great and virtuous man.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

In 1483, there lived in the little city of Urbino a poor artist named Giovanni Sanzio. He had little genius to boast of, and less fame. He lived in a quiet humble way, not far removed from poverty, yet he was a good man, and his humility and simplicity of character prevented his being despised for his want of talent. He married a worthy and loving wife, but they were long childless. At last, in 1483, the year already mentioned, on Good-Friday, there was born to this worthy couple a son. This new addition to their happiness was joyfully welcomed by the father and mother. They christened the infant Raffaelle, after the angel Raphael in the Bible—a name of good omen; but little did the joyful parents think that the name thus given by them would go down to posterity with the glorious affix of Raffaelle the Divine.

The father, Giovanni, had suffered much in his youth from being left to brave the world alone, so he would not part with his son, even to a nurse. Raffaelle was brought up in his parents' house—his mother being his constant nurse, his father his instructor. He was never sent to school, but spent his time in his father's studio, living among beautiful forms, having for his playthings brushes and easels, and thus imbibing a love of art from his cradle. No other children came to divide with him his parents' care and affection, and life was all sunshine to the gentle and beautiful child; for, like Da Vinci, Raffaelle possessed the added charm of great personal beauty. Even in manhood, his portrait, with its soft mild eyes and long flowing fair hair, is like the face of one of his own angels; and in childhood he must have been most lovely.

Surrounded by art, it is not wonderful that Raffaelle should have been a painter when a mere boy. His father, delighted to see this bent in his darling son, instructed him to the utmost of his power, and Raffaelle was soon a great assistance to him in pictures which he from time to time executed for the few patrons whom he had in his native Urbino. This good and loving father was not slow to see that his limited powers in art were insufficient to supply the rising genius of his son, and no shame or mortified self-love hindered him from acting upon this knowledge. He went to Perugia, where lived Pietro Perugino, an artist who had by his own unwearied diligence raised himself from low estate until he had become one of the best painters of the day. But Perugino was gone to Rome, and Giovanni Sanzio had to wait a long time for his return. At last

Pietro arrived, and the humble painter of Urbino obtained an interview with his higher brother in art. Giovanni had a winning manner, and his reverence for Perugino turned the latter's heart towards him. He listened to Sanzio's frank and simple account of his son's talent, and his own wishes to place him under such a master; and at last consented to take the little Raffaelle.

Giovanni returned home, having accomplished his desire. One can well imagine what a hard struggle it was for the father to place his boy in other hands, and how many tears the mother shed at parting with her only child. Giovanni took his son to Perugia, left him to the care of Perugino, who had conceived a sincere friendship for the father of his new pupil, and then returned to his lonely home in Urbino.

Raffaelle had an excellent master in Perugino, as far as kindness went; from his instructions, however, he did not profit much. Perugino's style was hard and formal; now and then his attitudes were graceful, but his works, though praised in his day, were very inferior compared to those of his successors, and his one great contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci. Raffaelle copied his master's style so exactly, that his pictures at this period of his life cannot be distinguished from those of Perugino's. Having never known a higher style, the young artist went on calmly and composedly in this beaten track, winning much praise from the inhabitants of his native city, and of Perugia, who had no idea of a loftier standard of perfection than Perugino's. But a change was soon to come over the spirit of Raffaelle the Divine.

He had a friend and fellow-pupil named Pinturicchio, who was chosen by Cardinal Piccolomini to ornament the pope's library at Siena. This young man invited Raffaelle to join him, and the latter assented, as he had now left Perugino, though the friendship and affection between the artist and his pupil continued undiminished until the death of the former. Raffaelle was only eighteen when he arrived at Siena; there he, in conjunction with his friend Pinturicchio, painted ten large pictures, the subjects being taken from the life of Pope Pius II. While at Siena, Raffaelle heard continually of the wonderful works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael-Angelo, then exhibited at Florence. He resolved to go thither, and judge for himself of their perfection. Great indeed was his delight and wonder when he beheld with his own eyes these masterpieces of genius. Leonardo's particularly attracted him, for Michael-Angelo had not then arrived at the zenith of his powers; and the inclination of Raffaelle was ever more to the beautiful than the severe and grand, so that doubtless he felt more sympathy with Da Vinci than with the giant Michael. He saw that he was yet but on the threshold of art; he felt his own weakness, and the defects of his master, and from that hour he changed his style, and followed Perugino no more.

His delight in these pictures which Florence contained, and his liking for the beautiful city itself, determined Raffaelle to remain there for some time. He formed many friendships with the young artists there, by whom his rising genius was much honoured. His greatest friend was Lorenzo Nati, for whom he painted a beautiful picture of the 'Holy Family.' The Virgin-mother holds in her lap her divine Son, to whom the infant St John is presenting a bird, in childish delight. This painting was preserved by Lorenzo during his lifetime with affectionate veneration and care. After his death it was kept by his heirs. But a disaster took place: a falling of earth from the neighbouring mount, San Georgio, laid the house in ruins, and Raffaelle's picture was buried under the rubbish. However, Battista, a son of Lorenzo, succeeded in saving the fragments, and carefully restored them. The picture still exists.

Raffaelle's stay at Florence was sorrowfully terminated. He had news of the illness of his aged parents; he went to Urbino, but both were no more. They had seen only the dawnings of their son's glory; but doubtless that was reward sufficient for their unselfish and devoted affection. Raffaelle gathered together all the worldly goods which they had left him, and quitted his native place for ever. He staid some time at Perugia, where he painted a picture for a chapel, and another for the Camaldolian monastery. One of these he left to be completed by his ancient master, Perugino, and returned to Florence in 1505. There he studied his beloved art with patience and enthusiasm combined, by means of which his reputation increased yearly.

At this time, Bramante d'Urbino, a fellow-citizen and distant relative of Raffaelle's, was in high favour with Pope Julius II., and architect of St Peter's. He invited his young kinsman to Rome, where Julius received him with great kindness, and appointed him one of the artists who were employed in painting the Vatican. Raffaelle surpassed his competitors so much, that the pope immediately ordered all the other pictures to be effaced, and the work to be intrusted to Raffaelle alone; and here the generous and grateful spirit of the young artist had an opportunity of shining forth. Among the doomed pictures was one by Pietro Perugino; but Raffaelle could not bear that such an insult should be offered to his kind old master; he entreated earnestly that it might be spared. The pope, touched by this unselfish request, granted it, and the picture still remains untouched except by the hand of time.

The death of Julius II. happened while Raffaelle was engaged in this great work; but his successor, Leo X., by equal encouragement, enabled the artist to continue with a brave heart, and the paintings were finished at the end of nine years. The rooms they adorn are called the Chambers of Raffaelle. They consist chiefly of Scripture subjects, and almost rival the works of Michael-Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. During these nine years, Raffaelle found time to paint other pictures, and to study architecture under Bramante; so that, on the death of this relative, he was appointed architect of St Peter's in his stead.

For Leo X., Raffaelle also executed a set of twelve cartoons—a species of painting on large sheets of stiffened paper—representing passages in the New Testament. These cartoons were designed to be copied in tapestry in the Netherlands. Some of them are still preserved at Hampton Court, near London.

Raffaelle's fame was now at its height, and reached the ears of Albert Dürer, the great German painter and engraver on copper. Albert sent his own portrait and some of his engravings to Raffaelle, who was so delighted with them, that he studied the art himself, and caused to be engraved several of his own pictures. He also, in return, sent to Albert Dürer some beautiful designs of his own, which were held most precious by the German artist.

Raffaelle's greatest work, and, alas! his last, was 'The Transfiguration of Christ,' which he painted for Cardinal dei Medici. In this he put forth all his powers, and it remains a lasting memorial of his genius. While engaged upon it, a sudden fever seized him, which, for want of proper treatment, proved fatal, and terminated his life in the prime of youth and talent. Raffaelle died on the day of his birth, Good-Friday, in 1520, aged only thirty-seven. His body was laid in state in his own studio, his scarcely finished picture of the Transfiguration being placed above it, that his sorrowful friends might look from the lifeless form of the painter to his immortal work.

ALBERT DÜRER.

THIS great man was the first, and probably the best, of German artists. His family originally came from Hungary; they settled in Nuremberg, where Albert's father followed the business of a goldsmith. The boy was born in 1471, in the merry month of May, and in due time received the usual simple education of a burgher's son. Albert learned readily all that was taught him, and from his childhood was accounted a very clever boy. However, in those early times, it took far less learning to gain a reputation for ability than in our days. Martin Hapse was the name of Albert Dürer's first master, under whose care he studied a little of drawing and engraving, so as to qualify him for success in his father's trade.

When his slight education was completed, Albert began to work in gold, under his father's direction. But this occupation was little suited to one whose mind was already full of art. Albert soon became weary of his trade, and longed to be a painter. So, after some few struggles between the goldsmith of Nuremberg and his refractory son, to whom the precious metals had no charm, it was at last agreed that young Albert should be placed as a pupil with

Michael Wohlgemuth, an artist and engraver, though of inferior merit. With this man it was impossible for the youth to learn much; but his talents received a right direction, while at the same time he was instructed in other needful branches of study, such as arithmetic, geometry, and perspective.

In Germany then, as now, it was the custom for young men of every profession to complete their studies by travelling, that they might learn from actual experience and by seeing the world, before settling down into the active life of manhood. Accordingly, Albert Dürer, having remained three years with Michael Wohlgemuth, set out on his travels. He went from town to town, painting for his livelihood whenever he could get sitters for portraits, and could find purchasers for the fancy pictures which he executed on his way. The young artist must have been happy in this course of life, for it was considered no discredit, but the contrary, and a wandering student found everywhere a welcome. Also, it must have been pleasant to stroll leisurely through his own and foreign lands, everywhere gathering up information from nature herself.

Albert returned home when he was about twenty-six years old, and then it was that he exhibited his pictures for the first time in public. The one which is mentioned as his first work of any moment is 'The Three Graces,' depicting three graceful female figures, having a globe over their heads. This picture bears the date 1497. Thus Albert Dürer's talents were by no means precocious, but matured by long study and observation. It was then customary for students of all professions to produce a *chef-d'œuvre*, each in his own line, for which they received a public reward, and also a diploma acknowledging their excellence, if successful. Albert Dürer, accordingly, painted a picture with the greatest care; it was highly praised, and the artist gained the wished-for diploma with more than usual honours.

After this triumph, Albert again set out to travel. He visited Holland, staid some time there, and then proceeded to Italy. At Bologna he met Raffaelle, for whom he had always the greatest admiration. They had already corresponded and exchanged pictures. A pleasant meeting it must have been between these two great men, whose genius formed such a strong contrast. Dürer at this time was renowned as an engraver on copper and on wood. He was probably the first wood-engraver on record. It is said that, in executing his numerous designs, he found working on copper too tedious a process, and therefore conceived the plan of engraving on wood. He designed and engraved on wood thirty-six illustrations of the life of Christ, which were so beautiful and so much esteemed, that forgers arose to imitate them. One Marc Antonio Franci, a Venetian, copied them, and sold his own spurious productions as the originals of Albert Dürer. The German artist hearing of this, immediately set off to Venice, complained to the government of the injury done him by Franci, and claimed redress. A lawsuit was commenced, by which the dishonest Franci was reduced to beggary. He came to Albert Dürer, praying him to forgive the wrong, and excuse him from paying a fine which it was out of his power to raise. The generous artist not only pardoned, but assisted him, and Franci erred no more.

Albert Dürer had a miserable home. To please his father, he had married a neighbour's daughter, whose violent temper ruined her husband's peace. She was a beautiful woman, and Albert painted her several times, particularly in his Madonnas. Her violence drove him from his own fireside, to seek elsewhere for the happiness which was there denied him. As we have seen, he travelled a great deal; when at home, it has been laid to his charge that he was prone to intemperance, and to nightly carousals with his companions. If so, it is sad to think that so fine a mind as Albert Dürer's should be thus degraded; but, thinking of his domestic sorrows, he deserves our pity as much as our condemnation. He lived in a frugal manner at home, so that many considered him poor. He studied much; and several works of his, written in Latin, were published at Nuremberg after his death. They were chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Dürer was ever in high favour with the great of his time. He found friends and patrons in the Emperor Maximilian, Charles V. of Spain, and Ferdinand of Hungary. Maximilian gave him a patent of nobility, but there is no account of his ever assuming his rank. Plain Albert Dürer, the goldsmith's son of Nuremberg, is known to posterity as a great artist; no one ever thinks whether he bore a title or not. The emperor also gave him a pension, and loaded him with honours. Thus in everything, except his cheerless home and unhappy domestic life, Albert Dürer was happy. His paintings are not very numerous; his chief talent lay in design, in which the fertility of his pencil was inconceivable. The noble simplicity and grandeur of Albert Dürer's 'Apostles' have passed into a proverb.

Excepting the love for excess, which it is to be hoped is exaggerated by his contemporaries, Albert Dürer was in private life a good man. He was a strict Protestant, honest and candid in his worldly dealings, and irreproachable in his principles. He died at Nuremberg, April 6, 1528.

CORREGGIO.

CORREGGIO was one of the many great men to whom fame came only after death. His life was passed in comparative obscurity, so that those who would seek for his history must find it in his works alone. Even the date of his birth is uncertain; but it was between the years 1490 and 1494. His real name was Antonio Allegri; but, like most of the painters of his time, he took his surname from the name of his birthplace, Correggio in Modena. Nothing can be a better proof of the unambitious stay-at-home career of Correggio than the impenetrable obscurity that rests over the details of his life. He had attracted the notice of no authoritative judges or powerful patrons, and almost nothing regarding him is on record. But when the merits of the works he left behind him began to be found out, a whole crop of legendary stories sprung up to fill the place of genuine biography. To begin with, he was represented as having been of humble origin and having lived in poverty, often verging on absolute want, to the end of his days; and the most pathetic incidents are related with minute circumstantiality. Thus, in regard to his wonderful fresco on the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, it was gravely told that the mean and cold-hearted dignitaries with whom the artist had to deal could not see its merits, and that when Correggio came to receive payment for his finished work, that he might joyfully take home the price of his labours to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with the picture, and finally refused to give him more than half of the paltry sum originally promised. Correggio's necessities were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point. He took the money, which his mean patrons paid all in copper coins. Correggio took the heavy burden on his shoulders. His home was six or eight miles from Parma, and he had to walk that distance under the burning heat of an Italian sun, laden with the weight of the copper, his heart sinking with despondency. He reached his cottage at last, and, thirsty and exhausted, drank plentifully of some water which his children brought. He was immediately seized with a fever, and lay down on his straw-bed, from whence he never rose. In three days Antonio Correggio was no more.

Now there are still in existence registered documents which completely disprove all this. From these records it appears that there were frequent conveyances of sums of money, houses, and portions of land among Correggio's immediate relations; in particular, Pelegrino, Correggio's father, who survived his son (Correggio died in 1534), left among other legacies a considerable sum to his grand-daughter, and made his grandson his residuary legatee. Another of these documents reveals the very sum he received for his frescos in the cathedral of Parma—namely, a thousand ducats, equivalent perhaps to two or three thousand pounds at the present day.

It is not known with certainty who were Correggio's instructors in art. In fact, he is represented by some as never having had a master, or been in a studio. He never had an opportunity of studying the antique, and the works of his great contemporaries were as unknown to him as he was to them. Nature was his only guide, and his art an inspiration. All this is manifest exaggeration. It has been pointed out that the city of Correggio was not altogether without a taste for the arts, and had had some tolerably good painters before Correggio; and that if there were no specimens of the actual antique, or the pictures of the great modern masters, there could hardly fail to be casts of the one, and tolerable copies of the other. There is even a story of Correggio having seen at Bologna Raffaelle's glorious picture of 'St Cecilia,' and, after contemplating it for some time, exclaiming: 'I too am a painter!' but the story is probably a fiction. Be that as it may, it seems to be the truth that Correggio was less dependent on those that went before him than perhaps any other great painter, and that his style is peculiarly his own. He excelled in colouring; not gorgeous or dazzling, but sweet, and cool, and harmonious tints. His pictures look as if dipped in the freshness of early dawn. Correggio painted children with surpassing grace and beauty; and his Madonnas have an angelic sweetness, which no artist has excelled except Raffaelle. If we may judge of a painter's own disposition by the character stamped upon his works, Correggio must have been most gentle and lovable, with a mind full of everything that is good and beautiful. One can fancy him as a kind father playing among his children, and catching from them the natural graces which he afterwards fixed imperishably on his canvas.

Annibal Caracci, who, fifty years after, visited Parma, and saw the works of Antonio, says: 'Everything that I see astonishes me, particularly the colouring and beauty of the children, who live, breathe, and smile with so much sweetness and vivacity, that it is impossible to refrain from partaking in their enjoyment. My heart, however, is ready to break when I reflect on the unhappy fate of poor Correggio, and to think that so wonderful a man, who ought rather to be called an angel, should have ended his days miserably in a country where his talents were never known.' Titian, who saw the frescos in the cathedral of Parma a few years after Correggio's death, is reported to have exclaimed: 'Were I not Titian, I would be Correggio.'

In one of the most difficult elements of painting, Correggio is considered never to have been excelled, namely, *chiaro-oscuro*, as it is technically called; that is, the art of representing light in shadow and shadow in light, so that the parts in shadow shall still have the clearness and warmth of those in light, and those in light the depth and softness of those in shadow. One of the most admired small pictures in the world is Correggio's 'Penitent Magdalen,' well known to all in engravings.

HANS HOLBEIN.

FROM these great Italian and German artists we now turn to one whose life and works we may almost claim as English, though he was himself of foreign birth—Hans Holbein. While, under the fostering of these great painters, art was advancing towards perfection in Italy, in England it was scarcely heard of. Holbein was the first artist in England, the rest were only limners of caricatured human faces.

Hans Holbein was born at Basel in 1498, or, according to some, in 1495. His father, John Holbein, was himself an artist, though of low order; however, he instructed his son as far as lay in his power. When very young, Hans painted a picture for the town-hall of Basel, and two others for the fish-market of this his native place. They were two unusual subjects—a 'Dance of Peasants,' and the renowned 'Dance of Death.' This strange picture attracted universal attention. It figured Death as a grisly skeleton, leading the dance with childhood, youth, and old age: the beauty of woman, the strength of manhood, and the feebleness of old age, being alike whirled along in the arms of Death. The vigour and effectiveness of the various groups, the quaintness of the idea, and the strange but solemn moral conveyed, won for the young artist great praise.

Not long afterwards there came an English nobleman to Basel. He saw Holbein's pictures, and earnestly invited him to England, where art, such as it was, began to meet with great encouragement. But Holbein, devoted to youthful follies, cared little for his future welfare, and declined the offer. Some years after, he married; these new cares, with his own extravagance, kept him very poor. He listened willingly to Erasmus when he advised him to seize the former rejected opportunity, and proceed to England. Holbein's violent-tempered wife made his home miserable, so that he felt less reluctance to depart. He left Basel, and proceeded on his way to England, being so poor, that he was obliged to paint at each town to gain money for his travelling expenses onwards.

A story is told of Holbein like that of Giotto. While staying at Strasbourg, he came to a painter there for employment, and was desired to shew what he could execute. Holbein went away, began and completed a very good picture, then painted a bee upon it in the most conspicuous part. He left the picture at this artist's house, procured money elsewhere, and went on his way from Strasbourg. The artist seeing the picture, at first took the bee for a real one; then discovering his error, and delighted with the picture, sent everywhere for the unknown young man who could paint so well. The search was fruitless, for Holbein was far on his journey, leaving behind the clever picture, which, with his usual carelessness, he entirely disregarded.

Arrived in England, after almost begging his way thither, Holbein presented to Sir Thomas More the letter of his friend Erasmus. This great and good man immediately received him into his own house, where the artist resided, a contented and honoured inmate, for three years. Holbein one day, talking to his patron about his early life, informed Sir Thomas how he had long before been invited to England by a nobleman. The chancellor was anxious to know his name, but Holbein had entirely forgotten it. 'However,' said he, 'I remember his face so well, that I think I could draw his likeness from memory.' He did so; and More immediately recognised the noble and gallant poet, the young Earl of Surrey.

Sir Thomas now thought of introducing Hans Holbein to the king, Henry VIII.; but it required some skill not to offend the capricious and self-opinionated monarch. More hung all Holbein's best works, disposed in the best order, round his own hall at Chelsea, and then invited the king to a grand entertainment. Henry was so charmed with the sudden view of so many good pictures, that he inquired if the artist were alive.

'He is here, so please your Grace,' cried the glad and kind-hearted Sir Thomas, pointing out Hans Holbein, whom the king immediately took into his service and especial favour, with a salary of two hundred florins per annum.

Holbein was now a courtier and favourite of the fickle Henry: no enviable position. His first patron, Sir Thomas, soon after fell a victim to that cruel monarch; yet, strange enough, it wrought no change in Holbein's position at court. Perhaps the real cause of this is best elucidated by an anecdote of Holbein at the time, which proves the opinion of Henry with regard to him. A nobleman of high rank came to visit the painter one day when he was particularly engaged drawing from the life. Holbein sent to request that his lordship would defer the honour of his visit. The nobleman, indignant at what he considered an affront, went up-stairs and broke open the door of the painting-room. Holbein met him, and in a great rage pushed his intrusive visitor from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Calm reflection soon shewed to the artist the danger in which he stood; he went immediately to the king and told the whole story. Soon after, the exasperated nobleman appeared, to claim vengeance for the wrong. Henry ordered the painter to ask pardon, which Holbein did; but nothing short of his life would satisfy the enraged patrician. He declared this; upon which the king's manner changed, and he sternly replied: 'My lord duke, you have now not to deal with Holbein, but with me. Whatever you do against him, shall fall tenfold on your own head. I can, whenever I please, make seven lords out of seven ploughmen; but out of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein.'

After the death of Queen Jane Seymour, a new bride was proposed to Henry. Holbein was sent to Flanders to take her portrait; but she was rejected by the king of England. He drew the picture of Anne of Cleves, in which he flattered her so much, that Henry, charmed with her supposed beauty, married her. But the reality was found much inferior to the portrait, and Holbein's want of truth caused the death of his friend, Thomas Cromwell, who had urged the union; yet still the fortunate artist kept the royal favour.

Hans Holbein was universal in his capabilities; he painted equally well in oil, water-colours, and distemper, large pictures, or miniatures. He worked with great quickness, and his diligence was indefatigable. He painted many portraits of his royal master, and of Henry's numerous consorts, together with some historical pictures. There is a considerable collection of his paintings in the palace at Hampton Court. All his works were executed with the left hand.

Holbein spent the latter part of his life entirely in England, and died in London of the plague, before he had reached his sixtieth year. What became of his ill-tempered wife is not known. Hans Holbein never can be called a great painter; there is a ludicrous formality even in his best pictures. They are valuable, however, as authentic portraits of the great in the stirring times in which his lot fell. Holbein has also the praise of being in England, as Cimabue was in Italy, the reviver of art.

TITIAN VECELLIO.

THE birthplace of Titian, or Tiziano, as his countrymen entitle the first of Venetian colourists, was Tai, a village on the Piave, in the Venetian States. His father's name was Vecellio, but little or nothing is known of his parents and his early life. Even the year in which he was born is disputed, some giving 1477, others 1480; but these matters are of lesser importance. Whether rich or poor, of noble or peasant lineage, Titian was one of the greatest of the Italian painters.

At ten years of age, the boy was taken from the country to live with an uncle at Venice. This worthy relative, struck with his nephew's talent in painting, procured instruction for him. His first master was Sebastiano Zuccati, of whose mediocrity the fact that he is only remembered by posterity as the early teacher of Titian, gives sufficient proof. Afterwards, the boy was placed under the care of Giovanni Bellini, a name of higher note, though still not very celebrated.

This Giovanni Bellini was one of three—a father and two sons—who were the founders of the Venetian school of art. Of these, the elder brother, Giovanni, was much the best artist. He was highly esteemed in his own country, and his fame even reached to Constantinople. The Ottoman emperor, Mohammed II., sent a request to him, inviting him thither; but the Venetian senate valued their painter too highly to part with him: they sent his elder brother, Gentile, to the Turkish sovereign. Mohammed courteously received his guest, shewed him all honour, and employed him to paint several pictures. Among these was one, the subject of which was the 'Beheading of St John the Baptist.' The emperor was one day looking at this, and pointed out to the artist some error which he fancied he perceived. To enforce his arguments, Mohammed had a black slave brought in and decapitated in his presence! This very despotic mode of proving a disputed question in art so terrified the painter, that he never knew peace until he contrived to escape from his polite host, and returned in safety to his own country and his brother Giovanni.

After this digression about Titian's first instructors, we must return to the young pupil himself. He advanced gradually in his studies, surpassing his fellow-student Giorgione, though the latter was no insignificant rival, and even arousing the jealousy of Bellini himself. When only eighteen, Titian painted a portrait of a Venetian nobleman called Barbarigo. This work gained much applause for the young artist, whose name was the first known beyond the limits of the studio of Bellini. Another of his early pictures was 'Christ Paying the Tribute-money.' In this he competed successfully with Albert Dürer, whose style was so different to the one which Titian afterwards made his own.

At this period of Titian's life, he admired so much the hard dry German style, that he invited artists from that country to his house, and became their assiduous pupil; but a time was soon coming in which a new light was to dawn upon him. It is said that Titian's friend and fellow-pupil Giorgione was the first to break through the trammels of Bellini's formal style, which both had hitherto so rigidly followed. However, for a long time he and Titian painted in conjunction; thus laying the foundation of that gorgeous manner of colouring in which they have never been surpassed, and which their pupils imitated, creating upon the groundwork which Bellini had laid the celebrated Venetian school.

But jealousy intervened to break the union of these two great masters. They quarrelled, and separated; and while they lived, the friendship thus severed was never renewed. On whose side this rivalry began cannot now be known; but it is probable that the wrong lay with Giorgione, as he was certainly the inferior artist of the two, and Titian is represented as being in private life a most amiable character. It is always sad to have to note these rivalries and dissensions between men of genius. While Giorgione lived, he was in a great measure an obstacle to Titian's rise to fortune; but he died in 1511, and there was no longer any competitor to share the palm with Vecellio.

Soon after, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, invited the artist thither; and for this generous patron of art he painted the celebrated 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' which is now in the British National Gallery. At Ferrara, too, Titian formed a strong friendship for Ariosto, with whom he interchanged tributes of admiration; the poet celebrating him in the *Orlando Furioso*, in return for a portrait which the artist painted of Ariosto.

Titian's fame was now established; and yet wealth did not come in proportion to renown. He was still a poor man, though he was received as a friend by nobles and princes. Perhaps he hid his poverty through pride, so that it never came to the knowledge of these his patrons. However, it is asserted that in 1530, when Titian's name was known all over Italy, the artist himself was in the deepest poverty. This was discovered by a friend, Peter Aretine, who considerately mentioned the painter to the Emperor Charles V. as a subject for his generosity. Charles knew how to assist genius without wounding its delicacy. He employed Titian to paint his portrait, for which he paid him a sum far above any the artist had ever received.

From Bologna, where the emperor was, Titian proceeded to Mantua and Rome, being honourably received at both courts, and using his pencil advantageously, chiefly in portraits of the great and noble of the day. He then rejoined Charles V., who had returned to Madrid, in which city Titian passed three years.

One of the most pleasant things that we have in Titian's life is the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and his royal patron, Charles V., the great emperor of Spain. From the time of the painter's first introduction to him at Bologna, Charles ever regarded him as a friend, and treated him as an equal. Not long after this first acquaintance, when the emperor had excited the jealousy of his courtiers by placing Vecellio at his right hand while riding, he made the well-known reply: 'I have many nobles, but only one Titian.'

Another incident, which a modern artist has made the subject of a fine picture, is recorded equally to the praise of this noble king. Charles was in the habit of paying Titian frequent visits in his studio, watching him while he painted, and conversing with him. Once, while thus occupied, the pencil fell from Titian's hand; the emperor took it up, and presented it to the wondering artist, saying: 'It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian.'

The abdication of Charles, and his retirement to a monastery, are matters of history. The loss of his royal friend did not injuriously affect the interests of the painter. Charles's son and successor, Philip II., though a stern and bigoted man, and far less devoted to art and literature than was the higher mind of his father, yet shewed much kindness to Titian. For him Vecellio painted the celebrated 'Sleeping Venus.' So highly did Philip regard this picture, that when his palace on the Prado was burned to the ground, his first anxious question was if the Titian Venus had been saved. He was answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said the king, 'every other loss is trifling.'

Titian, now in the decline of life, at last left Madrid, and returned to his native Venice. Years seemed to abate nothing of his genius or execution, and one of his best pictures was painted at this time. It was a group of Ferdinand, king of the Romans, and his family. To paint it, Titian went to Innsbruck; but with the exception of this journey, during the remainder of his life the aged artist never left Venice. There he was honoured by all; so much so, that the Venetian senate had, by a public decree, exempted him from paying taxes. He was respected by his brother-artists, and was the friend of Michael-Angelo. The Emperor Henry III. paid Titian a visit in his old age. This personal honour was received with pleasure by the painter. He shewed his later works to the monarch, who admired one so much that he asked the price. Titian immediately presented it to Henry with the grace that one long used to courts well knew how to use.

Thus Tiziano Vecellio lived to the age of nearly a hundred, practising his beloved art to the last, though his paintings at this advanced period of life, as might be expected, were inferior to those executed in the vigour of his genius. Nevertheless, there was much that was noble even in the worst of the productions of Titian. He died of the plague in 1576, leaving behind him innumerable testimonials of his genius and diligence throughout a long life devoted to art. He was buried with public honours, such as were due to the memory of a man like Titian Vecellio.

SALVATOR ROSA.

In the little village of Renella, situated at a short distance from the lovely city of Naples, lived a humble architect named Antonio Rosa. At the time of which we are writing, Italy was groaning under the tyranny of foreign princes, who levied taxes as they pleased, and who kept the people in subjection by means of foreign soldiers and domestic spies. Ignorance and misery prevailed throughout the land, agriculture was neglected, and trade and commerce were at a stand. No wonder, then, that Antonio Rosa suffered the most bitter poverty; his industry was of no avail, and his gains did not suffice for the support of his family, which consisted of two daughters. Towards the end of the year 1615, our hero, Salvator Rosa, was born; and as the birth of a male child is, by the Neapolitans, considered an especial blessing, the parents regarded this event as an auspicious omen. Antonio's next thought was to what trade he should bring up his boy. He had but one wish on the subject—namely, that his son should *not* be a painter; and effectually to prevent this, he yielded to his wife's proposition of dedicating him to the church. Accordingly, he was baptised in the little church of Renella by the name of Salvator, or Saviour; and as he became older, he was taught to recite prayers in Latin, and obliged to make his first attempts at reading in a book containing the Life of St Catherine. But all his parents' teachings were unavailing; the young Salvator could not master the difficulties of theology and philosophy, but bent the whole power of his mind to the study of nature. He rambled about the country, sketching the scenery around him on odd scraps of paper, and on his return home, was generally punished by a long task of Latin prayers, which he was desired to learn by heart. His biographer tells us, that once when he was forbidden to leave his room, he seized some half-burned sticks, and covered the walls with beautiful drawings, much to the annoyance of his mother, who condemned him to do penance by attending all the services of the church during Lent. It is said that he once carried his sticks instead of his prayer-book to church, and that he employed himself during service in filling every vacant place he could find with drawings. The sticks were immediately burned by the priest; and Antonio, resolving to place his son beyond the reach of temptation, sent him to one of the religious schools at Naples. The beauties of literature were now opened to him, and he devoted his whole attention to the study of the ancient poets; but scarcely had he begun to enjoy these, when he was obliged to turn his thoughts to the history of martyrs and saints, and to the mysteries of theology. We do not know how he succeeded in these studies, but it is certain that he left college before his education was completed, and returned to the indigent home of his childhood.

Salvator's mind now took another bent. Naples was at this time the city of music. An English writer who resided there says 'that even the husbandmen played on the guitar, and took their fiddle to the fields with them,' therefore we cannot be surprised at finding our hero following the general impulse. He not only composed the music, but also wrote the words of many songs; and we find that these were so popular, 'that even the spinners and knitters used to chant them.' His father and mother were dismayed at this newly awakened talent; but a yet greater disappointment was in store for them, for a domestic occurrence gave Salvator the opportunity of cultivating his natural talent, and he became, what his father had determined he should never be—a painter.

The beauty of Salvator's sister had captivated the heart of a young artist named Francanzani, who, seeing signs of talent in his brother-in-law, allowed him frequent access to his painting-room. Salvator's future course was now decided: the obstacles which lay before him only served to excite his ardour; and in his eighteenth year, this peasant youth left his home to seek his fortune in the world. He turned his steps towards the chain of mountains known by the name of the Abruzzi, in order to exercise his pencil among the recesses of these wild rocks. While wandering about here, he was taken prisoner by one of those troops of banditti which were at that time the terror of the neighbourhood. During his captivity, he is supposed to have exercised his pencil; and there is at Paris a battle-piece, which shews, in its composition, that he certainly was not unacquainted with the mode in which these lawless people carried on their warfare. Whether Salvator escaped, or whether he was generously liberated from his captivity, is not known; but his Italian biographer informs us that he wandered about the country for some time, suffering the hardships of poverty. At length he returned home, and found his parents in a most miserable condition. A few days after, his father breathed his last in his arms, leaving to the young artist the task of supporting the family. Alas! his poverty was so great that he could not purchase the canvas on which to execute his designs: he was obliged to content himself with paper, and was accustomed to offer his productions to the keepers of stalls in one of the streets of Naples. The sum he received for them was hardly sufficient to buy bread for himself and his mother and sister; but nothing daunted, he steadily persevered, though too obscure to hope for the attention of any of the great painters who at that time flocked to Naples. At the head of these was Lanfranco, who had received an invitation to decorate the new church of Gesu. This man was one day riding through Naples, when he was struck by the beauty of a painting hanging at the door of one of the small shops. He stopped, and ordered it to be brought to him. The subject was 'Hagar in the Wilderness;' and the figure of the unfortunate woman was so beautiful, that Lanfranco was convinced it was executed by a person of no ordinary talent. He inquired the name of the artist, and immediately commanded his pupils to buy whatever paintings they found bearing the name of 'Salvatoriello,' for such was the superscription on that of 'Hagar.'

The demand was now great for our hero's pictures, and consequently his gains increased, and with these his industry and courage. But his path was not yet smooth. The pupils of Lanfranco became jealous of this new rival, and laughed at him for the poverty which had forced him to sell his pictures to so inferior a class of tradesmen. Salvator replied with bitter sarcasms: he wrote epigrams, and even set them to music, but only increased the number of his enemies thereby. He had but one friend, Falcone, a painter, whose talent lay in the representation of war-pieces. This man generously allowed Salvator to study with him, and even introduced him to the court-painter, Spagnoletto: but all this did him no good; he could not obtain regular employment; and famine attacked those for whom he was labouring. Determined to leave no chance of advancement untried, he resolved to go to Rome, and in his twentieth year he left the sunny town of Naples. He entered the 'Eternal City' with his portfolio in his hand, and took up his abode in a small inn, with hardly money enough to defray his necessary expenses. Here he remained for some time, taking sketches of the country round, which he sold to the Jews for a paltry sum. His spirits at last became damped, his hopes blasted, and a terrible fever laid him on a bed of sickness. He was kindly taken care of by one of the charitable institutions in Rome. His life was saved; but his attendants recommended his returning to his native air, as the only means of preserving his health.

On reaching home, Salvator found that poverty had driven his mother to take refuge with her brother, and that his sister and her husband Francanzani were in the deepest misery. He resolutely determined to battle against misfortune; and, actuated by family affection, he entered with fresh zeal on his employment. The painters of Naples were, however, still his enemies, and their malice spared no opportunity of injuring him. Falcone stood his friend; but how could one person stem the tide of popular feeling? Salvator's health and spirits were fast yielding to the influence of despair, when the Cardinal Brancaccia sent to Naples for a young man to take charge of his household. A young fellow-student of our hero's was appointed to this situation, and having always entertained a respect for Salvator, asked him to accompany him to Rome, and gave him an apartment in the cardinal's house. Here he worked night and day; but for some months after his arrival, he did not succeed in procuring the patronage of any one able to rescue him from his obscure situation. At last he was presented to the cardinal, who, at once discerning the talents of the artist, gave him orders to paint the portico of the Brancaccia palace in fresco. He succeeded so well, that he was employed to paint an altar-piece for the church of Viterbo. One day, while he was at work upon this, he attracted the attention of Antonio Abbati, one of the fashionable poets of the day, who ever remained a steady friend to him, having been pleased not only with his talents, but with his modesty and gentleness.

As soon as Salvator had finished this task, he returned to Naples, where he found his brother-artists still quarrelling one with another. Meanwhile the patrons of art at Rome had instituted two public exhibitions of paintings in that city, and a picture which Salvator had sent to a friend at Rome was placed in the hall of exhibition. It decided his fate: the best judges placed it above the paintings of Titian in merit, and nought was heard but praises and applause. No sooner did these reach our hero than he quitted Naples, and hired a house in Rome, where he received the visits, and secured the friendship, of all the great men of the day. Not only as a painter was he admired, but as a poet, a musician, and a man of general knowledge and acquirement.

In the midst of these happy days arrived the Carnival of 1639. The Carnivals of Rome were then, as now, very famous, and all the great men of the day contributed to the general amusement. Plays were performed, and cars were drawn through the streets, in which were men wearing masks, who danced, sung, and acted. Among these, at the Carnival to which we allude, was an actor, who announced himself as a Signor Formica from Naples. He attracted the attention of all present by his wit, eloquence, and, above all, by his songs, which he accompanied with the lute. Various were the conjectures as to who or what this Signor Formica really was; and what was the surprise of the people when, on the last day of the Carnival, he removed his mask, and displayed the well-known features of Salvator Rosa, the painter!

All Rome was now filled with his fame, and there was no longer any doubt of his obtaining that high rank which his ambition had so long desired in vain. No sooner was the Carnival past, than Salvator applied himself with increased diligence to his art, and numerous and beautiful were the pictures sent forth from his easel. Poverty was now unknown to him, and he became remarkable for the elegance of his dress and habits. Men of talent flocked around him, and his musical acquirements procured him admittance into the highest society. Orders for pictures increased in number, and he was at the height of his fame, when he received intelligence that his countrymen, the Neapolitans, headed by the fisherman Masaniello, had rebelled against the foreign tyrants who had so long held them in subjection. Shutting up his dwelling, he started immediately for his native city, and joining the insurgents, became one of Masaniello's best soldiers. The rebellion was quelled by the death of its leader, and Salvator and his friend Falcone escaped to Rome.

No sooner was his return made known, than his friends crowded around him, and he detailed, without any regard to prudence, the events in which he had borne a share. With his mind heated by ideas of liberty and patriotism, he published several satires, and even painted and exhibited two pictures in the highest degree satirical, and even libellous. One of the cardinals took offence, and had it not been for the intervention of a friend, Salvator would have been thrown into a dungeon. This friend, Giovanni dei Medici, offered him an abode at Florence, and thither he fled. That city was the residence of most of the celebrated men of the age, and Salvator found himself received with triumph by all. He still continued his professional labours, and the prices of his pictures became exorbitant.

At length our hero became weary of Florence, and in the year 1652 he returned to Rome: his enemies were either dead or dispersed, and he was again received with honour, and employed to paint even by foreign monarchs; but fresh persecutions arose, and again he fled to Florence. While there, he turned his attention to etching, and produced some most beautiful engravings.

Soon after this, Salvator returned to Rome to die. His faculties were becoming dimmed, his energy was gone, and he sunk into a state of complete listlessness. Disease was found to exist, and the case was declared incurable. He suffered fearful pain for several days, and at last, just as the priest was about to administer the sacrament to him, he breathed his last, aged fifty-eight. His body lay in state in the church of Santa Maria, and was afterwards interred in the vestibule of that edifice. A monument was erected to his memory, and his bust was placed upon his tomb. We will finish this short notice by a few remarks upon his character, given by one of his biographers. 'He was a man full of warm affections; tender to those whom he loved; charitable, gracious, and generous; an enemy to falsehood, and eminent in whatever he turned his attention to.' Here, then, we will take our leave of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced; one whose life is an evidence to us of the power which determination and perseverance have in overcoming obstacles, and in leading man to even the highest pinnacle of fame.

VELASQUEZ—MURILLO.

DID space permit, biographic sketches and anecdotes of many other painters of eminence might be given. Among the great artists left unnoticed are Tintoretto and Rembrandt, but some account of these will be found elsewhere in this series.* Van Dyck, eminent for his portraits, Rubens, the great master of the Flemish school of painting, and Claude-Gelée of Lorraine, whose landscapes are of unsurpassed beauty, might well also find a place in our list. Lastly, we might select for notice Velasquez and Murillo, who unitedly gave the highest reputation to Spanish art.

Velasquez (born 1599) rose, like all great painters, by an earnest self-dependence and study of nature. In this latter respect his tastes led him towards the grotesque. He painted peasants at their occupations, beggars lounging about the city, and natural objects, to all of which his pencil gave truth and vividness, whatever might be said of the subjects. There is a picture of his, painted at this time, representing a ragged old *aguador*, or water-carrier, giving water out of his barrel to a boy, which is much admired. Some of his friends tried to persuade him to pursue a higher style of art; but Velasquez always replied, that, in painting, the first requisites were strength and fidelity, and that delicacy would follow after. Velasquez devoted himself to no master in particular as soon as he had acquired the practice of his art. He adopted what was good in the style of others: his defects were certainly his own. While thus educating himself for the profession he had chosen, the young man wisely did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. He read and studied deeply; thus in the best manner qualifying himself for a high position in his art. Rarely, indeed, does an uneducated man make a first-rate artist, whatever may be his natural gifts. The paintings of Velasquez are little known in England, consisting chiefly of portraits and ecclesiastical pieces; but they are highly valued in his own country. He died in 1660.

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* See Nos. 118 and 136.

Murillo, the greatest of all the Spanish painters, was born at Seville in 1618. He early manifested a strong taste for art, and having received a little instruction, he began to support himself by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to America. In that business he obtained full employment; but, inspired with higher desires, he resolved to go to Italy for improvement. His means, however, were totally inadequate to meet the expenses of such a journey. Yet, when does real genius fail in resources? Collecting all his means, he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into a number of pieces, upon which he painted subjects of devotion and flowers, and, with the produce of the sale of these, set out upon his journey, unknown to his relations and friends. On his arrival at Madrid, he waited on Velasquez, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and procured him employment of the highest kind. He did not, therefore, require to go to Italy, but continued to work and study in his own country. Many of the pictorial embellishments of the Escurial and other royal palaces were by his hand. Latterly, the career of Murillo was brilliant. His paintings, chiefly Scripture pieces, are full of inexpressible sweetness, and are now of the greatest value. One of his finest productions is in the gallery of paintings at Dulwich, near London, and is alone worthy of a pilgrimage to lovers of art. Murillo died in 1682, having shewn in his life that earnest perseverance, along with proper natural qualifications, will surmount all professional, besides many other difficulties.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, the undoubted original of Defoe's celebrated character, Robinson Crusoe, was born in the year 1676, in the village of Largo, on the southern coast of the county of Fife in Scotland. The name of Selkirk (or Selcraig, which was the old mode of spelling it, and which the subject of our narrative did not exchange for Selkirk till after leaving his native place to go to sea) is not an uncommon one in the village, the population of which now considerably exceeds two thousand. John Selkirk, the father of Alexander, was a thriving shoemaker, who lived in a house of his own, which has since been pulled down, at the west end of the town. He appears to have been a man of strict temper, respected for his steady and religious character, and, like the majority of Scottish parents at that time, a severe disciplinarian in his family. The name of his wife, the mother of our hero, was Euphan Mackie, also, it would seem, a native of Largo, and reported by tradition to have been the very contrast of her husband in her parental conduct—as yielding and indulgent as he was rigorous. In the case of Alexander, however, there was a special reason why Mrs Selkirk should prove a kind and pliant mother. Not only was she considerably advanced in years at the time of his birth, but, by a chance not very common, he was her seventh son, born without an intermediate daughter, and therefore destined, according to an old Scottish superstition, to come to great fortune, and make a figure in the world. Mrs Selkirk, good easy woman, firmly believed this, and made no doubt that her son

Sandie was to be the great man of the family. He was therefore her pet; and the greater part of her maternal care, in respect to his education, consisted in confidential discourses with him by the fireside when the rest of the family were absent, and in occasional consultations how they should screen some little misdemeanour from the eyes of his father.

Young Selkirk was a clever enough boy, and quickly learned all that was taught at the school of his native town. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, he is said to have made considerable progress in navigation—a branch of knowledge likely to be of some repute in Largo, not only on account of its being a sea-coast town, with a considerable fishing population, but also in consequence of its having been the birthplace and property of Sir Andrew Wood, a distinguished Scottish admiral of the preceding century, whose nautical fame and habits must have produced considerable impression on it. At all events, whether owing to the ideas he received at school, or to the effect on his mind of the perpetual spectacle of the sails in Largo Bay, and of his constant association with the Largo fishermen, Selkirk early determined to follow a seafaring life. Either out of a disposition to let the boy have his own will, or as thinking the life of a sailor the likeliest way to the attainment of the great fortunes which she anticipated for her son, his mother favoured his intention; his father, however, opposed it strenuously, and was anxious, now that his other sons were all settled in life, that his youngest should remain at home, and assist him in his own trade. This and young Selkirk's wayward and obstinate conduct seem to have kept him and his father perpetually at war; and a descendant of the family used to shew a walking-stick which the old man is said to have applied to the back of his refractory son, with the affirmation: 'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.' Notwithstanding the boy's restless character, respect for his father's wishes kept him at home for a considerable time: a father's malediction being too awful a thing for even a seventh son to brave with impunity.

The first thirteen years of Selkirk's life coincide with the hottest period of the religious persecutions in Scotland. He would be about three years of age at the time of the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, which took place at not a very great distance from Largo; and the chief subject of interest, during his boyhood, in Fife, as in the other counties of Scotland, was the position of the church, then filled by Episcopalian and indulged clergy, greatly to the disgust of the people. What part old Selkirk and his family may have taken during the time when it was dangerous to shew attachment to Presbytery—whether they professed themselves Covenanters, or whether, as is more probable, they yielded a reluctant attendance at the parish church—cannot be ascertained; but the following entry in the parish records of Largo, referring to the year 1689, immediately after the

Revolution had sealed the restoration of Presbytery in Scotland, will shew that if they did attend the parish church, it was not out of lukewarmness to the popular cause, or affection for the established clergyman: 'Sabbath, —— 1689.—Which day, the minister being obstructed in his duty, and kept out of the church by a great mob armed with staves and bludgeons, headed by John Selkirk, divided what money there was amongst the poor, and retired from his charge.' John Selkirk, who thus signalised himself by heading the mob for the expulsion of the conforming clergyman, was the eldest brother of our hero, who, however, is reported himself to have testified his enthusiasm by flourishing a stick with the other boys. This outburst of Presbyterian zeal freed Largo from the unpopular clergyman, and in a short time in it, as well as in the other parishes of Scotland, the Presbyterian rule was re-established.

SELKIRK GOES TO SEA—RETURNS TO LARGO—INCURS KIRK CENSURE FOR QUARRELSOME CONDUCT.

One of the first youths in Largo to experience the stricter discipline of Presbytery, whose restoration he had celebrated, was Alexander Selkirk. His high spirits, and want of respect for any control, led him, it would appear, to be guilty of frequent misbehaviour during divine service; for under date the 25th of August 1695 is the following entry in the parish records: 'Alexander Selcraig, son of John Selcraig, elder, cited to appear before the session for indecent conduct in church.' This seems to have been more than our hero, now in his nineteenth year, could submit to. The elder's son to appear before the session, and be rebuked for laughing in church! Within twenty-four hours after this terrible citation, the young shoemaker was gone; he had left Largo and the land of kirk-sessions behind him, and was miles away at sea. When the kirk-session met, they were obliged to be content with inserting the following paragraph in the record: 'August 27th.—Alexander Selcraig called out; did not appear, having gone to sea.' Resolved, however, that he should not escape the rebuke which he had merited, they add: 'Continued until his return.'

The return which the kirk-session thus looked forward to did not take place for six years, during which we have no account of Selkirk's adventures, although the probability is that he served with the buccaneers, who then scoured the South Seas. To have persisted in calling the young sailor to account for a fault committed six years before, would have been too great severity. The kirk-session, accordingly, do not seem to have made any allusion to the circumstance which had driven him to sea; but it was not long before a still more disgraceful piece of misconduct than the former brought him under their censure. The young sailor, coming home, no doubt, with his character rendered still more reckless and boisterous than before by the wild life to which he had been accustomed at sea, was hardly a fit inmate for a sedate and orderly household, and quarrels and disturbances became frequent in the honest shoemaker's cottage. One of these domestic uproars brought the whole family before the session: the peace and good order of families being one of the things which were then taken cognisance of by the ecclesiastical authorities in every parish. The circumstances are thus detailed in the session records: 'November 1701.—The same day, John Guthrie delated John Selcraig, elder, and his wife Euphan Mackie, and' [his son] 'Alexander Selcraig, for disagreement together; and also John Selcraig' [Alexander's eldest brother], 'and his wife Margaret Bell. All of them are ordered to be cited against next session, which is to be on the 25th instant.'

Agreeably to this citation the parties appeared—the father, the mother, the eldest son and his wife, and our hero. On this occasion, John Selcraig, the elder, 'being examined what was the cause of the tumult that was in his house, said he knew not; unless that Andrew Selcraig' [another of the old man's sons who lived in the house, and who was but half-witted] 'having brought in a can full of salt water, of which his brother Alexander did take a drink through mistake, and he' [Andrew] 'laughing at him for it, his brother Alexander came and beat him, upon which he ran out of the house, and called his brother John' [John and his wife, Margaret Bell, would appear to have lived in a neighbouring house; and Andrew had run into it to call his brother]. 'Being again questioned what made him' [Selkirk the father] 'sit upon the floor with his back at the door, he said it was to keep down his son Alexander, who was seeking to go up to get down his pistol. And being inquired what he was going to do with it, said he could not tell.' Such was the tenor of the old man's evidence. On the same day the culprit Alexander was called; but he had contrived to go to Cupar, to be out of the way. Directing a second citation to be issued against him for next session, the court proceeded to examine the other witnesses. The younger John Selkirk gave his evidence as follows: 'On the 7th of November last, he being called by his brother Andrew, came to his father's house; and when he entered it, his mother went out; and he, seeing his father sitting upon the floor, with his brother at the door, was much troubled, and offered to help him up; at which time he did see his brother Alexander in the other end of the house casting off his coat, and coming towards him; whereupon his father did get up, and did get betwixt them' [Alexander and John], 'but he did not know what he did besides, his' [John's] 'head being borne down by his brother Alexander; but afterwards, being liberated by his wife, he made his escape.' Margaret Bell, John's wife, who thus courageously rescued her husband from the clutches of Alexander, was next examined. She declared that her husband being called out by his brother Andrew to go to his father's house, she followed him, 'and coming into the house, she found the said Alexander gripping both his father and her husband, and she, labouring to loose his hands from her husband's head and breast, her husband fled out of doors, and she followed him, but called back: "You false loon, will you murder your father and my husband both?" whereupon he' [Alexander] 'followed her to the door; but whether he beat her or not, she was in so great confusion she cannot distinctly say, but ever since she hath had a sore pain in her head.' The last witness examined was Andrew Selkirk, whose laughter at his brother's mistake had been the original cause of the quarrel. Andrew, however, was able to say 'nothing to purpose in the business,' and the further investigation of the matter was adjourned until the next meeting.

The session met again on the 29th of November; and this time the culprit was present. The following is the entry regarding the interview between the future Robinson Crusoe and his ecclesiastical judges: 'Alexander Selcraig, scandalous for contention and disagreeing with his brothers, compeared, and being questioned concerning the tumult that was in his house, whereof he was said to be the occasion, confessed that he having taken a drink of salt water out of a can, his brother Andrew laughing at him for it, he did beat him twice with a staff. He confessed also that he had spoken very ill words concerning his brother; and particularly that he had challenged his elder brother John to a combat of *dry nieves'* [dry fists], 'as he called it, else then, he said, he would not care even to do it now, which afterwards he did refuse.' [The meaning seems to be, that at first he told the session to their face that he would not care even then to challenge his brother, but afterwards retracted the expression.] 'Moreover he said several things; whereupon the session appointed him to compear before the face of the congregation for his scandalous carriage.' This punishment, the greatest disgrace which could be inflicted on a Scotchman of that day, the young sailor actually underwent; for on the next day, Sunday, November 30, 1701, 'Alexander Selcraig, according to the session's appointment, compeared before the pulpit, and made acknowledgment of his sin in disagreeing with his brothers, and was rebuked in the face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strength of the Lord, and so was dismissed.' Did ever this scene of himself, standing abashed on a stool, and suffering a public rebuke before a whole churchful of people, recur to him when, a few years after, he was standing by his hut in his desert island, with his hairy cap on his head, and without a single human face to look round upon? Did he laugh, or did the tears come at the recollection?

Probably Selkirk would not have staid to undergo the punishment inflicted on him by the session, but would have gone off to sea, as on the former occasion, had the season not been too far advanced for him to find a ship. He therefore remained at Largo during the winter; whether assisting his father at his trade, or going about idle, we do not know. In the spring of 1702, he seized an opportunity of going to England; and a short time afterwards we find him engaged to proceed with the celebrated Dampier on a buccaneering expedition to the South Seas. That our readers may understand the nature of this expedition, during which that extraordinary event happened to Selkirk which has made his name so famous, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the people called the Buccaneers.

THE BUCCANEERS—SELKIRK JOINS A PRIVATEERING EXPEDITION UNDER DAMPIER—ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE.

As is well known, the Spaniards were the first to discover and take possession of the lands in the New World, including the choicest islands of the West Indies and the rich coasts of South America and Mexico. It was not long, however, before adventurers of other nations, especially French, English, and Dutch, pressed into the newly-discovered seas, and attempted to procure a share of the good things with which the American islands and shores abounded. The Spaniards, whose savage cruelties to the unfortunate natives of the lands they had discovered had made them absolute lords of every portion of American ground on which they had planted themselves, resisted the new-comers with all their strength; attacked their ships, drove them out of the spots where they endeavoured to found their small settlements, and in a hundred other ways annoyed and injured them. The consequence was, that the English, French, and Dutch adventurers who had congregated in the West Indian Archipelago were unable to settle down permanently in any place, but were obliged to keep up a continual war with the Spaniards, in order to maintain their existence. Hayti, or San Domingo, being the earliest and most flourishing of the Spanish settlements, became the principal haunt of these rivals and enemies of the Spaniards. A number of French adventurers, whom the Spaniards in their narrow jealousy had driven out of the island of St Christopher, took up their headquarters in the small island of Tortuga, adjoining the northern coast of San Domingo, and convenient as a station from which they could make expeditions into the latter island, for the purpose of hunting the wild cattle and swine with which it swarmed. This of course increased the animosity of the Spaniards, who resented these incursions upon their territory, and attacked the intruders without mercy whenever they surprised them in the woods of San Domingo. Compelled thus to associate themselves for mutual safety in bands of considerable force, and joined by adventurers of other nations, the *Buccaneers*, as the French were called, from the custom of *buccaning* or drying and smoking the flesh of the animals which they killed, became a formidable body. Many of them, tired of the miserable life which they led on shore, embarked in vessels, and sought a desperate but congenial occupation in attacking and plundering the richly-laden ships which were constantly sailing from the Spanish colonies to the mother-country. Allured by the charms of this lawless mode of life, fresh adventurers arrived from France and England in ships fitted out for the purpose, with the permission of the French and English governments, both of which were eager to damage the Spanish interests; and thus, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the West Indian Archipelago and the shores of South America swarmed with crews of pirates, who, under the name of privateers, chased every merchant-vessel that made its appearance. When they came up with such a vessel quitting an American harbour, they boarded her with the most reckless audacity, either murdered the sailors and passengers, or made them prisoners, and shared the cargo according to their own rules of equity. In consequence of their ravages, the Spanish colonists in the New World became less and less disposed to risk their property in commerce, and the intercourse which had hitherto been kept up between the colonies and the mother-country was greatly interrupted. Disappointed of prizes at sea, the buccaneers did not hesitate to make up for the loss by storming and plundering the Spanish settlements on the American coasts. Landing in the night-time on the beach, close by some ill-guarded town or village, they would surprise the inhabitants while asleep, and either carry off all the wealth they could find, or sell back their own property to the wretched inhabitants for a heavy ransom. The buccaneers were, in fact, a floating nation of robbers; a revival in more modern times of the Norwegian sea-kings. They had their own rude notions of justice; they even professed religion in the midst of their licentiousness; and many of them never gave chase to a flag without falling on their knees on the deck to pray God that he would grant them the victory and a valuable cargo. The more respectable among them defended their mode of life, by saying that the injuries they perpetrated upon the Spaniards were a just retribution upon that nation for their cruelties to the Indians, or sought shelter under the general usage of the time, which authorised the various governments of Europe to grant licenses to private adventurers to harass and destroy the ships and ports belonging to nations with which they were at war. These excuses, joined with the love of adventure and the desire of wealth, the prospect of attaining which was so great in the buccaneering mode of life, operated as motives sufficient to induce a number of persons belonging to families of good repute to engage in the trade; nor did they incur disgrace by so doing. As we have already seen, young Selkirk, although he was the son of a stanch Scottish Presbyterian, and had been subject from his infancy to the wholesome impressions of respectable society, had not scrupled to join the rovers of the South Seas. His experience of the toils and dangers of such a life had not cured him of his propensity to adventure; and now, for the second time, he leaves his father's house to become a privateer.

William Dampier, the originator and commander of the expedition which Selkirk now joined, was an Englishman, who had gone to sea at an early age, and for upwards of thirty years had been enduring the innumerable hardships and vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor in those times. He was a man of ardent mind and great abilities, as the accounts of his voyages which he has left testify; and he had gained more knowledge of the South Seas than any man then living. He had not, however, with all his energy and skill, been very successful in improving his own fortunes; and now, at the age of fifty years, he was planning another expedition, which he hoped would issue in the acquisition of immense riches for all concerned. He found little difficulty in persuading some merchants to fit out two vessels, the *St George* and the *Fame*, each of twenty-six guns, the former to be commanded by himself, the latter by a Captain Pulling; and as war had just been declared against France and Spain, in consequence of a dispute regarding the succession to the crown of the latter, in which Great Britain, Holland, and several other countries ranged themselves against France, he easily obtained the necessary commissions from Prince George, then High Admiral of England, authorising the crews of the two ships to attack and plunder the French and Spaniards for their own profit. Thus entitled, so far as the Lord High Admiral's warrant could entitle them, to grow rich by robbing Frenchmen and Spaniards all over the world, the adventurers listened eagerly to the plans which Dampier proposed as most sure to succeed. The first of these was, that they should sail to the south-eastern coast of South America, proceed up the river La Plata as far as Buenos Ayres, and earn £600,000 at one stroke by capturing the Spanish galleons usually stationed there. Should this plan fail, they were to sail round Cape Horn, and make a privateering cruise as far as the coast of Peru, where they would be likely to fall in with some valuable prizes; and should they fail also in this, they could still find profitable occupation in plundering the Spanish towns along the western coast of South America, waiting for the ship which periodically sailed from the Mexican port of Acapulco, and which would be a splendid capture. Such were the hopes which Dampier held out to the crews. The vessels were victualled for nine months; 'and the articles of agreement were *no purchase, no pay;* or, in other words, the merchants risked the vessels, and the crews their limbs and lives.'*

All was prepared for sailing, and the vessels were already in the Downs, when, in consequence of a quarrel between Dampier and

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* Howell's *Life of Alexander Selkirk.*

Pulling, the latter went off alone, intending, he said, to make for the Canary Islands. Neither he nor the ship was ever heard of afterwards. Dampier, on Pulling's departure, lost no time in procuring the equipment of another vessel instead of the *Fame*. The name of the new vessel was the *Cinque Ports*, of about ninety tons burden, with a crew of sixty-three, and carrying sixteen guns. This ship joined the *St George* in the Bay of Kinsale, on the Irish coast, on the 18th of May 1703, and made all haste to proceed on their voyage. Still it was not till the 11th of September that they left Kinsale. The following is the list of the officers of the ships respectively as given by Mr Howell: In the *St George*—William Dampier, captain; John Clipperton, chief-mate; William Funnel, second-mate; and John Ballet, surgeon. In the *Cinque Ports*—Charles Pickering, captain; Thomas Stradling, lieutenant; and *Alexander Selkirk*, sailing-master. The appointment of our hero to so responsible a situation as that of sailing-master indicates considerable confidence in his abilities and seamanship.

On the 25th of September the vessels reached Madeira, and here Dampier had the disappointment of learning that his delay, in consequence of Pulling's desertion, had deprived them of the chance of capturing the galleons in the La Plata river, these ships having already arrived at Teneriffe. The crews then resolved to trust to the chances which the other plans proposed by Dampier might afford. Accordingly, they made straight for the South American coast. The only incident of consequence on the way was the disagreement of Captain Dampier with some of his crew. On the 2d of November they passed the equator, and on the 8th they saw the coast of Brazil.

On the 24th of November they anchored at the island Le Grand, in lat. 23° 30′ S. 'It produces,' says William Funnel, the second-mate of the *St George*, who wrote a *Narrative* of the voyage, 'rum, sugar, and several kinds of fruit, but all very dear, on account of supplying the inland town of St Paul with necessaries. Here we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships; and nine of our men falling out with Captain Dampier, left us, and went ashore.' Another incident which happened at Le Grand, and which exercised a bad effect on the remainder of the expedition, was the death of Captain Pickering of the *Cinque Ports*, who was succeeded by his lieutenant, Stradling, a man of ferocious and quarrelsome temper. The death of Pickering, the appointment of Stradling, the frequent altercations between Dampier and his crew, the difference of views which began to be manifested among the sailors as to the best plan for rendering the rest of the voyage successful, all preyed upon the mind of Selkirk to such a degree as to render him disgusted with his situation. He had a dream, it is said, off the coast of Le Grand, which left the firm impression on his mind that the expedition was to be disastrous, and that he ought to take the first opportunity of giving up all connection with it. It was not till some time afterwards, however, that he resolved finally to do so.

Leaving Le Grand on the 28th, the vessels continued their voyage southwards; passed the Falkland Isles on the 29th of December, and were encountered by such a storm in rounding Cape Horn, that they lost sight of each other on the 4th of January 1704. They did not fall in with each other again till the 10th of February, when the *St George*, anchoring at the island of Juan Fernandez, after a tedious voyage along the coasts of Patagonia and Chili, found that the *Cinque Ports* had been waiting there for her three days. 'We anchored,' says Funnel, 'in the great bay, in thirty-five fathoms. At this island we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships, giving them a heel, to clean their sides as low as we could, which took up much time, and occasioned both companies to be much on shore. In this island there are abundance of cabbage-trees, which are excellent, though small. The cabbage-tree, which is a species of palm, has a small straight stem, often ninety or a hundred feet long, with many knots or joints, about four inches asunder, like a bamboo cane. It has no leaves, except at the top, in the midst of which the substance called cabbage is contained. The branches of this tree are commonly twelve or thirteen feet in length; and at about a foot and a half from the tree the leaves begin, which are about four feet long, and an inch and a half broad—the leaves growing so regularly that the whole branch seems one entire leaf. The cabbage when cut out from among the roots of the branches, is usually a foot long, and six inches in diameter, and as white as milk. From the bottom of the cabbage there spring out several large bunches of berries, like grapes, each bunch being five or six pounds weight. The berries are red, and about the size of cherries, each having a large stone in the middle, and the pulp tastes like that of haws. On the island we saw also the sea-lion, which is so called, as I suppose, because he roars somewhat like a lion, and his head has also some resemblance to that animal, having four large teeth in front, all the rest being short, thick, and stubbed. Instead of feet and legs, he has four fins, the two foremost serving him, when he goes ashore, to raise the fore-part of the body, and he then draws the hind-part after him. The two hinder fins are of no use on land, but only in the water. The animal is very fat; for which reason we killed several of them, from which we made a tun of oil for our lamps, and while at this island, made use of it also for frying our fish. They have short light-coloured hair when young, becoming sandy when old. Their food is fish, and they prey altogether in the water, but come on land to sleep, when five, six, or more of them huddle together like swine, and will often lie still three or four days if not molested. They are much afraid of men, and make off as fast as they can into the water. If hard pressed, they will turn about, raising their bodies on their fore-fins, and face you with their mouths wide open; so that we used to clap a pistol to their mouths and fire down their throats. Sometimes five or six of us would surround one of these monsters, each having half a pike, and so prick him dead, which commonly was the sport of two or three hours.'* Selkirk little thought, while cutting the branches of the cabbage-trees, and hunting sea-lions with Funnel and the other sailors on the beach of Juan Fernandez, that in a short time this island was to be his solitary home.

The life of comparative idleness which the crews of the two ships were leading on the island was not favourable to good-humour or harmony, especially as, hitherto, they had not succeeded in attaining the object of their expedition. The sailors of the *Cinque Ports* quarrelled with their captain, Stradling; and the dispute at length ran so high, that forty-two men, or more than two-thirds of the crew, went ashore, and threatened to remain. Whether Selkirk, who, as sailing-master, was next in rank to Stradling on board the *Cinque Ports*, was one of those who revolted, is not ascertained; but the sequel renders it probable that he was. At length Dampier succeeded in reconciling the sailors with their captain, order was restored, and matters went on as usual.

On the 29th of February, the idle crews were roused to activity by the sight of a sail. In their hurry to give chase, they left behind them one of their boats, their anchors, a quantity of oil, and other materials, and, what was more alarming, five sailors and a negro, who happened to be straggling in a part of the island distant from the beach at the time when the sail was seen. Bearing out to sea, they found the strange ship to be a Frenchman of thirty guns. After a long pursuit they came up with her next day, and engaged her very close, the *St George* keeping her broadside to broadside for seven hours. A gale then sprang up, and the Frenchman escaped, disappointing the privateers of their expected booty. Nine of the *St George's* men had been killed, and many more wounded in the action. The crews were, nevertheless, exceedingly anxious to continue the chase; but Dampier opposed them, saying it was not worth while, and 'they did not need to care for merchantmen, as he could get them a prize of £500,000 any day of the year.' They therefore returned, in no very good humour, to Juan Fernandez, which they came in sight of on the 3d of March. To their surprise, they found two French vessels at anchor off the island, each of thirty-six guns: a sight which made them glad to sheer off, leaving the boat, the anchors, the oil, and the six sailors to their fate. It afterwards appeared that the Frenchmen, on landing, had taken possession of all the stores they found on the island, and made prisoners of four of the six men, the other two managing to conceal themselves.

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* Funnel's *Narrative.*

Prevented from again taking up their station at Juan Fernandez, the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports* bore away north-east for the coast of Peru, which they came in sight of on the 11th of March. 'Coasting northward along the shore,' says Funnel, 'which is the highest and most mountainous I ever saw, we were surprised, on the 19th of March, to see the waves changed to a red colour for seven or eight leagues, though, on sounding, we had no ground at one hundred and seventy fathoms; but on drawing up some of the water, we found the colour to be owing to a vast quantity of fish-spawn swimming on the surface.' Keeping a constant look-out for vessels to attack, they saw, on the 22d of March, two at some distance, the sternmost of which proved to be the Frenchman which they had chased and fought off Juan Fernandez. They were very eager to capture this vessel, not merely on account of her value, but because, if she reached Lima—the port she seemed to be bound for—her crew would communicate the intelligence that two buccaneering ships were on the coast, and so prevent the merchantmen in that port from sailing. Captain Dampier, however, was averse to attack her; and she escaped, greatly to the discontent of the men, whose fears were in great part realised, and who were only kept from breaking out in rebellion by the capture of two considerable prizes a few days afterwards. Clearing these vessels of the valuable part of their cargo, as well as a bark laden with plank and cordage, which they fell in with on the 11th of April, they let them go, and began to meditate a descent upon some settlement on the coast north of Lima. Santa Maria was the town they resolved to attack, as they expected there to find a great quantity of gold collected from the adjacent mines. On their way to this town from the island of Gallo, which they left on the 17th of April, they captured a small Spanish vessel, on board of which they found a Guernsey man, who had long been a prisoner among the Spaniards. In high spirits with these omens of success, they sailed for Santa Maria, Captain Dampier telling them that, on a former occasion, one hundred and twenty pounds weight of gold had been carried off by a buccaneer from that town, and that, as it was now much larger, the quantity of gold in it must be enormous. They reached the town, and commenced the attack in the night-time. 'The design, however,' says Funnel, 'miscarried, whether from fear, confusion, or the enemy having early intelligence of our motions, which enabled them to cut off many of our men. This is certain, that we became quite sick of our fruitless attempts before the 1st of May, and immediately re-embarked. We were now so short of provisions, that five boiled green plantains were allotted for six men; but when almost out both of hope and patience, a vessel came and anchored close beside us at midnight, which we took without resistance. This proved a most valuable prize, being a ship of one hundred and fifty tons, laden with flour, sugar, brandy, wine, about thirty tons of marmalade of quinces, a considerable quantity of salt, and several tons of linen and woollen cloth: so that we had now a sufficient supply of provisions even for four or five years.' On board of this rich prize, to secure an equitable division of the spoil among the crews of the two ships, were placed William Funnel and Alexander Selkirk: the former on behalf of the crew of the *St George*, the latter on behalf of the crew of the *Cinque Ports*.

The buccaneers carried their prize into the Bay of Panama, and anchored with her under the island of Tobago on the 14th of May. 'Here,' says Funnel, 'Captains Dampier and Stradling disagreed, and the quarrel proceeded to such a length, that they could not be reconciled, so that at last it was determined to part company, all the men of both crews being at liberty to go with which captain they pleased. Five of our men went over to Captain Stradling, and five of his men came to us.' It would therefore seem that our hero, Selkirk, had here an opportunity of changing his captain; and as it is certain that he had no special friendship for Stradling, his not availing himself of the opportunity would indicate that, bad as Stradling was, he preferred him to Dampier. Probably he thought that, by remaining with Stradling, who was more unhesitating in his measures than Dampier, he would sooner grow rich. At all events, he and Funnel, on quitting the prize, resumed their old stations in their respective ships. The prize was abandoned after all that was considered valuable had been taken out of her; and on the 19th of May 1704, the two ships parted company, never to meet again—the *St George* sailing away in quest of more prizes, the *Cinque Ports* remaining behind. It is with the fate of the latter that we are now to be further concerned; and as Funnel went with the *St George*, we have no longer his narrative to guide us.

SELKIRK LEFT BY THE CINQUE PORTS ON JUAN FERNANDEZ—DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND.

For three months the *Cinque Ports* kept cruising along the shores of Mexico, Guatemala, and Equatorial America, like a villainous vulture watching the horizon for its prey. No ships, however, appeared to reward the greedy activity of the crew; and at length, in the end of August, Stradling resolved to turn southward, and make for Juan Fernandez, to take in provisions and refit. Meanwhile, as was natural among so many men of savage character cooped up idle in a vessel, all was dissension on board. Stradling and Selkirk especially were, to use a common phrase, at daggers-drawing; now in loud and angry dispute below, now scowling sullenly at each other on deck. Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel as soon as an opportunity offered. Accordingly, when, in the beginning of September, they came in sight of Juan Fernandez, and the two men who had been living on the island since the beginning of March—when, it will be remembered, the *St George* and *Cinque Ports* had been obliged to sheer off without being able to pick them up—made their appearance, healthy and strong as ever, and delighting their old companions with an account of how they had spent the seven months of their solitary reign, eating fruit in abundance, chasing goats, and hunting seals, the idea flashed across his mind that he would take their place, and leaving the vessel to sail away without him, remain the possessor of Juan Fernandez. By what process of imagination he flattered himself that such a life would be agreeable—whether he finally adopted his resolution in a fit of unthinking enthusiasm, such as sometimes leads to strange and whimsical acts, or whether his differences with Stradling, and his disgust with his situation on board the *Cinque Ports*, were really such that escape by any method seemed advisable, cannot now be known; but, at all events, the conclusion was, that when the vessel was ready to leave the island, Selkirk signified his intention of remaining. Stradling made no objections: a boat was lowered; Selkirk descended into it with all his effects; three or four men rowed him ashore under the direction of the captain, the crew of the *Cinque Ports* looking on from the deck. Selkirk leaped on the beach; his effects were lifted out after him by the sailors, and laid in a heap; they shook hands with him heartily, the captain standing in the boat, and bidding them make haste. The sailors jumped in, and the boat was pushed off. Poor Selkirk! he had felt a bound, an exultation of spirit at the moment of stepping on shore; but now, as the boat was shoved off, and the men sat down to the oars with their faces towards him, pride, anger, resolution, all gave way; the horrors of his situation rose at once to his view, and rushing into the surf up to the middle, he stretched out his hands towards his comrades, and implored them to come back and take him on board again. With a jeering laugh, the brutal commander bade him stick to his resolution, and remain where he was, adding that it was a blessing for the crew to have got rid at last of so troublesome a fellow. The boat accordingly went off to the ship; and in a short time the *Cinque Ports* was out of sight. Selkirk remained on the beach beside his bundles, gazing after her till it grew dark.

Juan Fernandez, the island on which our poor Scotchman was thus cast ashore, is situated in lat. 33° 45′ S., and long. 79° W., about four hundred miles west of the coast of Chili. The name is properly applied to a group of islands consisting of two larger and a few smaller; and the name now given to that inhabited by Selkirk, and which is the largest of the group, is Mas-a-tierra. The island was first discovered in 1572 by a Spanish navigator, who conferred on it his own name of Juan Fernandez; and for a short time it was inhabited by a small colony of Spaniards, who ultimately abandoned it, however, to settle on the mainland. Afterwards, as we have already seen, it became a resort of such buccaneering vessels as required, during their cruises on the west coast of America, to put in to some safe harbour to victual and refit. Once or twice, by a similar accident to that which we have described in the case of the six sailors who were left by the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports* in their hurry to give chase to the French merchantman, the island had become the residence of a castaway buccaneer, who was afterwards picked off by a passing ship. Thus, says a voyager, whom we shall have yet to quote more at large, 'Ringrose, in his account of the voyage of Captain Sharp and other buccaneers, mentions one who had escaped ashore on this island out of a ship, which was cast away with all the rest of the company, and says he lived five years alone, before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Captain Dampier also talks of a Mosquito Indian that belonged to Captain Watlin, who, being a-hunting in the woods when the captain left the island, lived there three years alone, till Captain Dampier came hither in 1684 and carried him off.' Whatever amount of truth there may be in these particular statements as to Juan Fernandez, it is certain that Selkirk's solitary residence on this island was by no means the first instance of the kind. It does not appear to have been an uncommon thing for a buccaneer in those days to be either cast ashore on a desert island by the chances of shipwreck, or to be purposely left upon one by his captain, out of savage ill-will, or as a punishment for mutinous conduct. Perhaps, if the records of old voyages were thoroughly searched, instances might be found of the kind as extraordinary as Selkirk's, if not more so. The magic touch, however, of the hand of a genius has conferred a celebrity on the history of the Fifeshire mariner which distinguishes him from all other Crusoes.

To proceed with our description of Juan Fernandez. The island is of an irregular form, eighteen miles long, and about six broad—larger than the island of Bute. 'The south-west side,' says the voyager already quoted, 'is much the longest, and has a small island about a mile long lying near it, with a few visible rocks close under the shore. On this side begins a ridge of high mountains, that run across from the south-west to the north-west of the island; and the land that lies out in a narrow point to the westward appears to be the only level ground in it. On the north-east side it is very high land, and under it are the two bays where ships always put in to recruit. The best bay is all deep water, and you may carry in ships close to the rocks, if occasion require. The wind blows always over the land, and at worst along shore, which makes no sea. Near the rocks there are very good fish of several sorts, particularly large crawfish under the rocks, easy to be caught; also cavalloes, gropers, and other good fish, in so great plenty anywhere near the shore, that I never saw the like but at the best fishing season in Newfoundland. Pimento is the best timber, and most plentiful on this side of the island, but very apt to split, till a little dried. The cabbage-trees abound about three miles into the woods, and the cabbage is very good; most of them are on the top of the nearest and lowest mountains. The soil in these hills is of a loose black earth; the rocks are very rotten, so that, without great care, it is dangerous to climb the hills for cabbages; besides, there are abundance of holes dug in several places by a sort of fowls called puffins, which cause the earth to fall in at once, and endanger the breaking of a man's leg. Our summer months are winter here. In July, snow and ice are sometimes seen; but the spring, which is in September, October, and November, is very pleasant. There is then abundance of good herbs, as parsley, purslain, &c.'* To these descriptions, written about the year 1712, we may add an extract from the account given in Lord Anson's Voyages in 1741, in order that our readers may have a pretty distinct idea of the appearance of the island which, for four years and a half, was to be the home of Selkirk. 'The woods,' says the author of Anson's Voyages, 'cover most of the steepest hills, and are free from all bushes and underwood, offering an easy passage through every part of them; and the irregularities of the hills and precipices in the northern part of the island trace, by their various combinations, a number of romantic valleys, most of which have a stream of the clearest water running through them, tumbling in cascades from rock to rock. Some particular spots occur in these valleys where the shade of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the streams, present scenes of wonderful beauty.'

SELKIRK'S RESIDENCE IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

For many days after the departure of the *Cinque Ports*, Selkirk remained lingering about the spot where he was put ashore, unable to abandon the hope that Stradling would relent and come back for him. His constant occupation was gazing out into the sea. As soon as morning dawned, he began his watch, sitting on his chest; and his deepest grief was when the evening came on, so that he could see no longer. Sleep came upon him by snatches, and against his exertions to remain awake. Food he did not think of, till extreme hunger obliged him; and then, rather than go in search of the fruits and game which the woods afforded, he contented himself with the shell-fish and seals' flesh, which he could obtain without removing from the beach. The sameness of the diet, the want of bread and salt, and the sinking sickness of his heart, caused him to loathe his food, so that he ate but at long intervals. Weary, and with aching eyes, he lay down at night, leaning his back against his bundles, listening to the crashing sound of rocks frequently falling among the woods, and to the discordant bleating of the shoals of seals along the shore. The horrors of his situation were augmented during the dark by superstitious alarms. Amid the murmur of the waves he could fancy he heard howlings and whistlings, as of spirits in the air: if he turned his head to the black and wooded masses behind him, they seemed peopled and in motion; and as he again turned it to the shore, phantoms stalked past. Often he cursed himself for the folly of the resolution which had brought him here; often, in the frenzy of fear, he would start up with the horrible determination of suicide; but a rush of softer feeling would come, and then he became calm. At length this gentler state of mind grew habitual; thoughts and impressions which had been familiar to him in childhood again came up; and the years which he had spent with brawling and ferocious shipmates, in the lawless profession of a privateer, were swept out of his memory like a disagreeable dream.

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* *Voyage by Captain Woodes Rogers in* 1708-9.

With the return of equanimity, Selkirk began to consider the means of rendering his residence on the island endurable. It was the month of October—a season corresponding in that locality to the middle of spring with us—and all was blooming and fragrant. The possibility of starving was not one of the horrors which his situation presented; and when he recovered calmness of mind sufficient to take a view of his solitary domain, he found himself in the midst of plenty. Besides the fish and seals which swarmed round the shores of the island, there were innumerable fruits and vegetables in the woods, among which was the never-failing cabbage-tree; and hundreds of goats skipped wild among the hills. Almost all the means of ordinary physical comfort were within his reach; and he had only to exert his strength and ingenuity to make the island yield him its resources. How he proceeded to do this; the various shifts and devices which he fell upon to supply his wants, and to add gradually to his store of comforts; the succession of daily steps and contrivances by which, in the course of four years and a half, he raised himself from comparative helplessness to complete dominion over the resources of his little territory; and, along with this, the various stages which his feelings went through, from the agony and stupefaction of the first night which he spent on the island, to the perfect freedom and happiness which he ultimately attained—we have not sufficient materials to be able to describe in detail. It is needless to say that the matchless narrative of Defoe is almost entirely a fiction, so far as the details of his hero's daily life in the desert island are concerned. Alexander Selkirk did not display such a genius for mechanical contrivances as Robinson Crusoe, or at least if he did, no record of his contrivances has been preserved. The island was not visited by cannibal savages, as is the case in the romance; no faithful Friday appeared to cheer the hours of the solitary; nor is there any journal preserved from which we learn whether ever such an incident occurred as the discovery of the mysterious foot-print in the sand. All these ornaments of the story the world owes to Defoe, whose object was not to write the history of Selkirk, or any other known castaway, but to describe, by the force of imagination, the life of an ideal hero on an ideal desert island. At the same time, there is no doubt that Defoe's narrative fills up our conception of Selkirk's long residence in his island with details such as must actually be true; and at all events there is a correspondence in some points between it and Selkirk's own account of his manner of life, furnished after his return to England to Sir Richard Steele and others, through whom it was made public. The particulars of this narrative, so far as it extends, we proceed to relate.

The stores which Selkirk had brought ashore consisted, besides his clothing and bedding, of a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a flip-can, a Bible, some books of devotion, and one or two concerning navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Such were the few implements and substances from the great civilised world which Selkirk had to help him in the task of subduing to his own convenience so many square miles of earth and wood. Yet, in the possession of that small package, what strength lay in his hands, and how superior was he to the savage children of nature! Within the small compass of his chest was wrapped up the condensed skill and wisdom of ages, the ingenuity and industry of hundreds of men who had long gone to their graves. The flint and steel, the firelock, the gunpowder, the knife and hatchet, what power over nature was there not compact in these articles!—the mathematical instruments, of what knowledge were they not the symbols!—and, above all, the Bible, and the books which accompanied it, what wealth of conversation, what health of spirit, did they not bring with them!

The first object that occupied his attention, besides the daily supply of such food as was necessary for his subsistence, was the construction of a dwelling to serve him as a shelter from the weather. Selecting a spot at some distance from the beach, he cut down pimento-wood, and in a short time built a hut in which he could reside. To this he afterwards added another. They were both constructed during the first eighteen months of his residence; but the task of improving them, and adding to their neatness, was a constant occupation to him during his stay on the island. The larger of his two huts, which 'was situated near a spacious wood, he made his sleeping-room, spreading the bedclothes he had brought with him upon a frame of his own construction; and as these wore out, or were used for other purposes, he supplied their places with goat-skins. The smaller hut, which he had erected at some distance from the other, was used by him as a kitchen, in which he dressed his victuals. The furniture was very scanty, but consisted of every convenience his island could afford. His most valuable article was the pot or kettle he had brought from the ship to boil his meat in; the spit was his own handiwork, made of such wood as grew upon the island; the rest was suitable to his rudely constructed habitation. The pimento-wood, which burns very bright and clear, served him both for fuel and candle. It gives out an agreeable perfume when burning. He obtained fire, after the Indian method, by rubbing two pieces of pimento-wood together until they ignited. This he did, as he was ill able to spare any of his linen for tinder, time being of no value to him, and the labour rather an amusement!'* The necessity of providing for his wants had the effect of diverting his thoughts from the misery of his situation; yet every day, for the first eighteen months, he spent more or less time on the beach, watching for the appearance of a sail upon the horizon. At the end of that time, partly through habit, partly through the influence of religion, which here awakened in full force upon his mind, he became reconciled to his situation. Every morning after rising he read a portion of Scripture, sang a psalm, and prayed, speaking aloud, in order to preserve the use of his voice. He afterwards remarked that, during his residence on the island, he was a better Christian than he had ever been before, or would probably ever be again. He at first lived much upon turtles and crawfish, which abounded upon the shores—his powder, with which he could shoot the goats of the island, having soon been exhausted: but afterwards he found himself able to run down the goats, whose flesh he either roasted or stewed, and of which he kept a small stock, tamed, around his dwelling, to be used in the event of his being disabled by sickness. One of the greatest inconveniences which afflicted him for the first few months was the want of salt; but he gradually became accustomed to this privation, and at last found so much relish in unsalted food, that, after being restored to society, it was with equal difficulty that he reconciled himself to take it in any other condition. As a substitute for bread, he had turnips, parsnips, and the cabbage-palm, all of excellent quality, and also radishes and water-cresses. When his clothes were worn out, he supplied their place with goat-skins, which gave him an appearance much more uncouth than any wild animal. He had a piece of linen, from which he made new shirts by means of a nail and the thread of his stockings; and he never wanted this comfortable piece of attire during the whole period of his residence on the island. Every physical want being thus gratified, and his mind soothed by devotional feeling, he at length began positively to enjoy his existence—often lying for whole days in the delicious bowers which he had formed for himself, abandoned to the most pleasant sensations.

Among the quadruped inhabitants of the isle were multitudes of rats, which at the first annoyed him by gnawing his feet while asleep.

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* Howell's *Life of Selkirk.*

Against this enemy he found it necessary to enter into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the cats, which also abounded in his neighbourhood. Having caught and tamed some of the latter animals, he was soon freed from the presence of the rats, but not without some disagreeable consequences in the reflection that, should he die in his hut, his friendly auxiliaries would probably be obliged, for their subsistence, to devour his body. He was, in the meantime, able to turn them to some account for his amusement, by teaching them to dance and perform a number of antic feats, such as cats are not in general supposed capable of learning, but which they might probably acquire, if any individual in civilised life were able to take the necessary pains. Another of his amusements was hunting on foot, in which he at length, through healthy exercise and habit, became such a proficient that he could run down the swiftest goat. Some of the young of these animals he taught to dance in company with his kittens; and he often afterwards declared that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit than to the sound of his own voice in the midst of these dumb companions.

Selkirk was careful, during his stay on the island, to measure the lapse of time, and distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week. Anxious, in the midst of all his indifference to society, that, in the event of his dying in solitude, his having lived there might not be unknown to his fellow-creatures, he carved his name upon a number of trees, adding the date of his being left, and the space of time which had since elapsed. When his knife was worn out, he made new ones, and even a cleaver for his meat, out of some hoops which he found on the shore. He several times saw vessels passing the island, but only two cast anchor beside it. Afraid of being taken by the Spaniards, who would have consigned him to hopeless captivity, he endeavoured to ascertain whether these strangers were so or not before making himself known. In both cases he found them enemies; and on one of the occasions, having approached too near, he was observed and chased, and only escaped by taking refuge in a tree.

As Selkirk was only about thirty years of age, and as he found his constitution, which was naturally good, improved and fortified in a wonderful degree by his mode of life, the only cause which he could fear as likely to cut short his days, and prevent him from reaching the old age which he might expect to attain to in his island, provided no ship appeared to carry him off, was the occurrence of some accident, such as might very possibly befall him in his expeditions through the woods. Only one such accident occurred during his stay on the island: it had nearly proved fatal, however. It has already been mentioned that in many parts of the island the soil was loose, and undermined by holes, and the rock weathered almost to rottenness. Pursuing a goat once in one of these dangerous places, the bushy brink of a precipice, to which he had followed it, crumbled beneath him, and he and the goat fell together from a great height. He lay stunned and senseless at the foot of the rock for a great while—not less than twenty-four hours, he thought, from the change of position in the sun—but the precise length of time he had no means of ascertaining. When he recovered his senses, he found the goat lying dead beside him. With great pain and difficulty, he made his way to his hut, which was nearly a mile distant from the spot; and for three days he lay on his bed, enduring much suffering. No permanent injury, however, had been done him, and he was soon able to go abroad again.

Four years and four months had elapsed since Selkirk was left by Stradling on the island of Juan Fernandez. It was now the month of January 1709; his reckoning enabled him to know the lapse of time, at least within a week or two. Four times had the January summers of Juan Fernandez passed over his head, and already he was looking forward to the coming of the fifth autumn and winter. The whole island was now familiar to him, with its appearances and productions at various seasons. Custom had reconciled him to it; had almost brought him to regard it as his home; had almost made him cease to remember with regret the world from which he was an outcast. Occasionally, indeed, such thoughts as the poet has supposed must have occurred to him even now, after so long a period of acquaintance with solitude.

'I am monarch of all I survey;
  My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea,
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
  I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
  I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
  My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
  Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
  Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind,
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light!
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
  Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
  The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place;
  And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot.'

These thoughts, however, were not habitual. Even the idea of dying alone, and leaving his bones stretched out, to be found some day, at the distance of years, by those whom chance might bring to his mouldering hut in the woods, ceased to affect him sorrowfully. The religious impressions of his childhood had gained a supreme influence over him; and in communion with his Bible and with his own soul, the solitary man, clad in his goat-skins, became meek, thankful, and tender-hearted. How different from the rough young sailor who, not many years before, had been struggling in the grasp of his brother, his sister-in-law, and his old father on the floor of the cottage in Largo! Whether the change of character was permanent, we shall now see, as we are about to relate the circumstances which led to his release from his solitude, and his restoration to society.

FATE OF STRADLING AND DAMPIER—EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN ROGERS—SELKIRK RELIEVED, AND BROUGHT HOME.

One hope of relief for Selkirk, even if other chances had failed, consisted in the probability that intelligence of his situation would reach England through some of the crew of the *Cinque Ports*, and that some vessel might, in consequence, be induced to pay a passing visit to Juan Fernandez, for the purpose of ascertaining his fate. If Selkirk, however, had relied strongly on this probability, he would have been disappointed. The *Cinque Ports* never reached England. Old, crank, and worm-eaten, she foundered off the coast of Barbacoas not long after setting sail from Juan Fernandez. Out of the whole crew, only Captain Stradling and six or seven of his men were saved; and these were long detained prisoners among the Spaniards at Lima. They were in captivity during the whole time of Selkirk's residence on his island; and long after he had returned to England, most of them were captives still. Stradling at length obtained his liberty, but his ultimate fate was never known.

Deliverance was to reach Selkirk from another quarter. Dampier, who, it will be remembered, had parted company with the *Cinque Ports* about five months before Selkirk had been abandoned by Stradling, had continued his voyage through the South Seas in search of Spanish vessels. Various success had attended him for several months; a considerable portion of his crew forsook him; and at length, crossing the Pacific to the East Indies, he and his companions fell into the hands of the Dutch, who seized his ship and all that he had. The expedition of the *St George* and the *Cinque Ports*, planned by him, had therefore turned out a total failure. 'Dampier returned naked to his owners, with a melancholy relation of his misfortunes, occasioned chiefly by his own strange temper, which was so self-sufficient and overbearing, that few or none of his officers could endure it. Even in this distress he was received as an eminent man, notwithstanding his failings; and was introduced to Queen Anne, having the honour to kiss her hand, and to give her Majesty some account of the dangers he had undergone. The merchants were so sensible of his want of conduct, that they resolved never to trust him any more with a command.'*

The bad success of Dampier's expedition, however, did not prevent the fitting out of another with similar designs against the Spaniards of the South Seas; and about the middle of the year 1708, two vessels, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, the property of Bristol merchants, set sail for the Spanish Main, having in all three hundred and thirty-three men on board. The *Duke*, a vessel of thirty guns, was commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, a very able and prudent man; the *Duchess*, of twenty-six guns, by Captain Stephen

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* Kerr's *Voyages*.—Funnel's *Narrative*.

Courtney. Poor Dampier, who could not be intrusted with the command, and whose poverty obliged him to accept some occupation of the same kind as that which he had all his life been accustomed to, was glad to sail in the *Duke* in the capacity of pilot to the expedition. Great care had been taken in the manning of both vessels, and regulations had been drawn up before sailing, to prevent disputes.

Captain Rogers, whose proceedings during the voyage it is not necessary for us to detail, pursued the same track as the former expedition; and after cruising along the Brazilian coast, rounded Cape Horn in the month of December 1708, bearing for Juan Fernandez, to take in water. The crews came in sight of the island on the 31st of January 1709, little anticipating the surprise which awaited them. What occurred as they approached is thus related by Captain Rogers himself in the account which he published of the voyage: 'About two o'clock P.M., on the 31st of January, we hoisted our pinnace out; Captain Dover (second captain of the *Duke*), with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the *Duchess*, the crew of which were astonished at our boat attempting to go on shore at so great a distance from land: it was against my inclination, but to oblige Captain Dover, I consented to let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore; our boat was then about a league from the island. She stopped, and bore away again for the ships as soon as she saw the light. We put out lights for the boat, though some were of opinion that the light we saw was not on the island, but the boat's light; but as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired one quarter-deck gun and several muskets, shewing lights in our mizzen and fore shrouds, that our boat might find us, whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board the *Duchess*: we were glad it got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced that the light was on the shore, and designed to make our ships ready to engage, as we believed it to come from French ships at anchor, and that we must either fight them or want water.

'The next day we stood along the south end of the island, in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. In the morning, being past the island, we tacked, to lay it in close aboard the land; and about ten o'clock, ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find the enemy, but saw all clear, and no ships in that nor the other bay. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they had gone away on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men all armed:

meanwhile we and the *Duchess* kept turning to get in. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized it. We put out a signal for our boat, and the *Duchess* shewed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them.'

Selkirk, the man whose appearance caused such surprise, had seen the sails of the vessels at a distance, but had avoided making any signals which could indicate his presence till he ascertained them to be English. As soon as he had assured himself on this point, his joy was extreme. When night came on, he kindled a large fire on the beach, to inform the strangers that a human being was there. It was this signal which had alarmed the crews of the vessels, and deterred the pinnace from landing. During the night, hope having banished all desire of sleep, he employed himself in killing goats, and preparing a feast of fresh meat for those whom he expected to be his deliverers. In the morning, he found that the vessels had removed to a greater distance, but ere long he saw the boat leave the side of one of them and approach the shore. Selkirk ran joyfully to meet his countrymen, waving a linen rag to attract their attention; and having pointed out to them a proper landing-place, soon had the satisfaction of clasping them in his arms. Joy at first deprived him of that imperfect power of utterance which solitude had left him, but in a little he was able to offer and receive explanations. Dover, the second captain, Fry, the lieutenant, and the rest of the boat-party, after partaking of Selkirk's hospitality, invited him on board; but so little eager was he to leave his solitude, that he was not prevailed upon to do so till assured that Dampier had no situation of command in the expedition—his former experience of Dampier's mode of conducting a ship having given him no great confidence in him. When he was told that Dampier was only pilot on board, he made no further objection. He was then, as we have seen, brought on board the *Duke*, along with his principal effects; and on the same day, by the recommendation of Dampier, who said he had been the best man in the *Cinque Ports*, he was engaged as a mate. 'At his first coming on board us,' says Captain Rogers, 'he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drunk nothing but water since he came on the island; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals.'

For a fortnight the two vessels remained at Juan Fernandez refitting, recruiting their sick, and taking in water and provisions. In this they were greatly assisted by Selkirk, or the 'governor,' as they used to call him; who, besides giving them all the information necessary respecting the island, made it a daily practice to catch several goats for the use of the sick. 'He took them,' says Rogers, 'by speed of foot; for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills. We had a bull-dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. Being forced to shift without shoes, his feet had become so hard that he ran everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any for so long, his feet swelled when he came first to use them again.' Besides giving these particulars, Captain Rogers details at some length Selkirk's mode of life during the four years and four months he had spent on the island, concluding: 'We may perceive, by this story, the truth of the maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention, since this man found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came back to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility. But these reflections are more proper for a philosopher and divine than a mariner.'

In the middle of February 1709, the *Duke* and *Duchess* set sail from the island, to cruise along the western coast of America in quest of prizes, in which they were very successful, taking two prizes in a very short time. The second of these was fitted out as a privateer to sail in company with the *Duke* and *Duchess;* and Selkirk was appointed to command her. During the remainder of the expedition, he acted in a prominent capacity under Rogers in the various enterprises, both on sea and on shore, in which the little fleet engaged. The occupation was certainly one by no means calculated to give play to the more amiable qualities of human nature; but even in the sacking of coast towns, and expeditions of plunder into the interior, which for months formed his chief employment, our hero seems to have mingled humanity in as high a proportion as possible with the execution of his duty. The expedition of Rogers was as remarkable for steadiness, resolution, and success, as that of Dampier's had been for quarrelling and indecision; and it excites a curious feeling of surprise when we learn that the Church of England service was regularly read on the quarter-decks of these piratical vessels, and all hands piped to prayers before every action. Selkirk proved himself, by his steadiness, decent manners, and religious turn of mind, a most appropriate member of the corps commanded by Rogers, and was accordingly much valued by his superiors. At the beginning of the ensuing year, the vessels began their voyage across the Pacific, with the design of returning by the East Indies, and in this part of the enterprise Selkirk acted as sailing-master. They did not, however, reach England till October 1711, when Selkirk had been absent from his country for eight years. Of the enormous sum of £170,000 which Rogers had realised by plundering the enemy, Selkirk seems to have shared to the amount of about eight hundred pounds.

His singular history was soon made known to the public; and immediately after his arrival in London, he became an object of curiosity not only to the people at large, but to those elevated by rank and learning. Sir Richard Steele, some time after, devoted to him an article in the paper entitled *The Englishman*, in which he tells the reader that, as Selkirk is a man of good sense, it is a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his mind during the term of his solitude. 'When I first saw him,' continues this writer, 'I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, *from his aspect and gesture;* there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard of the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. "I am now worth eight hundred pounds," he said, "but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing." Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: *familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.*' What makes this latter circumstance the more remarkable is, the fact of nearly three years having elapsed between his restoration to society and the time when Sir Richard Steele first saw him.

Besides Sir Richard Steele's paper, various short accounts of Selkirk's adventures appeared within a year or two after his return to England. Defoe's romance of *Robinson Crusoe* was not published till the year 1719, when the original facts on which it was founded must have been nearly forgotten. There is no record of any interview having taken place between Selkirk and Defoe, so that it cannot be decided whether Defoe learned our hero's story from his own mouth, or from such narratives as those published by Steele and others.

RETURN TO LARGO—RESIDENCE THERE—ELOPEMENT FROM IT—HIS SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

It was a fine Sunday morning in the spring of 1712; the kirk bells of Largo had for some time ceased ringing, and the parishioners were assembled in church, when a handsomely dressed stranger knocked at the door of old John Selkirk's dwelling. No one was within, and the stranger bent his steps towards the parish church. He entered, and sat down in a pew near the door. His late entrance, the fact of his being a stranger, and his fine gold-laced clothes, attracted attention to him, and divided the interest of the congregation with the clergyman's sermon. The service proceeded. Not far from the place where the stranger had stationed himself was the pew where old John Selkirk, his wife, and others of the family were sitting, and towards this pew the stranger continued to direct his eyes. The occupants of the pew returned the glance as discreetly as they could; old Mrs Selkirk especially several times eyed the stranger with curiosity over her Bible. At length the glances became a fixed gaze; the old woman's face grew pale; and crying: 'It's Sandie!—it's Sandie!' she tottered up to the stranger, and flung herself into his arms. The clergyman stopped, the congregation rose in a bustle of excitement, and quiet was not restored until the whole Selkirk family left the church in a body, to give full scope at home to their mutual congratulations and inquiries.

'For a few days,' says his biographer, Mr Howell, who ascertained the particulars by industrious inquiry, 'Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habit, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up-stairs, in his brother's house, where he resided. Here he was accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, that "were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them." But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards: here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival in Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; and he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed: "O my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never before was the man I was on thee; I have not been such since I left thee, and I fear never can be again!" Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing in the beautiful Bay of Largo, or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among the romantic cliffs catching lobsters—his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shewn.'

Selkirk at length resolved to abandon this mode of life; and the execution of his design was probably hastened by an attachment he had formed to a young girl named Sophia Bruce, whom he often met, tending her mother's cow, in his wanderings through Keil's Den. 'He never,' says Mr Howell, 'mentioned the attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was on the point of marrying. But to marry he was determined, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. He soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Without the knowledge of their parents, they both set out for London. He left his chest and all his clothes behind; nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years.' At the time of this sudden departure from Largo, Selkirk was nearly forty years of age.

In London, Selkirk seems to have lived some time. Nothing, however, is known of his movements till 1717, in which year we find him executing a will and power of attorney, by the hands of a notary in Wapping, in favour of Sophia Bruce, the object of his affection; being then on the point of again going to sea. The will, which is dated the 13th of January 1717, runs as follows:

'In the name of God, Amen, I, Alexander Selkirk of Largo, in the shire of Fife, in North Britain, mariner, being now bound out on a voyage to sea, but calling to mind the perils and dangers of the seas, and other uncertainties of this transitory life, do, for avoiding controversies and disputes which may happen to arise after my decease, make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament.' After one or two unimportant clauses, he continues: 'I give and bequeath unto my loving and well-beloved friend, Sophia Bruce, of the Pall-Mall, London, spinster, all and singular my lands, tenements, outhouses, gardens, yards, orchards, situate, lying, and being in Largo aforesaid, or in any other place or places whatsoever, during her natural life, and no longer; and at and after her decease, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my loving nephew, Alexander Selkirk, son of David Selkirk of Largo aforesaid, tanner, &c., and to his heirs or assignees. Item, my will and mind is, and I hereby declare it so to be, that my honoured father, John Selkirk, should have and enjoy the easternmost house on the Craggy Wall in Largo aforesaid, for and during his natural life, and have and receive the rents, issues, and profits thereof to his own proper use; and that after his decease it should fall into the hands of the said Sophia Bruce, and so into the hands of my said loving nephew, Alexander Selkirk, in case he outlive my said loving friend, Sophia Bruce; and as for and concerning all and singular the rest, residue, and remainder of my salary, wages, goods, wares, profits, merchandises, sum and sums of money, gold, silver, wearing apparel, as well linen and woollen, and all other my effects whatsoever, as well debt outstanding either by bond, bill, book, account, or otherwise, as any other thing whatsoever which shall be due, owing, payable, and belonging or in anywise of right appertaining unto me at the time of my decease, and not herein otherwise disposed of, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my said loving friend, Sophia Bruce, and to her heirs and assignees for ever; and I do hereby nominate, make, elect, and appoint my said trusty and loving friend, Sophia Bruce, full and sole executrix of this my last will and testament.'

The only other known particulars respecting Selkirk's life came to light in the year 1724, when a gaily dressed lady, named Frances Candis, presented herself at Largo as the widow of Alexander Selkirk, and claimed the property which had been left him by his father, including the house of Craggy Wall, mentioned in the foregoing will. She produced documents which proved her marriage with Selkirk; a will, also dated the 12th of December 1720, entitling her to the property; and lastly, an attestation of the death of her husband, *Lieutenant* Alexander Selkirk, on board his Majesty's ship *Weymouth* in the year 1723. From the second of these documents, it is inferred that Sophia Bruce had died some time between 1717, when the first will was executed in her favour, and 1720, when the second will was drawn up in favour of Frances Candis. Having had her claims adjusted, Selkirk's widow took her departure from Largo after a few days. So far as can be ascertained, Selkirk left no children either by her or by Sophia Bruce.

RELICS OF SELKIRK—PRESENT CONDITION OF HIS ISLAND.

The house in which Selkirk lived during his last residence at Largo has recently been pulled down and rebuilt; it is still possessed and occupied by descendants of his brother John. His chest and his cocoa-nut shell cup are now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. His flip-can exists in the possession of another relation; and his gun is the property of S. R. Lumsdaine, Esq., of Lathallan, near Largo. 'The flip-can,' says Mr Howell, 'holds about a Scottish pint [two quarts], and is made of brown stoneware, glazed. On it is the following inscription and posy—sailors being in all ages notoriously addicted to inscribing rhymes on such articles:

"Alexander Selkirk, this is my one.

When you take me on board of ship,
Pray fill me full with punch or flip."

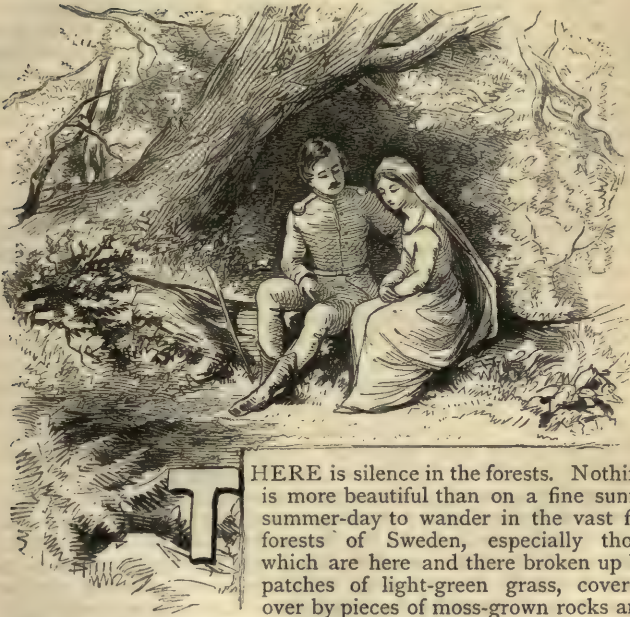
The handle of the jug is gone; its mouth is broken in two places; and a crack in the stoneware is patched with pitch, probably put on by Selkirk's own hands.' The representatives of the family retain the original spelling, *Selcraig*, which is a corruption of selch-craig, that is, seal-rock, so called from seals basking on it.

The island of Juan Fernandez, which may also be considered as a relic of Alexander Selkirk, has passed through the hands of a succession of owners since he quitted it. For upwards of thirty years after his departure it remained in the condition in which he had left it—an uninhabited island, where ships, sailing along the western coast of South America, occasionally put in for water and fresh victuals. Once or twice, indeed, the chances of shipwreck gave it one or two inhabitants, who did not remain long. In 1750, the Spaniards again formed a settlement on it, and built a fort. Both were destroyed by an earthquake in the following year; but another town was built at a greater distance from the shore. It continued to be inhabited for about twenty years, but was then abandoned, as the former Spanish settlement in the island had been. Early in the present century, the Chilian government began to use Juan Fernandez as a penal settlement, transporting their state criminals to it; but in consequence of the expense, it was soon given up; and when Lord Cochrane visited the island in 1823, there were but four men stationed on it, apparently in charge of some cattle. The following description is given of the island by a lady who accompanied Lord Cochrane and a party on shore: 'The island is the most picturesque I ever saw, being composed of high perpendicular rocks, wooded nearly to the top, with beautiful valleys, exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious streams, which occasionally form small marshes. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is exceedingly beautiful. It is full of fruit-trees and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild; near the shore, it is covered with radish and sea-side oats. A small fort was situated on the sea-shore, of which there is nothing now visible but the ditches and part of one wall. Another, of considerable size for the place, is on a high and commanding spot. It contained barracks for soldiers, which, as well as the greater part of the fort, are ruined; but the flag-staff, front wall, and a turret are standing; and at the foot of the flag-staff lies a very handsome brass gun, cast in Spain, 1614 A.D. A few houses and cottages are still in a tolerable condition, though most of the doors, windows, and roofs have been taken away, or used as fuel by whalers and other ships touching here. In the valleys we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs—"where once the garden smiled." And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince trees, with cherries almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys, and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing; and we were glad to sit down under a large quince-tree on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, now neglected, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate. We were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs, cherries, and pears, that a few days more of sun would have perfected. The landing-place is also the watering-place. There a little jetty is thrown out, formed of the beach pebbles, making a little harbour for boats, which lie there close to the fresh water, which comes conducted by a pipe, so that, with a hose, the casks may be filled without landing with the most delicious water. Along the beach some old guns are sunk, to serve as moorings for vessels, which are all the safer the nearer in-shore they lie, as violent gusts of wind often blow from the mountain for a few minutes. The height of the island is about three thousand feet.'

With all its beauties and resources, the island seemed destined never to retain those who settled on it—whether from its isolated position at so great a distance from the continent, or from some other cause, is uncertain. Not long after Lord Cochrane's visit, however, it received an accession of inhabitants, some of them English, who settled in it under the protection of the Chilian government. It was afterwards held in lease by an American company; and according to the latest accounts it was ceded in 1868 to a society of Germans, under the guidance of an engineer of the name of Robert Wehrhan, who intended to colonise it. On taking possession they found it overrun by countless herds of goats, some thirty half-wild horses, and sixty donkeys. In 1868, Commodore Powell and the officers of H.M.S. *Topaze* erected a tablet on the island commemorative of Selkirk's solitary sojourn. It is firmly set into hard rock at a point near Selkirk's outlook, 'a beautiful spot about 1700 feet above the sea, having an extensive sea-view.'

THE WOODEN SPOON.

ALTERED FROM THE SWEDISH.*



THERE is silence in the forests. Nothing is more beautiful than on a fine sunny summer-day to wander in the vast fir-forests of Sweden, especially those which are here and there broken up by patches of light-green grass, covered over by pieces of moss-grown rocks and tall birch-trees. It is so solitary in these few open places, that, unless a trap is seen, set in the winter to catch foxes, one might believe no human being had ever been there.

Every Swede feels a necessity for being alone at times with himself; he indulges a fervent love for that quiet hidden nature, within whose shade he played when a child. Always, even in the most stirring scenes of life, he hears a voice from his silent forests, inviting him to peace and tranquillity, calling him back to all that is most beautiful, good, and holy in his experience.

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* The beginning of this story is translated from a Swedish work by 'Uncle Adam.' Throughout the remainder, the original idea only has been preserved.

There lies near to the mountain-chain that separates Sweden from Norway, a narrow dale, bounded by high hills ; a light-green birch-forest spreads its shade round a small lake, which is so full of islands that the water seems to be divided into several sparkling mirrors reflecting them underneath. This lake is hidden among the mountains and almost endless fir-forests of Norrland : few have heard of it, but those who once visit it will often think, amid the tumult of the world, of that wild, yet peaceful scene. Behind the birch-wood, the land rises in high terraces ; fir and pine trees tower up there, and look like the forest's head—so dark-green and tall, so grave and solemn. But still higher on the mountain come the birches again, for these trees form in the north both the front and rear-guard of the great fir-forests. High over all appears a peak of snow ; and a hundred mountain-streams trickle through the dark trees, and carry their white foam over rocks and stones, to cast themselves into the lake, or join the river that flows from it.

It is well this place is so little known, or so much forgotten ; were it otherwise, some speculator might erect a cottage on the banks of the lake, in Swiss style, in order to hire it out to an Englishman, who wished to get rid of his spleen by means of fishing. If I could guide you thither, however, you would immediately perceive one solitary red wooden house, which stands on the edge of the forest, and quite near to the lake. The ground at the back has been cleared, and is now divided into corn and pasture fields, the former of which sometimes yield more than the seed which was sown in them. One must not expect too much from good Mother Nature, up here in the north, for she is poor, good mother, very poor, and therefore, perhaps, all the dearer for what she gives. Almost the only communication which the inhabitants of this red wooden house had with the rest of the world was yearly, in the beginning of March, when 'the house-father,' its owner, had to travel between fifty and sixty miles off, in order to sell to 'rich Erik,' the farmer, a quantity of fish—a sort of char, which in these mountain lakes are of superior quality—and some hundreds of ptarmigan, which had been taken in nets, and were to be transmitted to Stockholm. This journey was a great event in the Norrland 'new-settler's' house : the two children, especially, were long beforehand engaged in preparing father's travelling necessaries, and in feeding up the two reindeer which should draw the sledge, with all its precious load, to its destination. On the present occasion, father's journey had caused even more excitement, for he had gone so far as to the market-town—more than one hundred miles from his home.

'I think,' said little Anna, one evening when they were looking for his return—'I think father will bring something grand for mother ; yes ; I think mother will get something.'

'Ah, he may never think of that,' said the mother, who well understood her little girl; 'but perhaps you, child, may get something; father thinks of his little Anna—he does.'

'Does mother think so? Do you hear, Anders? Mother thinks that father will buy us something fine. How grand it must be down there! There are many hundred people, father says, and he was there even before we were born. He was a farm-servant down there with a captain—a captain who had such a fine uniform, and a sword, and all that.'

Anders, who sat and carved wooden spoons, looked up and laughed. 'Anna! she wants to be so grand—she does. I wonder, now, what she will have—a necklace, or a ring on her little bit of a finger?'

Anna's cheerful face took a shade of displeasure. 'So Anders talks! But I shall get nothing, for I can do nothing useful. It is different with Anders, who can sit and carve spoons, and set out nets in the forest, and is quite like a man: he is past thirteen years old, and I am not ten; and so'——

'You are both good, clever children, both of you,' said the mother; 'if you would only read your lessons, which always go heavily on.'

'Yes, that is because I never can be at peace for Anders. Now, do not look at me, Anders. I say, don't look at me, or I shall jumble the words altogether.' Anna began to read; the restless blue eyes wandered often from the crooked German characters of her book. She read a tale of a boy who was very good, and very poor. 'Yes, that is a truly beautiful story,' she said, hastily closing the volume; 'but does it not appear wonderful that he should not be happy when he was so good?'

'Ah, child, do not believe that happiness and riches are always united,' said the mother.

The girl looked at her, as if she did not quite comprehend her meaning. 'Mother must know that it is happier to be great, and rich, and admired, than to be poor and never thought of by any one.'

'Sister Anna is like the wooden spoon,' said Anders, without stopping his work.

'Like the wooden spoon! Am I like a wooden spoon? Well, that is amusing!'

'Yes. You see, Anna, there was once on a time a wooden spoon'——

'I will not listen to you, Anders.'

'That is no matter. There was once a wooden spoon'——

'I tell you, I do not hear you, Anders.'

'That also is no matter. Once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying: "Ack, how pretty it is!" Thus the little spoon grew vain and proud. "Ah," thought the beautiful wooden spoon, "if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal-porridge I serve out to quite common folk." So the wooden spoon said to the meat-mother:* "Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon; I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. I am not suited to servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon." The meat-mother wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then was she glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the tea-spoons to call her aunt, and called herself first-cousin to the silver forks. But it happened that when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that even when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said: "Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah," said the mistress, "the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. "What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest; and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant." The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

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* Mistress.

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must he bore straight into my heart"—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons *have* hearts—"but one must bear all for honour. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon." So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honour's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real, beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honours. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the meat-mother died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the great table, she had recollected that the meat-mother was the only person who knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself: "That is because she knows all about me; she knows I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within me." But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself: "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem." The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up, in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest: she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she cried. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!"

"O no!" said an old silver spoon and fork, who lay composedly side by side—they had been comrades from youth these two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often—"O no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us: the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

'The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight that real silver is known!" The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried in great excitement, and with a trembling voice: "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! Can the dear master think so meanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! Ah, the dear master can easily see if I am of lead."

"Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, who, as soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy—"yes, I am only a common wooden spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal-porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"'

'And so the wooden spoon should be me,' said little Anna, pouting; 'simply because I know that the rich live in gladness and joy, and the poor suffer sorrow and want.'

'But we do not suffer want, dear child,' said the mother. 'We have all that is necessary, and even more. Wait a little: you shall see that father will have coffee and sugar home with him; yes, a whole pound of each sort, I doubt not.'

'But, mother, I heard father himself say that there are people in the world who drink coffee every day: they are certainly happier than we are.'

'There is a doubt of that, my girl. God divides not so unequally as we think.'

'God gives us always so much as ought to content us, but He cannot give us so much as that we shall be content, for thereto He will not constrain us,' said Anders, as gravely as a judge.

'Hear Anders! hear him!' cried his sister; 'he talks like the priest.'

'Yes; for these words the priest said last year, when he preached down there at Björkdal, and we travelled to church.'

'That I do not remember,' said Anna.

'Oh, thou wert but a little girl: and then the priest's daughter was so grand that day.'

'Yes, so grand! she had a fine necklace of red stones, or of glass, or some sort of red berries, but they shone like glass stones.'

'And you sat and looked at that,' said the mother, 'instead of hearing God's word!'

'She was only a child, mother,' said Anders excusingly.

Just then the rapid sound of the reindeer hoofs was heard, and the jingling of the sledge-bells coming over the frozen lake, as if keeping time to that regular sound, while the hoofs struck one against the other in their hasty progress over the hardened snow. A few minutes more, and the house-father was at home. 'Good-evening, old woman; good-evening, Anna. Thank you, Anders; yes, you may drive the reindeer to the shed. Well, all goes right at home?'

'Yes, dear Jacris, all is well.'

'You may believe, mother, there were people down there,' continued the good man, as he threw aside his great goat-skin pelisse, and sat down to his supper; 'yes, it is amusing to see folk at times, but I was glad enough to get away. Thank God, I am at home again!'

'That you may well say, Jacris; and I say so too.'

'But do you know, mother,' said the husband, who all the time loved a journey well—'do you know, I must make a long journey again this winter?'

'Where, then? A long journey! Where to?'

'Well, you see, there is a German, or an Englishman—it is all the same—who has bought up twenty-five reindeer, which he will have taken to Stockholm, in order to be sent out—where, I know not, but that is all the same. They must then export the mountain, and forest, and moss also, I said to the agent. And he laughed, and answered: "Rightly said, Jacris; but that is not our concern. Will you conduct the creatures to Stockholm?" So I agreed, for, you see, he would not trust them to any but a respectable person.'

'What a long journey! It will be a dreary time,' the wife replied.

'It will soon go over, little wife. It will be better for thee, who wilt be at home; worse for me, who must go out into that villainous world, which I have not seen for so many years—not since I lived with the captain, and followed him once to Stockholm; but I shall be well paid; and—— Yes, mother, now comes the knot. I shall take Anna with me; you must have the boy at home, but some one must also be with me.'

Anna flew to caress her father, kissed her mother, and clapped Anders. 'Ack, but I am glad! I shall then see the king, and the king's wife—the dear little queen. I shall know them all directly, for I know already how they dress themselves.'

'How, then, is that?' Anders slightingly inquired.

'The king wears a red frock down to his knees, with gold seams, and stands always beside a table, on which a gold crown lies on a red cushion. The queen wears a red petticoat, also with gold seams; and has peaked shoes, with heels so high—so high!'

'And how knows little Anna all that?'

'Because there's a picture therein in the lid of mother's clothes-chest, and the king and queen are painted there just precisely as they stand and go here in this world. Yes, I know all that; and I shall get to see it soon.'

'Provided you do not first drop your little eyes out,' said the father, laughing.

Eight days afterwards, Jacris and his little daughter set out with the drove of reindeer for the capital. The mother wept when she embraced her darling child; but the thoughtless little girl was so elated with the prospect before her, that she scarcely felt grieved at her mother's tears.

II.

KAMRER MILLER.*

'It is six years this day since the death of our dear girl,' sighed Mrs Accountant Miller, as she drew from a drawer some small precious articles which had belonged to her only child. 'To-day she would have been sixteen years old: a great girl she promised to be—but God willed it otherwise.'

'Six years to-day,' the accountant echoed, 'and still'——

'We miss our girl. It is just childish, Miller,' she added, with a sorrowful smile, for she knew her husband missed the child even more than she did.

'You should be reasonable, dear Emily. See me now, I took it calmly and reasonably from the beginning.'

'I do not grieve, Miller; but I love the child's memory.'

'Yes, yes; but that memory is—is—— Come, now, little Emily, let us drive out and take the air; the fresh air is always a good remedy.'

The Accountants drove out in their comfortable sledge, up Drottninggatan, and out by Norrtull. They met a herd of reindeer, and stopped to look at them. Bundled up in the sledge sat little Anna; in her little goat-skin frock, a dark fur-cap on her head, with ears tied down at each side of the cheeks, which the winter frost left as red as a rose.

'Now, just see! is she not like our Annette?' said the Accountant. 'What is your name, little girl?'

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* The love of titles which pervades all ranks in Sweden, and the total abolition in discourse of that useful pronoun 'you,' lead to the absurd practice of addressing persons by the title of their office or employment, instead of their simple names; and these titles have their feminines, which must also be used. Kamrer, or Accountant, makes, in the feminine, Kamrerska, or Mrs Accountant; the feminine of Kapten is Kaptenska, or Mrs Captain; a priest's wife is Prostinna, or Mrs Priest; or, more precisely, Priestess; and so on.

'Anna—Jacris's *dotter*,' was the reply.

'Anna! Do you hear, Emily? Our little girl was Annette; quite the same thing. How old are you?'

'Ten years, within a few weeks.'

'Ten years! Emily, what do you say now?'

'The girl is truly not unlike our Annette,' she replied.

The truth was, that the Accountant had long wished to follow a fashion very common in his country, and adopt a child for his own; he had never found one quite to please him; but Norrland's Anna, as he called our little friend, was precisely to his taste. Her lively blue eyes, her quick concise answers, took his fancy at once; and he thought it perfectly unaccountable, that on the anniversary of Annette's death, he should meet an Anna who so entirely resembled her. Thus his decision was made, and communicated to his wife, who willingly acquiesced in it. The Accountant opened a negotiation with Jacris for his daughter; the Norrland settler at first plumply answered 'No;' but when he came with Anna to visit Accountant Miller at his house; when he saw all the comfort and even wealth that surrounded him, and was assured that he would bring up the girl as his own child, and eventually make her his heiress; and then thought of his own poor house in the mountains of Norrland, and of all the fortune he could hope to leave her—a couple of reindeer at the most, and a few rix-dollars—he doubted if he ought to oppose the child's good prospects. Anna's emotion was very lively; her cheeks were crimson; her bright eyes trembled in tears and sparkled in joy; she could scarcely speak, but the round red lips seemed to utter the same mixed language of smiles and tears. The decision, however, was made; and in its confirmation little Anna pronounced a tearful, yet unhesitating 'Yes.' The new-settler of Norrland left his child with Mr and Mrs Accountant Miller; and Anna, of her own free-will, remained.

It became a happy house to the old couple when the little girl grew reconciled to her strange and grand abode—grand to her at least—when they heard themselves once more called papa and mamma, and were caressed by the child, whom they soon loved almost as their own. And into that little heart, guileless as it yet was, came another love, dormant till then—the love of the world—and mingled with all the love that was felt for Papa and Mamma Miller, and obscured the love that had been felt for the poor father and mother away in the hills of Norrland.

III.

EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

'Who is that girl dancing there, in the gauze dress—that light pink gauze—with white roses in her hair?'

'Which? there are so many pink gauze girls here.'

'That very pretty girl with the fair curls, who is dancing with that fine-looking lieutenant.'

'Oh! with Hjalmar. Yes, I see now: that is Accountant Miller's foster-daughter; not a relation, I believe—in fact, there is a strange story about that—some noble—it is easy to see she *is* noble, on one side at least.'

'I should say the lieutenant has intentions.'

'Intentions! he may have them if he will. A girl like that, and the heiress of that old Miller, who is, at all events, well-to-do in the world! That would be something too good for Lieutenant Hjalmar.'

'Who is he, then, this Hjalmar?'

'He is nothing but what you see—a good-looking fellow enough; but for the rest, he is lieutenant in some land-regiment—up there in Norrland, or Helsingland, or perhaps in Lapland.'

'Ha! in that case, such a girl could never think of flitting off there: so fair a flower must adorn the capital. Yet one might feel envious of that lieutenant too.'

This conversation passed between two young men in civil uniforms, and with glasses stuck into one eye; they were looking on at that furious dancing which a ball-room in Stockholm displays during the winter season. Their remarks came to a stop here, for the young pair they were observing whirled out of the dancing-circle, whirling still, quite through the bystanders, into the clear space beyond. There the girl stopped to breathe, and the young lieutenant to wipe his hair with his handkerchief.

'Well, if he has not intentions, what makes him look with those earnest, serious, questioning sort of eyes, so fixedly into hers? And she—yes, just see now!—does she not seem to be under a conjurer's spell while he looks that way?'

'Serious or gay,' replied the other young man, 'I tell you the girl is too ambitious to think of him: he may look as he pleases, but she will aim at being Grävinan, or Friherrinan at least.'*

'You think so? Now, I think he will propose, and that she will consent; yes, perhaps this very evening,' said his companion, directing the glass-covered eye after the lieutenant and his partner, as they retreated to an ante-room in search of a seat. They found the seat; but in Sweden no young girl can sit alone with a gentleman, even for a few minutes, and whether it were for this cause, or from any other, the lieutenant did not propose.

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* Countess or baroness.

'What makes you so silent, dear child?' asked Mrs Accountant Miller, as the sledge glided homeward from the winter-ball. 'Were you not amused?'

'O yes, mamma.'

'You might well be contented, Annette'——

'Contented? Yes, mamma, certainly I am contented. Dear mamma must not imagine that I am not contented.'

'You were perhaps the brightest flower of the ball-room,' said Mr Accountant: 'it was truly amusing to see how the butterflies gathered round our pretty rose.'

'Ack, he is not a butterfly!' sighed Annette—as Norrland's little Anna was now called—and she coloured highly, and was glad that the stopping of the carriage at the Accountant's door prevented the words she unconsciously uttered from being heard. Out of all the assemblage, one alone dwelt in her thoughts; and Lieutenant Hjalmar was not a butterfly.

IV.

ANNETTE'S ROOM.

It was a tasteful room, the pretty Annette's chamber: the walls decorated with engravings, and some paintings; the prettily displayed toilet-table, with all its little elegances for use or ornament; and the many windows of a Swedish apartment, shaded with thin muslin curtains, as white as the scene that lay glittering beyond them. But what was rather curious, was to see, in a hidden spot, a pretty sketch of the lake and red wooden house in Norrland of which we have already spoken in the commencement of our narrative—the scene where the story of the wooden spoon was related. It had been put up to please the Accountant, who had got a travelling artist to make the sketch, and had presented it to his foster-daughter on her name-day; but it was almost hidden, and kept as much as possible out of sight.

'Why do you keep that little picture so out of sight?' asked the good man once.

'It is so dear to me,' said Annette, colouring, 'I wish no one else to see it.'

'A beautiful sentiment!' murmured the foster-mamma, much moved.

'A pretty thought,' said the foster-papa gravely.

It is now the morning after the ball. The young girl sat on a sofa, just before the open door; she had sat down there in a moment of sudden thought; and thought had followed thought, so that she forgot to rise. Her unemployed hands, interlaced in each other, rested on her knees, her eyes looking earnestly forward, only fastened on the floor of the room. Annette was much prettier in this thoughtful mood than when she laughed and talked; she was much prettier in a simple morning-dress than in ball-room attire; there was something about her appearance that suited with simplicity better than finery; and there was more sensibility in her face when it was serious than when it was merry. Perhaps the reason of the latter was that, when she was serious, she thought of things which drew out all the hidden sensibilities of her nature. 'What does he think of me? Does he think of me at all?' Annette was now mentally asking. 'Does he think of me more than of others? If not, why does he look at me so earnestly, so inquiringly, as if there were always some question in his mind concerning me which he longed to make, or which he wished himself to answer? What if he should know all?—if he should know that I am not really the person I seem to be; that my position is a false one; that I am only a Norrland new-settler's daughter? How that thought haunts me! He, so elegant, so refined, evidently highly born—though that I have never heard; but it is so easy to know. Ah! if any were to see my brother beside him, or my poor father! I used sometimes to dream of my old home with pleasure, with tenderness at least; but now how ill-placed should I find myself there—how unsuited to it I should be. Yes, I was happy there once,' she said to herself, nodding to the picture of the Norrland lake and dwelling; 'happy and glad; and I thought of it once with pleasure; but now, now I fear continually; I fear when he gazes at me with those questioning, serious eyes, which seem to reach my very heart: I fear he may be thinking of this. And now, if my father should come here—the good, rough new-settler; or my brother, with his long hair down the sides of his face—if he should come up and embrace me—the common peasant! ah, I should die of shame. And yet he *is* my father; and I have a mother too. How the memory of childhood will return; it is strange that it does not quite die out; once it would come like a butterfly, fluttering round the soul, to draw some honey from its flowers. Alas! I believe the flowers are dead; there is no honey for memory to feed on now. How happy I used to be when Anders brought home some fish in the basket, or a hare that was taken in the snare; then we had a feast in the house; and none of the great parties I mingle in now make me happier. Now I hear many whisper my name, and I fancy they may be saying: "She is only called so; she is nothing but a labourer's, a new-settler's daughter." And if *he* should say that—if he should hear it! But my mother, my poor mother! I loved her once so inwardly, so warmly; I can remember sitting on her lap and learning to spin, when she was at the spinning-wheel; and when I so often broke the thread, how patiently she would join it! Ack! And at the weaving-loom, also, how she used to make me believe I was weaving the piece for my own frock, or for father's or Anders's wear. Yes, all that I could think of once, and without pain; but now that I have gone out into the world, that I have been presented in society; now—yes, Annette, be sincere with thyself—now, since thou hast known *him*, since thou hast seen his eyes fastened upon thee, since thou hast wished to be his equal —his '—— The girl's thoughts dared not to syllable to herself the word; she started from it.

But Mademoiselle Annette had not been at all aware that for one full minute at least she had been intently, perhaps admiringly, regarded through the open door. Lieutenant Hjalmar had come into one of the adjacent rooms, and when introduced into one room of a Swedish dwelling, you generally have a view of others; he stood and looked at the young girl, sunk in deep and serious meditation, and looking so unlike his pretty and lively partner of the evening before. Never had she seemed so pretty in Hjalmar's eyes, and never had she felt so dear to his heart. 'How lovely she is: how sweet, how earnest, while she sits there alone, communing with her own good heart. Yes, with such a face, such a brow, such eyes, there must be heart: she cannot be trifling, worldly, ambitious.'

Now, had good Lieutenant Hjalmar pursued his reflections for five minutes instead of one, he might possibly have acted less precipitately than he did; but just at that instant Annette, starting away from the thought, or the word, that brought a blush to her cheek, looked up to meet the very eyes whose expression dwelt continually in her mind, regarding her just as if asking if such indeed were the current of her thoughts. Hjalmar advanced, making one, two, three, profound bows; he could not enter the room where she sat; but her extreme confusion, her deep blushes as she came tremblingly forward to meet him, her sudden, involuntary exclamation, shewing that he himself had been the subject of those 'communings with her own good heart,' which he imagined made her look so full of sensibility and loveliness—this pushed the lieutenant's resolution to the point; and forgetting the caution, the reserve, he meant to practise, he seized her hand, exclaiming: 'Annette, dear Annette, let me speak to you; I have longed, anxiously longed to do so.' Tears dropped from Annette's downcast eyes, and fell down her burning cheeks; it was well they did so, or surprise and emotion would have overcome her. Hjalmar loved her; Hjalmar asked her to be his wife; and—she consented.—This was the way in which she understood his eager request to be allowed to speak. A faltering 'Yes' was pronounced in answer to that request, and she could have wept many tears upon his breast, for her doubts, her fears were over.

But Hjalmar's mind had stopped far short of Annette's conclusion. He was anxious to speak with her, for he had long desired to give her a brief history of himself; but he had intended to do so more cautiously, and in a manner that should ascertain what her own mind was on a subject of doubt and anxiety to him. He had only led her into the outer room, when the door of the great *salong* opened, and Mrs Accountant Miller, who had been hurrying out to receive him, entered it with a troop of visitors, who had just encountered her. By the barbarised word *salong*, for the French word *salon*, is meant the large and more public room of a Swedish dwelling, round which the other apartments usually congregate; it is the room of first entrance, and generally commands a view of some others, so that privacy in such a home is nearly unattainable. The young couple sat on thorns for the space of nearly half an hour; but the visitors seemed not at all conscious that they had given them the thorns to sit on. Their stay was the more provoking, because the lieutenant had to announce that some military duty called him out of town that afternoon, and he should be absent for a week or ten days: he looked at Annette when saying this, as if he would imply that his half-told tale must remain in that unsatisfactory state until his return; and then he rose, to make a great many bows, and retire.

Annette's cheeks were very red; but when her blue eyes glanced for one instant at his, they grew bluer and darker than before; for a whole stream of love, and hope, and happiness, poured over her heart, and those pretty eyes were suffused by emotions that deepened their colour.

And Lieutenant Hjalmar went on his way, strong in hope, and deeply in love. He loved Annette truly, passionately; but he loved her as a man ought to love: he would not, if he could, make her his wife, unless he knew he could make her happy in all respects, even by means of his circumstances and position in life; neither would he make her his wife, unless he was persuaded she possessed the qualities calculated to render him permanently happy. He had had doubts in each of these cases. The truth is, that Lieutenant Hjalmar, elegant, polished, fascinating, as Annette considered him—as indeed others as well as Annette might consider him—was himself a peasant's son. It is true his father was no longer poor, and had already been twice elected to serve as member in the Peasant's House of the Swedish parliament; thus he bore the highly honourable title of Rix-man, or Parliament-man, conferred on all such members for the term of their natural lives, and by which they are always addressed. But though this was the case, he lived just as peasants do: he worked for his daily bread, and his good wife did so likewise. They were a worthy couple, and brought up their son well; spared no cost to advance him in life, and now were reaping a reward of their parental care and love, in the honest pride they felt in seeing him. Lieutenant Hjalmar loved and honoured his parents; it was still his greatest happiness to visit them in their humble but comfortable home, and to roam with his good father through the fields, where he had often worked at his side when a child. Hjalmar's wife must love and honour these good parents, even as he himself did; without this, she could not make him happy; and this was the doubt he felt when he gazed on pretty Annette, and felt his love for her growing stronger and stronger the longer he knew her, and the more frequently he was in her society. People chose generally to say, that the adopted daughter of Accountant Miller was the child of noble parents; there was some mystery about her birth, and they solved it thus. Annette, at times, was changeable: on some occasions, warm sensibilities, simplicity, and generous feeling, would raise his love almost to its climax; at others, an air of haughtiness, a contempt for lowly life, an extreme tenacity in the observance of all the usages of what is termed good society, would cause it to sink to a lower point than it had been at before. Then he went to see her, thinking it should be his last visit—that it should determine him in his belief that Mademoiselle Annette was quite unsuitable to his peasant parents, and, consequently, not suited to himself; but he came away rather more in love than ever. He had long wished to speak to her of his own life, his circumstances, his parents, and resolved to do so without declaring his love. He had been thrown off his guard in his first address, when such an unlooked-for opportunity presented itself; but he should soon have recovered his self-possession, and Annette might have been saved from falling into a great error, had not that ill-timed interruption broken up their conference, and prevented the very sensible discourse he had meditated. Still he went on his way in hope and love, for he felt he was loved; and with such a conviction, was it possible not to hope—to hope all things?

V.

THE OLD HOME IN NORRLAND.

How goes everything up there in the old red wooden house, on the edge of the fir-forest in Norrland? The new-settler had gone on well; the cleared land had become productive; old Jacris possessed three cows and a horse, besides his reindeer; there was no want, no poverty, in the red wooden house; there was a good deal of industry, and industry had its reward. Some Stockholm traveller had at first brought tidings there of the child that had left it: the parents had heard how well, how happy, how charming, their little Anna was; and the mother had wept—whether tears of joy or of sorrow, no one said which—and Anders had laughed, and said the wooden spoon would be well silvered; and the father had looked grave, but remained silent.

The girl, however, did not write to them, and it was now long since they had ceased to hear anything of her. Mrs Accountant Miller was jealous of every shadow of doubt existing as to the reality of her own mothership; she wished to forget that another possessed a truer claim, and therefore she never dreamed of reminding the adopted girl that any love or duty was owing to the peasant parents who dwelt away in the far north. The Accountant, indeed, had given her the picture of her childhood's home; but that was only an evidence of the sentimental turn which forms, more or less, a part of a true Swedish character, and which caused him to be rather pleased than otherwise to see that the girl still preserved some sentiment regarding her childish days—still possessed some love for that wild northern nature which she saw no more, but the whisper of whose silent forests she still heard in her secret heart, where the picture impressed in childhood's early hours was yet distinct, and perpetually appeared, even amid the allurements of artificial life, bringing up thoughts of pain, because bringing thoughts of a home she now wished to abjure.

But the old house-father, the hardy, laborious Jacris died. Anders was now its head. A short time after the funeral, the old mother said to him: 'But I know not how it is: I never can cease thinking of my little girl. Certainly she is happy; but surely she also thinks of her home—she must long after her parents.'

'God knows, mother,' said Anders; 'it seems she has forgotten us altogether.'

'Nay, Anders, that is impossible. God has not bound up family hearts so loosely. Do you know, Anders, I wish to see little Anna once more before I die? Dear heart! I cannot die before that: so much do I know.'

'Well! but it is a long way off, and mother cannot go alone.'

'Nay, that is understood; but you may find some goods to carry down there, and then I can accompany you.'

'But, mother, if I were now to find you a good and kind daughter, who would take care of you in old age, and be altogether in Anna's place? You need not in that case undertake this journey.'

'A daughter, Anders? How can that well be?'

'Yes—I think mother guesses.'

'What then?'

'That I will marry.'

'Marry! a child like you marry?'

'A child of twenty-one years, mother, can well give you a good daughter.'

'Well—yes. Anna I may certainly never have again; still, she is always my child; and how that was—though God bless thy father where he lies! it never was quite the same between us after he left the girl down there.'

'But it was for her own good.'

'Yes; but I am the girl's mother, and God has not forbidden a mother to miss her child. There is no use in setting a strange branch in an old tree; that I said many times to Jacris; and though he cast it to the winds, it came at the last to his heart.'

'That I never could remark,' said Anders.

'But see now, Anders; I know that better. Yes, see now; the night before he died, when I thought he slept, he called me to him, and said: "I can get no peace if you think I did wrong in leaving the girl down there. Perhaps now, in pride and overabundance, she may lose her eternal salvation. But, mother, tell me now, you believe also that I did that for the best?" What could I do but say the comfort-word? If he did wrong, he shall have no hard doom for that; for he meant well, and God looks at the intention, and not at the result.'

'We shall think of this, mother—we shall think of it,' said Anders, and clapped his mother on the shoulder; 'for thou shalt not lie there and say so, when thou shalt come one time to die.'

'God bless thee for that word, Anders; and so can I say to sainted Jacris when we meet up there; thou wert always a good boy. And so it is Hilda, Henrik's daughter, thou wilt have?'

'Yes, mother.'

'And she has two cows, and a good fifty rix-dollars beside?'

'Yes; but the best of it is, that she is a good and industrious girl.'

'Yes, yes, my son. And we shall travel to see Anna, good Anders?'

'Yes, mother, if you wish that.'

'Thanks, Anders, thanks. Thou wilt not marry for a year to come, I think?'

'Not unless you want a daughter sooner, good mother.'

'Wait, wait a bit, good Anders,' said Gumman Jacris.

VI.

THE OLD MOTHER FROM NORRLAND.

'You have not, then, forgotten me? You have not quite forgotten the old mother in Norrland?' said a little elderly peasant woman, gazing with tearful eyes into the pretty face before her.

'Nay, mother, nay; certainly not, mother dear,' was Annette's reply. 'Certainly not; but—yes, mother knows, mother can well understand, that the Accountant does not like'——

'Nay, Heaven keep us, child! No need to say that; he need not fear; I came not here to prevent your happiness, or to take you from your fine friends. No, even if you despised me, Anna—so that you were happy; but that you could not do—no, no; you could not despise your poor mother.'

Annette was moved. 'Despise you! No, dear mother, that can never be.' She pressed the good woman's hand. 'Mother will not think so; that were sinful, miserable in me. Despise my mother! No, no!'

The mother held the small fine hand in her dry fingers, and smiled and nodded her head. 'Yes, I knew that. Anders said otherwise, but I did not believe him. Anders said—know you what he said, Anna?—he said you were the wooden spoon that wished to be a silver spoon, and so must have got a lump of lead in the heart. Do you feel any lead in the heart, child?' Annette trembled. 'Nay, nay; there is no lead there. Anders was altogether wrong.'

'Anders was right,' thought Annette: 'the lead is here.' She would not say so, but she felt that, like the silvered spoon, she had only an imaginary value. She trembled lest the reality should appear; and as she trembled, the lead was felt within. The girl cast herself on her mother's breast, and wept. Ah, if she had lain there longer! lain there till the good and wholesome feelings then awakened had ripened into steady and fixed principle—or, rather, until they had turned back into the principle implanted in her heart by God himself, when she lay first upon that mother's breast!

'Grieve not, my child—grieve not, my little Anna,' said the mother soothingly.

Those words, 'Little Anna,' it was so long since she had heard them! In a moment the whole circumstances returned—the house of the Norrland new-settler, the rude employments, the coarse dresses; she looked at her mother's—the decent silk handkerchief plainly tied over her head; the homespun woollen gown; the thick wooden-soled shoes. She thought of Hjalmar—the handsome, elegant young officer—if he were to see that good woman, and know she was Annette's mother—if he should return before her departure! Annette raised herself from her mother's neck; she resolved to be reasonable, to act sensibly. The sudden change chilled the old woman's kindly affections; her 'Little Anna' was now 'Mademoiselle Annette' again—the reasonable, advising, sensible Annette. She spoke reasonably, sensibly, very sensibly indeed, to her poor mother; every word fell cold and chill, and convincing upon the good woman's heart. She was persuaded, or said she was persuaded, that all Annette said was right: it was much better she should not come to visit her daughter—much better that she should leave her quite to herself. They might write to each other, they might think of each other. Annette might—yes, it was just possible that she might soon marry, and then—but they must wait; and, meantime, the sooner mother travelled home the better—the better for both. And so Annette loaded the old woman with a quantity of fine little things, which certainly had no value in the estimation of the receiver, except that they were given to her by her only daughter.

And the peasant-mother from Norrland went obediently away, leaving a thousand blessings on the head of her pretty daughter, and on those of the second parents who had brought her up so well—so grandly, at least, she added; and taught her a whole heap of beautiful things. The Accountant and his wife took a hearty leave of the good old creature, and were delighted to see how content and thankful she was, and how clearly she understood their conduct.

Just that sort of commendation they bestowed on her mother, hurt Annette the most; she *felt* what they did not perceive—namely, that the mother, full of self-sacrificing love, had appeared satisfied with all that was satisfactory to her child.

'She has gone away quite content,' said the Accountant, rubbing his hands.

'Now you are mine, wholly mine!' said Mrs Accountant, embracing her foster-daughter. 'The old woman from Norrland has quite given you up.' Now the lead made itself felt in the heart of the silvered spoon. Good Mrs Accountant saw the shade on the young brow. 'But, dear heart! I forgot. There is an invitation to President K——'s for Friherrinan name's-day. It will be quite a festival, and a ball in the evening.'

Annette looked up. 'A fête at the president's! that will then be a most brilliant society?'

'Yes, child,' whispered the foster-mamma; 'and between ourselves—let it be between ourselves—Papa Miller and I said when the invitation came, little Annette shall go there. Poor little Annette! she requires some restorative after these trying days. So papa went himself to get something quite new. Well, child, be not curious; you shall soon see.'

In the evening came Accountant Miller, and brought a beautiful dress and some new ornaments. Annette forgot her troubles, her home, her mother; she forgot all but one thing—her love. In the fulness of her heart, she whispered it to her foster-parents; she told them of Hjalmar's: she obtained their consent. The lieutenant was not rich, but his partly self-elected bride would not be poor; and good-heartedness and a little sentiment influenced both the manner and conduct of our worthy accountant, when called upon so unexpectedly to act the father's part on so important and interesting an occasion.

VII.

THE PRESIDENT'S FÊTE.

It was the morning of the president's fête—a fine bright winter morning. The roads were in good sledging order: the snow lay deep and hard. There was to be a sledging-party out to the royal domain of Drottningholm, a dinner there, and a dance at home in the evening. The dance was a matter of course; but it was to be a day of pleasures, to Annette at least, for Lieutenant Hjalmar was to come to Stockholm purposely for the occasion, and was to drive her in an open sledge to Drottningholm—an island in the Mälar, where the king of Sweden has a palace, and the people of Sweden have a good many restaurants. The plan was arranged by the gentleman who acted as master of ceremonies on the occasion, and who happened to be a friend of both parties. Annette was ready dressed, in a very pretty and becoming winter costume. It wanted still an hour to the time fixed for setting out; but Hjalmar had written to the Accountant, to say he would call some time previously, in order to 'solicit leave to conduct Mamzell Miller in his sledge.' Now, this 'solicitation' was looked on by all the party as a mere harmless artifice; they every one thought the solicitation would have another object. 'To conduct Mamzell Miller through the journey of life,' said the Accountant, and laughed at his own wit. Annette opened the square of glass which is sometimes made to open in the winter double windows of Sweden. The Accountants were terrified at the rash experiment. She quickly pulled in her head again. Though the day was fine, the sensation is not agreeable when a head is projected from the amazingly warm rooms into the clear cold air. A sudden memory crossed the girl's mind: there was another, a very different sledging-party moving onward that day; a drive on such a day would be pleasant, a journey very trying; and her mother, her aged mother, was travelling homeward, her long and dreary way, through snowy forests and frozen lakes, back to the house which she had not left from the time of her marriage until she left it to travel down to Stockholm to see her child. That child thought of the wearisome days, the long cheerless nights, her mother must pass on her road, and she shuddered; a pain shot to her heart—she tried to think of something else.

The Accountant thought she was impatient, and remarked that she was ready too soon; that people were never so precise—an observation which Mrs Accountant corrected, by reminding him that he used always to be before the appointed hour when he came to see her before their marriage. The Accountant admitted the charge; and while some tender memories of five-and-twenty years ago were thus awakened, and brought tears into the good man's eyes, and plump Mrs Accountant clapped him, after the Swedish fashion, and said: 'Dear thou! dear thou!' the foster-daughter sat plunged in thought, in which anticipated pleasure tried hard to overcome a repressed but ever-awakening sense of pain and remorse.

Nearly at the appointed time, not too late—a wonderful thing for a Swede—and certainly not too early, Hjalmar arrived. He looked perhaps a shade graver—more earnest than usual; there was nothing of elation, eagerness, scarcely any perceptible tenderness in his manner. Mr and Mrs Accountant were surprised, and not altogether pleased; Annette, however, was satisfied, and deeply happy. When the lieutenant took her hand, and looked into her eyes, she felt that she held his happiness in her keeping—that his gravity, his earnestness, arose from the fact, that he had come there more than ever determined to seek it only from her. She was not wrong: consideration had deepened both Hjalmar's love and fears. That he loved Annette, with all her defects of character, more than he should probably ever love another woman, he was more thoroughly convinced; that he would not marry her, even if she would marry him, unless he found in her a mind accordant with his own views of life, and his own position in society, he was still more resolved. With such a state of mind his manner accorded; but that manner was rather perplexing to the worthy Accountant and to his wife—his better-half in most senses. His most hearty and father-like reception had been ready; her part, as the gracious yet dignified mamma, had been prepared; but somehow there was something so unlike the son-in-law expectant in the manner and address of young Lieutenant Hjalmar, that the parts of the kind consenting parents were involuntarily suspended, and the actors only felt confused and awkward, not knowing exactly how to fall in with the unexpected changes that had been made in the piece. They were each silently ruminating on the propriety of retiring for a few minutes from the scene, until the hero and heroine had decided on the plot, when, somewhat to their relief, and to Hjalmar's annoyance, an almost unknown visitor entered the room. It was a little, fat elderly lady, made almost as broad as she was long with wadded petticoats; who, having deposited a variety of outer clothing in the *Tambour*, or entrance-hall, came courtesying, apologising, speaking very humbly, and looking very important, into the salong, where the party sat. It is rather disagreeable to enter a room where people are comfortably seated on sofas and chairs, and casting a surprised and inquiring glance at the intruder. Lieutenant Hjalmar was the only one of the party who spoke to the visitor, for he was slightly acquainted with her, and greeted her by name.

'I have not the honour'—— said Mr Accountant.

'We have not the honour'—— repeated Mrs Accountant.

'I have not the honour of being acquainted here,' said the little woman, taking up the speech herself.

Annette took on herself the office of hinting, that Mrs Accountant wished to know why she had the honour of a visit from Kaptenska Weinberg.

Yes, that was soon told: Kaptenska had called with compliments from mamzell's mother. Annette turned pale as death. Yes, Kaptenska was now sorry that she had not made the dear mamzell's acquaintance sooner; but the dear mamzell would certainly know that she never could have guessed that Karin Jacris was the dear mamzell's mother. Yet so it was that Jacris, Mamzell Annette's sainted father, had lived as farm-servant with her sainted* husband, when the sainted Weinberg was Kapten of a land-regiment in Norrland; and Karin—a good, kind, sweet little human being—had nursed her daughter, who thus proved to be Mamzell Annette's own foster-sister; and—she would not just say it of her own girl—but the sainted Weinberg used to say that Karin Jacris'——

The Kaptenska's disclosures were interrupted by a deep sigh or sob. The dear mamzell fainted! Poor Kaptenska! She had long desired to get acquainted with her neighbours, the rich Accountants, who had such pleasant parties, to which her daughter might be invited; and when the 'old Karin from Norrland,' never imagining that Annette kept her birth and origin a profound secret, had called to see her old mistress on her way home, and had drunk coffee with her, and related to her the cause of her long journey, and told her the wonderful history of her beautiful child, the admired Mamzell Miller, her astonishment was only equalled by her delight; she beheld the door of Accountant Miller's house at once opened to her and to the foster-sister of their adopted daughter. It is customary among the Swedes, when they have met with a friend of the person they visit, to present that friend's compliments, although they have not been sent; so Kaptenska Weinberg felt no embarrassment in making her first speech. She was the friend of mamzell's parents; her sainted Weinberg had been a good master—she and her daughter must naturally be mamzell's good friends; and all that Kaptenska Weinberg had to do, was to lament that she had not known long before that the sweet mamzell's mamma was not Fru Kamrerska Miller, but good Gumman† Jacris.

Alas, the vanity of human expectations! Annette was laid on a sofa, and Kaptenska was almost turned out of doors by the enraged Accountant. Mrs Accountant was nearly distracted. Lieutenant Hjalmar—calm, but very pale with apprehension, emotion, and an uncertain sort of joy at finding his beloved was rather below than above the station of his own respected parents—hung over the arm of the sofa, wondering at the agitation that laid her there, at a loss to account for it, and unwilling, if he were able, to release the hand which Annette had almost convulsively clasped when he had caught her in his arms and carried her there. A burst of tears relieved her; the Accountant then drew the young man away, and the girl was left to weep her tears upon the bosom of the sympathising and indignant Mamma Miller. Hjalmar gently pressed the hand that held his, as he drew it away. Annette felt and understood that pressure; it went to her heart; it redoubled her tears, but it did her good. She recovered; she sat up; she said to herself: 'Hjalmar will not change; his love will overcome all. Though I am in other eyes only a peasant's daughter, in his I shall be all I ever was—Annette Miller.'

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* Swedes usually use the term sainted when speaking of a dead husband or wife.

† Old woman—a term used to peasants.

Ah, poor Annette Miller! while consoling herself thus, her lover, thrown into a great chair, was listening with an aching heart to the angry words and painful disclosures of the Accountant, who walked up and down the room, uttering words which were like death-strokes to the good lieutenant. It was not until the first ebullition of wrath and denunciation was over, that Hjalmar could clearly understand the language that pained him so deeply.

'Yes, that is all true; she is the daughter of these poor people up there in Norrland; she is ashamed of them—naturally. We have brought her up as our own: who has a right to come and say she is not so? She wishes to have no other parents: she denies them, looks down upon them—naturally. She is above them in all respects; poor little dear.'

'She is ashamed of them!' said Hjalmar in a very deep-toned voice.

'Naturally. See now, my best lieutenant, I will conceal nothing from you—naturally, after what little Annette has let us understand. But see now, the girl has always passed for our own; we have educated her—how? that is not for me to say; you see what she is; certainly, she is not suited to these honest folk. What could she do up there in such a home as that? She could not put her foot within it. But what do you think? After more than eight years' separation, comes the old mother from Norrland—the father is dead, thank Heaven!—but the mother, it seems, cannot forget the girl, and away she must come down here to see her. You may think, my good lieutenant: poor little Annette! a mere good-natured, coarsely dressed peasant woman, coming and calling her daughter, and wanting to embrace her, and weep over her, and make quite a scene: a girl who does not wish to have any parent but ourselves—no peasant parents at least! And here she sat, and held a long discourse to the girl about having God before her eyes, and not forgetting her eternal salvation, because the world was good and pleasant to her; just as if we had not brought up the child as well and religiously as we could. And she clung to us, and loved us so inwardly; she never could hear of that poor old home without shame. But now, the mother must come and disturb us all, saying she only wanted to see her child before she died—coming five hundred miles in mid-winter to see a girl who does not wish to have any parent but ourselves! Annette was anxious to get her off as quickly as possible—naturally: what could she do with her here? She could not present her even to the servants, and say: "This is my mother—this worthy Gumman from Norrland." So she gave her a little money, and sent her back again directly: she did not wish to have her here. That was most natural.'

'Pardon me, best Accountant,' said Hjalmar, when he came to a stop: 'I cannot think it was most natural.'

'The lieutenant, then, does not admire Annette's conduct?'

'That I cannot do.'

'The lieutenant, then, does not love our girl so highly as she believes?'

Hjalmar's face flushed deeply. 'I have never spoken of my love,' he replied, 'to her, to her foster-parents, to any one. I believed it was known to myself alone—its existence, its degree, its nature. I wished to speak to her; but it was of another, at least of a preliminary subject. With the Accountant's leave, I will now write to Mamzell Annette; I will not now detain the Accountant longer from her.'

Annette was better—her colour had even returned. She came into the room, prepared still to go on the sledging-party, and expecting then to have a full explanation with Hjalmar, for which a drive in a sledge might afford a sufficiently convenient opportunity. After that pressure of the hand, she felt she could meet him as usual. So she came into the room; but Hjalmar had gone away She was displeased at his precipitation; her sledging must be given up: but she would go to the president's ball in the evening; she would meet him there, and be very distant and cold towards him, and much more agreeable to her other admirers. She had no opportunity of thus revenging herself for the loss of her sledging-party: Hjalmar was not at the ball. Friherrinan K—— had received his excuses; he was obliged to return to the place he had left.

To smile, to look pleased, to dance, with a load of lead in the heart—this cannot be very easy. In the heart of the silvered wooden spoon, the lead had grown very heavy.

VIII.

LIEUTENANT HJALMAR'S LETTER.

'BELOVED ANNETTE—For the first, the last time, permit me to call you so—my beloved. Yes, even now, are you truly, deeply beloved. But I write, not to ask you to return my love, not to ask you to be my own—my wife. That I can never do. Yet it may console you to know, that one heart has beat for you alone with emotions such as those which now almost overpower my reason and my purpose. Annette, I love you, passionately love you; but I love others also. I love and reverence the parents who watched over my childhood, who made my boyhood happy, who toiled hard to supply me with the means of improvement and advancement in my youth, who rejoice now with honest pride over the prospects of my manhood. These parents, Annette, are humble, hard-working, but independent peasants. Education and circumstances have raised me above them in the world's estimation, but not in my own; yet I also feel they have made a distinction between us; I feel—perhaps I should blush to say it—that good, estimable, worthy of love as she is, I could not choose for my wife a woman so plain, so unaccomplished, as is my own mother. I own this; yet I truly honour and love my mother; and never would I marry the most refined, the most charming of women, who could not do so likewise. How often have I gazed on you, Annette, when this thought has been in my mind, when I have been asking myself: Could she despise my homely humble parents? Would she feel ashamed of her husband's being a peasant's son? Ah, Annette, if such were your disposition, all your beauty, all your charms, even that sweet simplicity which at times—at times only—was apparent, and had so much fascination for me—all, all would be vain! Yes, so have I been thinking, when you have raised those pretty eyes, and I have seen that you felt the earnestness of my regards, and were perplexed by it. And when you have looked up so, I have forgotten all but my love. Again we have met; and some proof of vanity, love of the world, of its opinions and fashions, awoke my slumbering fears. At last love became too strong for silence, but not too strong for fear. I then resolved to trust in your sincerity, to speak to you of my own position, and to confide in the integrity of your nature, when, as I hoped, you should reveal to me something of your own heart in return. The moment for such confidence offered itself at one time when I was most off my guard. You know, however, how it was interrupted; but you never knew till now my motive in seeking it. It was not to declare my love; not to solicit yours; not to ask you to be my wife; but to let you know what my wife must be—to let you know that I was a peasant's son, and could only seek the love of one who would not scorn to be a peasant's daughter.

'Was it not well for us both, Annette, that that confidence was interrupted? Subsequent events proved how unnecessary it was—proved how loath you were to be a peasant's daughter—how loath you would be to be the wife of a peasant's son. When I heard that you, too, were a peasant's daughter, I rejoiced, for I thought our parents were equals. But I soon found—pardon me, still too dear Annette, it is with pain to myself I write the words—I found you denied, were ashamed of your own parents, despised your own mother! And I had hoped—blinded as I was by love—that you would honour, love, respect mine, even as I do myself.

'Now, then, still beloved girl, it only remains for me to bid you an everlasting farewell. I have promised myself never voluntarily to see you again; but I can promise you to think of you often, to pray for your good, and to desire truly and fervently, that you may make another man happier than, I am now at last persuaded, you could have made me. HJALMAR.'

The lead had sunk deep, very deep; its weight was well-nigh insupportable in the heart of the poor silvered spoon. The furnace was ready.

Hjalmar received two lines in return for his long letter. They were these:

'Only by one word you wrong me. That word is "despised." I have not "despised my mother." ANNA.'

'Anna?' said Hjalmar to himself, as, in spite of all his resolutions, he kissed the billet: 'her name is Annette.'

IX.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

Two more years have passed. Two years can bring a good many changes—these two as well as any others. One or two of the changes we shall now mention. The first is a military one. The successor of sainted Weinberg, as captain of a land-regiment, is now a sainted somebody else to another mourning widow; and his official place is supplied by Lieutenant Hjalmar, who has for some two or three months been in possession of the 'Kapten's Boställe'* in the same northern district. In Sweden, there is a sort of standing militia kept up, the soldiers and officers of which have land and houses for their pay—they unite the offices of farmers and soldiers. The navy also is supplied in the same way; and the men, who are liable at any time to be called on to serve in it, have their allotted dwellings on the coasts. A captain's boställe, or farm-house, is an object of no small ambition to an under-officer. A man so young as Hjalmar still was, might account himself peculiarly fortunate in attaining such a snug position. We shall look in at him now, and see what he is about in the Kapten's boställe. He is, at this present writing, sitting in the porch before his door, after dinner, engaged—notwithstanding his many virtues, we must confess it—in smoking. But no man is perfect. Kapten Hjalmar's eyes are so intently fixed on the vacant seat of the porch opposite to him, that one might imagine he is meditating the practicability of having a *vis-à-vis* in his delightful occupation; but men do look so uninteresting when they are puffing smoke in each other's faces—and the Swedes do so with such polite complacency—that I own I would rather see the other seat of that pretty porch occupied by some one who would prohibit the practice altogether. Whether the solitary Kapten knows what passes in his observer's thoughts or not, he appears to act somewhat in accordance with those thoughts; he rises, throws away the half-smoked cigar, as if resolving never to smoke another: the movement is so energetic, that he must be taking a resolution; and he goes into his house, calls the active young woman who, with her husband, forms its sole establishment—and telling her he is going northward to hunt, and will not be back for some days, slings a knapsack over his shoulder, takes his stick in his hand, and sets out towards the distant mountains, whose heads rise above the dark foreground of forest lying between them and him.

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* Boställe—that is, the house and land allotted by government.

Captain Hjalmar is by no means a flighty or inconsiderate person; he said he was going to hunt: a horse is not required for that in Sweden, but a gun or dogs usually are, and Hjalmar has neither. In fact, a letter, which the Stockholm post brought him two hours previously, appeared to be more a necessary accompaniment to his hunting expedition than either of these: it was a mere lengthy scrawl from a brother-officer, who sent him the gossip of the capital to amuse his solitude. A Swede seldom thinks of riding except for a half-hour's gallop, just to tire a horse, and bring him in again. It answered the captain's purpose to go on foot, rather than to take his gig; but it was a tedious walk, more especially as, towards the close of the following day, a torrent of rain commenced. Evening had drawn on when he emerged from the gloom of the monotonous fir-forest, close to the banks of a pretty lake. On the opposite side stood a comfortable-looking red wooden house, at the back and one side of which were seen all the evidences of a tolerably thriving farm. The fire had been just kindled to dress the evening meal; the large logs crackled and sparkled on the open hearth, their blaze danced in the many windows, and through the open door revealed an inviting scene to the wet and weary pedestrian, who came slowly over the soft grass that lay between the house and lake. In this region, during summer-time, the words spoken of a better land may apply: 'There is no night there.' The light is not like that of the sun, nor yet of the moon: it is something between both—a light of poetry and dreaminess. But this evening a torrent of rain drew the mountain mists into the pretty vale, and the unusual gloom without rendered the interior of the red wooden house more distinct, lighted up as it was by the blazing logs on the elevated brick hearth, while it concealed the person of the spy who, with the top of his stick pressed hard on his lips, stood seemingly breathless at the porch.

He saw the kitchen was occupied only by two women—an old and a young one. The first was preparing the supper; the girl was sitting at the spinning-wheel—an implement which, banished from other lands, finds refuge and employment in almost every Swedish home: the small hands and little foot were quite busily at work; but the pleasant hum stopped, and, looking towards the old woman as she bent over the hearth, the spinner replied to what had been said: 'Yes, mother, it was hard, very hard at first, for you see I was not used to it; I had forgotten all the old ways, and I had learned a heap of things, and a great many habits, that were just of no use up here; and then, ack! yes, mother knows one must think sometimes; and perhaps I was a little dull, and seemed not quite as if I were at home here—but that goes better now.'

'My heart's child!' said the mother, 'thou hast always been good and kind, and clever too ; and going or staying, thou shalt have thy mother's blessing.'

'But, mother, now that Anders is married, thou wilt not live here longer, I think. Thou wilt come with me, mother, where I can do more than I can do here ; I will work for thee, then, and thou shalt rest.'

'Ah, child dear, I thank thee—heartily do I thank thee ; but see now, my girl, how this is : Your sainted father brought me here when we first married : he was a good man to me, and a good father too. He died here, dear, and was buried not so very far off, in the parish churchyard. Now, if our Lord so please, I will die here too, and will be buried with him, where he lies in our churchyard—and so will I therefore live out my days here also.'

'Then I will stay here too, mother—stay till God takes you to heaven,' said the girl, and bent her head on the spindle, pressing her cheek on its soft burden, perhaps to wipe off a tear.

'God's peace !' said a rather husky voice, entering the door with a salutation not yet quite out of fashion among the country-folk of Sweden.

The old woman looked up to return it, and utter the customary word to the guest : 'Be welcome.' But the young one uttered a low cry, sprang forward, and Hjalmar's arms caught her to his breast. There were no questions asked, no explanations given ; the kiss he pressed on her forehead told her all—she was beloved, forgiven, happy. To find her there was enough for him.

And wet, dripping wet, ran in Anders and his red-cheeked bride from their out-of-door employments, shaking their clothes, laughing, and complaining.

'But who have we here ? Good-evening, good-evening ; be welcome. But—now well ! is it not our new Kapten from Björkdal ?'

'Kapten !' said Anna, opening her eyes, and looking at Hjalmar.

'Yes, and neighbour also, my beloved,' he replied.

Anders stared amazingly at hearing the new Kapten apply the last word to his sister : he pulled his whiskers, looked odd, and ejaculated that all-signifying Swedish word 'Jasă !' and then sat down to supper. . . . .

There is a good deal of room in a peasant-farmer's wooden house ; but Anna slept that night by her mother's side, and 'the new Kapten from Björkdal' slept well and soundly in her neat little chamber. When he left it at an early hour next morning, he found her in the kitchen preparing the coffee : Anders and his active wife had already been two hours abroad without that customary morning-cup.

'How early thou art out !' she said ; 'mother would have taken thee in coffee just now.'

'Thou wilt give it to me thyself, my Annette, and then we will walk out together.'

'My name is Anna, Hjalmar; I was baptised by that name; and now I am here again, I am also Anna again.'

'Ah, that name stands here,' he said, drawing out her two-line billet, which he had received more than two years before. 'How often have I read these words, Anna!'—and he traced with his fingers the line, 'I have not despised my mother'—'and each time I reproached myself with having caused them to be written, and each time almost repented of the promise I had made, never voluntarily to see thee again. Yet I would have kept that promise if I had not learned, only two days since, that thou wert no longer with the Accountant Miller. Hope whispered the truth, and I came to seek thee here.'

The girl bent down her head; a tear fell on her cheek; it was kissed away.

'We will never talk of this again, Anna—never. Come, love, let us go out; see how charmingly beautiful it is out there!'

Anna tied the peasant-girl's simple handkerchief over her head, and drew on her gloves. How pretty she looked with the soft black silk resting at the sides of her fair face—the bright glossy hair folded back so smoothly beneath it!

'Where are your curls, Anna?' Hjalmar asked, as they went out. 'This pretty hair used to be all curls.'

'Curls would ill become Jacris's daughter,' she replied, with something between a smile and a sigh.

'But you must wear them again, dearest; I used to like these pretty curls so much! And a Kaptenska, you know, need not be quite a peasant-girl.' The grave, earnest Hjalmar looked so smiling and so happy when he said this! but Anna blushed deeply. It was the first time that their marriage had been ever alluded to. The blush was understood. 'Do you know, Anna, what was the first thought that came into my head this morning? Well, I must confess it. I thought how droll it was that I had never yet asked you to be my wife; that you had never consented; and it would be curious to be married without all that! I do not believe I ever yet asked if you loved me; I am sure you never yet told me you did.'

Smiles dimpled her cheek, as, glancing for an instant up to his face, she asked in reply: 'Was it necessary, Hjalmar?'

Then Hjalmar told his companion how that letter from Stockholm, which he had carried with him from his boställe, had contained, among other gossip, a story of pretty Mamzell Miller, who, after a serious illness, had disappeared from the capital, and never returned for the space of nearly two years, although the good Accountants persisted in saying, she had only gone to see some friends in Norrland, and would return at the end of that time.

And Anna told Hjalmar how, in that fearful illness, the first she had ever had, the consent of her foster-parents had been given to her returning for some time to her old and real home; but only on condition, that when she came back to them—if she chose to come back—she should have no parents but themselves: she must have no more scenes with 'the mother from Norrland.'

They loved Annette truly and fondly; they could not bear to think of finally parting with her; but the truth was, that the house of the worthy couple had latterly witnessed more excitement and commotion than suited with their unromantic and steady-going lives. They attributed all this, from beginning to end, to the mother from Norrland; for they fancied the lieutenant had broken off with their Annette in consequence of Kaptenska Weinberg's intermeddling. Anna, believing that Hjalmar's letter was confidential, had never spoken of him more. To put an end to all this, they agreed that she should visit the old home, quite convinced that she would not remain there so long as she now thought. They thought it as well for her to be out of Stockholm, and freed from the unpleasantness of meeting Hjalmar at that time; and, in the firm belief that she would find the Norrland new-settler's house and life quite insupportable to her, they extended their liberality, and agreed that she might remain there, if she wished, even for the space of two years; provided that, at the end of that term, her decision should be finally made, and she should choose, for once and for ever, whose she would be. She told him, moreover, how hard she had found it at first to reconcile herself to family manners and modes of life; how drearily her time had passed; how irksome her duty was. But how Anders, the good, rough brother, who was the good-natured torment of her childhood, and the dread of her fine-lady life—Anders, who had called her the silvered spoon, had been the one who contrived, without rubbing off the silvering, to get the lead out of her very heart. He smoothed her way; he considered her in all things; he submitted without affectation to her superiority, where she was superior, and yet made her feel herself of use to him at the time when he was really of use to her. He wanted to learn all that she knew or liked, and he ended in making her desirous to learn what he knew and liked better. In the end, Anna's natural good sense found out all this; the whole family became happier, for the good Norrland mother was happy when her beautiful child, who had been so 'dreadfully grand,' seemed to be less awkward and out of her element at home; and when Anna found that, from delicacy to her, the brother she had considered so rude, uncouth, almost uncivilised, had actually put off for a whole year the consummation of the wedded blessedness he contemplated with a good, round-faced, active, through-going girl of the neighbourhood, all her childhood's love for him returned; and when love came to her aid, duty grew light.

So had she gone on in her Norrland home for nearly two years. But a hope had lain, as yet unextinguished, at her heart. Mr Accountant Miller wrote, asking, in words, for her decision only, but evidently with a longing desire for her return. To go back to the Millers would be to go back to Stockholm; and Stockholm was still the land of hope to her. She resolved not to leave her mother; but at her entreaty Anders fulfilled his matrimonial engagement, and brought home his active, jocund bride. Then the poor girl thought she might realise her hope, and get her mother to remove with her. This, however, the mother had refused; and the alternative then lay between her own mother and her Norrland home, and Papa and Mamma Miller and Stockholm.

'And you had decided to be your own mother's, my Anna, just as I came in to ask you to be mine.'

'Not to *ask* me, I think,' the girl answered smiling.

'Well, to make you so.'

The result of the morning's walk, and of a very long talk that took place on one of the many felled trees of the forest, was, first, that the consent and blessing of Gumman Jacris was to be demanded on their return to the house; next, that Anna should, as soon as possible, repair to Stockholm, accompanied by her mother, and there surrender herself to Mr and Mrs Accountant Miller, who must judge her as seemed to them right. If that judgment were favourable, which the girl felt sure it would be, she should remain under their protection until they surrendered her again to her husband. Anders and his wife should meet them on their return at the Kapten's boställe, and after spending some days with them, to celebrate the marriage, conduct the old woman back to the home where her husband died, and where she also, if it pleased her Lord, would die.

This plan was executed with a degree of despatch and precision quite creditable to such a slow-moving country as Sweden. Gumman Jacris gave her consent and blessing; and that very evening the ceremony of betrothal took place. Hjalmar thought it best it should be so, although there was some difficulty in getting a couple of rings for the occasion: this was managed, however, by the help of the old principle—where there is a will there is a way; and the day after, the young captain walked back to his boställe, and returned with the strong, but sufficiently comfortable carriage, in which he made his journeys. Travelling in Sweden is perhaps at all times pleasanter to natives than to foreigners; at all events, few of our readers have made a pleasanter journey in the far north than was made by Kapten Hjalmar, his betrothed, and the Gumman, whom they both now called mother. They journeyed all the way to Stockholm together. Anna returned to the charge of her foster-parents, only to be transmitted to that of her husband. Mr and Mrs Accountant Miller were more satisfied to part with her when she exchanged them for Kapten Hjalmar, than they would have been had she left them for Gumman Jacris: there was less of jealousy in the case, and the whole affair excited a degree of sentiment which drew forth the tears of the excellent pair. They acted well by their adopted child, and gave her a better dower than either she or her husband expected.

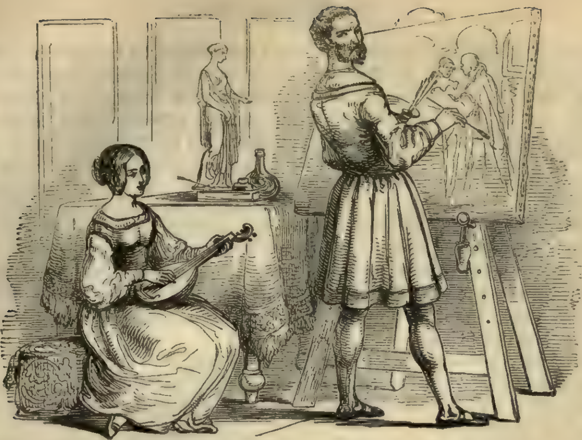
When Kapten and Kaptenska Hjalmar arrived at their neat and comfortable boställe, they found all in order for their reception, under the busy and anxious cares of Anders and his cheerful laughing wife. Kaptenska ran eagerly through the rooms, delighted with them, and everything in them. But the kitchen was, in the estimation of the brother and sister-in-law, the charm of the whole house. This sight was reserved for the last; and, decorated as it was with flowers and green boughs, it looked really attractive. Anna was allowed to flee through the other apartments as she pleased, alone, when the rest could not keep pace with her; but in the kitchen the whole party must congregate, although the preparations for a great supper rather disarranged the elegance of its aspect. Every one uttered exclamations of admiration, and every one presented the usual bridal gifts, to increase the household stores of the new beginners. Mrs Accountant Miller had sent some house-linen, but promised herself still a whole year's occupation in preparing more, since poor Annette had never learned the art of weaving. The Accountant had given all the silver. Anders's wife brought a piece from her own loom, for the especial use of that 'dreadfully beautiful' kitchen. But the jewel of all the bridal presents was that offered by Anders himself. 'See, dear thou—that is, I should say, Fru Kaptenska—see,' he said.

'Fru Kaptenska!' cried the happy bride, laughing, and clapping her rough but good-hearted brother. 'But what is this, Anders?—no, really! a wooden spoon! Ah, good brother, is there lead in the handle?'

'Nay, little sister; nay, my dear Anna, it is not silvered. It is like thyself—a true, common, beautiful wooden spoon.'

'Thanks, kind good brother. Thanks, Anders. Trust me, it shall never be silvered: it shall ever remain just what it is, and what it appears to be—nothing more, and nothing less.'

'And my wooden spoon,' said her husband, as his arm encircled the speaker, 'is as precious to me as any silver one, for it is most excellent of its kind.'



THE TINTORETTO.

A TALE.

I.

THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

OUR true tale is of a daughter of Venice—Venice of which the poet sings :

> 'There is a glorious city in the sea :
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
> Invisible ; and from the land we went
> As to a floating city—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky—
> By many a pile in more than eastern splendour,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings.'

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen, close to the church of Santa Maria dell' Orta, or St Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green and blue and yellow that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer, while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warerooms, and the idle boilers that lay turned upside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its inhabitants had ceased to be carried on. Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasant coolness. Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her made her turn her head. 'Is it you, Jacopo?' said the old woman. 'But what is the matter with you? You look quite cross.'

'The matter?—the matter is, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer,' said the man, breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as he spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colours.

'The night falls for every one as well as you, my son,' replied the old woman in a calm and gentle tone.

'Yes; but my colours were all on the palette: I had just caught the precise tone of colouring; and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall have to begin the whole again. It is too bad—quite too bad.'

'Well, what is to hinder you from beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?'

'My dyeing!' replied Jacopo impatiently: 'you are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti—remember that, mother—of the Tintoretto. Painting and dyeing are two different things.' *

'Not so very different after all,' said the old woman coolly. 'Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with colours; so it is all the same thing.'

'All the same thing!' repeated Jacopo with a momentary gesture of impatience.

'Yes, indeed; I know very well what I am saying. I am sure, at all events, if there be any difference, it is only in the way of using the colours. Your father, my poor Robusti—Heaven have mercy on his soul!—used to boil them and dip the cloths in them; and you lay them on canvas with your pencil: but one way or the other, they are still colours; and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife, and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colours are.'

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* *Tintore* is the Italian for dyer; and *Tintoretto*, or Little Dyer, was the name usually applied to Jacopo, the son of old Robusti, although painting, not dyeing, was his profession.

'Well, well, mother, let us talk no more about it,' said Jacopo, endeavouring to repress every expression of impatience; 'let us talk of our children.'

'O yes, dear, handsome little Dominic, and my sweet, pretty little Marietta;' and, as if there were magic in the very names to soothe her, she now took the arm of her son with a look of gratified affection.

'*Little* Dominic indeed! A great tall young man of twenty—my pupil and successor! He is, indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast,' said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. 'What simplicity and boldness of design! what brilliancy of colouring! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio—"The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian." He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Posterity will confound Tintoretto the father with Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of St Ambrosio have ordered for their chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta?'

'How could I see it?' said the signora; 'I do not even see himself: the boy is never at home.'

'That is to say, mother, he never stirs from his workshop.'

'If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, or even answer me?'

'Because, when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his of locking his door; it prevents his being disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honour to me; for to his natural talent he unites indefatigable industry, and you know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister,' added he with a heavy sigh.

'Marietta! Well, well, what can you possibly have to say against the dear little girl?'

'Much, mother, much; and this among other things. Having but two children, and wishing to dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined, in my wisdom, that one should learn painting, and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes; and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline.* Why is this, mother—why is this? She well knows, ungrateful child as she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in hearing it.'

'Well, Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will find she will begin again her singing. Do not be always finding fault with everything. You grumble at the night for falling—at the sun for casting too great a glare—at me because I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than between a white cap and a cap that is white—at my poor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold, and is hoarse. Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you, what all Venice calls you, the Tintoretto, I will call you by the name which the Society of Artists of St Roch gave you—Il Furioso (The Furious).

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* The mandoline was a stringed instrument, shaped like a lute, and played with the fingers.

'Ah!' exclaimed the artist, whose countenance seemed suddenly to light up, 'I can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The Society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling of the hall; and though my competitors were Paul Veronese, Salviati, and Frederico Gucchero, my picture was finished, approved, and fixed in its place, before the others had completed even their sketch. What a triumph! what a brilliant triumph!'

'Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but now, since the children are not here, will you give me leave to ask you one question? Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?'

'The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in its power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And yet you can ask of what use is painting?'

'I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords us a livelihood; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in a hundred times more than your painting, Jacopo.'

'This is all idle, mother: you know I am not a tradesman,' said Jacopo coldly.

'The very thing I complain of, my son; for we must live.'

'But have we not enough, mother? Is there anything wanting in the house?'

'No; but that is all Marietta's good management, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money, in her hands, lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week.'

'Where is she now, mother?'

'She is out, Jacopo.'

'Out at supper-time! This is one of the charges I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she?'

'Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us: she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other.'

The appearance, at this moment, of a third person at the garden-door, silenced both the mother and son.

II.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET.

It was a young girl of striking beauty whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulating motion of the reed; her beautiful brown hair, fastened at the top of her head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her features, perfect in their outline, were wholly devoid of the downy freshness of early youth. Could it be care that had so paled the rose of her faded cheek? Was it toil that had so dimmed the brightness of those beautiful blue eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and fragile figure droop, as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at last to rest? When she perceived her father and grandmother, a slight colour for a moment tinged the paleness of her complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she said, in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet—it was music in itself: 'This lovely evening must indeed have tempted you, for supper is on the table, and you both still here.'

'We were waiting for you, Marietta,' said her father somewhat gravely; 'where have you been?'

'At the Grimani Palace, father,' she answered.

'Marietta, Marietta,' returned Jacopo, as with his daughter they took the way to the eating-room, 'you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of Venice; you will soon be of age to be married; and the son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of twenty'——

'Well, and where is the harm?' interrupted the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table. 'If the Count Grimani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, what is the harm of all this?'

'None in the world,' said the Tintoretto. 'I am not one of those fathers who do violence to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own rank.'

'And I would rather she took the prince,' said the old mother.

'One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother.'

'A count for me, who would give my darling girl the title of countess,' said the dyer's widow.

'One of the people like herself, who would make my daughter happy, mother.'

'A count might make her just as happy, son.'

'We must not be above our situation in life, mother.'

'We are nowhere forbidden to rise, Jacopo.'

'But we must rise by talent and industry.'

'Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo?'

'Oh, grandmamma,' said Marietta, who had hitherto been modestly silent, 'how can you—yôu, the mother of the Tintoretto—ask whether talent elevates?'

'Tell me, you little goose,' said the mother Robusti, 'has your father been made a nobleman—has he got any titles?'

'If he has not the nobility that consists in titles, yet he has the nobility that genius and talent confer.' And the fair face of the young girl suddenly glowed with enthusiasm as she gazed on her father. 'Grandmamma, Venice is proud of my father; she exults in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens: and say—say, dear grandmamma, what name of count, or marquis, or prince, will you compare with that of the Tintoretto?'

The eyes of the Tintoretto were at that moment fondly fixed upon the bright face of his child.

'This is all very fine,' said the old woman, with a contemptuous shake of the head; 'but, after all, what is your father, Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him; my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul! and mark my words, he may paint pictures and apotheoses, and Adams and Eves beguiled by serpents, but he will never rise above his present condition; he will never get beyond dyeing; he will be always grinding and mixing colours—it may be more or it may be less than my poor husband, my poor Robusti'——

'Pray, grandmamma, let us say no more of painting or dyeing,' said Marietta hastily, having perceived a slight frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed:

'You are quite right, Marietta: besides, I want to ask about your brother. As I passed his workshop just now, I happened to look in, and he was not there. Do you know where he is?'

Marietta answered, with somewhat of embarrassment: 'You must not be uneasy or displeased with Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think—I suppose—with some friends perhaps.'

'There is no harm done,' replied Jacopo, 'so you need not be stammering and blushing and casting down your eyes, girl. I am not angry with Dominic for that. All work and no play would never do.'

'Was I blushing?' said Marietta, whose embarrassment appeared to increase.

'Blushing, indeed!' said the old woman; 'it is pale she is, and not red, the poor child.'

'It is quite true,' said the father.—'Are you ill, my child, or is there anything troubling you? Speak freely and openly. You are a modest, and a prudent, and a well-conducted girl, and that makes amends for much.'

'You were displeased with me, then, father. Will you not tell me why?'

Yes,' said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on the young girl, 'I was displeased with you, because there seemed to me something very mysterious in your conduct'——

'Mysterious!' interrupted the mother Robusti.

'Ask no questions, mother; for I would have spoken sooner, but for fear of making you uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, if not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing, or see her even touch the mandoline.—If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you becoming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?'

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply. She jumped up, and ran to open the hall-door.

III.

THE CANON OF ST AMBROSIO.

At sight of a person in the garb of the canons of St Ambrosio, the Tintoretto and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Marietta, she seemed petrified by the visit. There she stood, leaving the reverend father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her welcome—courtesy after courtesy testified her sense of his presence. 'Will your reverence have the goodness to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to ask you to sit down and honour us by partaking of our poor supper?—Marietta, child, what can you be about, to leave his reverence standing so long? A chair here, girl—quick, a chair.'

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention, and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the canon. 'Pray, take a seat, Father Ambrosio,' said she. 'Will your reverence try a little soup, or a glass of wine?'

'Not anything, I thank you, my dear child,' said the reverend father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax while speaking to Marietta.—'Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora Robusti.—Go on with your supper, Signor Jacopo. I only came to'——

'To pay us a friendly, neighbourly visit,' quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavoured to hide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which, in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and manner. 'It is very kind of you, father—very kind indeed. But the canons of your order have always been remarkable for their condescension and kindness.'

'Who could be otherwise than kind to you, my daughter?' answered the canon. 'But I came here to'——

'Did you visit the Countess Grimani to-day, father?' again interrupted Marietta.

'Yes, daughter; but'——

'She has had many trials; but I trust they will now soon be over,' said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not letting the visitor finish his sentences. The usually modest retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character: she talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least to give the father no opportunity of telling the object of his visit. In vain did he begin: 'I came out this evening, at some inconvenience;' and again: 'I have come here to say:' she contrived always to break in with some question or remark, till at last her father turned to the canon: 'I must beg of you, father, to excuse this little chatter-box of a girl, who has so often interrupted you when about to tell us to what we owe the honour of this visit.'

'I wanted to see your son Dominic, signor,' said Ambrosio.

'My brother is not at home just now,' said Marietta, before any one else could reply. 'But to-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish. Only tell me your hour, father, and he shall be punctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him; Dominic shall be with you precisely at the hour you name.'

'If you would have the kindness to tell me your business with him,' said the Tintoretto.

An answer was already upon the lips of Father Ambrosio, when Marietta again interposed: 'I am sure it is about the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta.—Am I not right, reverend father? It is finished, or nearly so: a few touches only are wanting; and to-morrow, or the day after at furthest, it shall be in its place in your chapel. You may rely upon me, father. I pledge myself that you shall have it.' She then added in a lower tone: 'I implore of you to say no more now, for my sake, this once.'

The Father Ambrosio rose. 'That was all I wanted, at least *just now*,' said he with some emphasis on the last words. 'Signora Marietta is quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you again: remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes to us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which we become the abettor of faults which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting. I do not mean this for you, my child,' added he; 'however, some time or other you may profit by this piece of advice.' And with these words he made his parting salutations, and withdrew.

'Well, what is he at with his indulgence, and his charity, and his weakness, and his faults?' said the grandmother with a puzzled look. 'One would think he was giving advice, as you run up the scale, to keep yourself in practice.'

'Come, dear grandmamma, let us finish our supper,' said Marietta with the air of one who had suddenly been relieved from some heavy weight of care.

IV.

THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the artist—even the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed, even the sun was not yet up—when the door of one of the rooms was gently opened, and Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the threshold. 'Not a sound!' said she, after a moment's anxious listening. 'He is not yet come in; for the whole night I have never closed my eyes. Brother, brother, how sadly art thou to blame!' Then, advancing on tiptoe into the corridor, she descended the stairs, opened the hall-door, and darted into the street.

She passed in front of St Mark's Church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were hers; she offered one prayer for guidance, and hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, there with eager eye to watch each gondola that floated by, as if to discover whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing-place, and let out a passenger. She stopped, for a well-known voice struck upon her ear; and turning quickly round, she faced a tall youth, whose disordered dress, flushed face, and unsteady gait, too plainly betokened his condition.

'Dominic!' cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the utterance of that single word!

'Well, well; I know all you would say, Marietta,' answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face betrayed he did not feel. 'I am a bad boy, a ne'er-do-well, a sot, a lazy dog—am I not?'

'You are still worse than all these, Dominic,' said Marietta in accents of deep sadness; 'you are a bad son and a bad brother.'

'Oh, there I must stop you, Marietta. I am anything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I revere my father; and I love you, sister—love you more than you believe.'

'If you love me, Dominic, come home with me at once.'

'I am all obedience, you see, dear Marietta, beloved Marietta!' said Dominic, taking his sister's arm, and turning towards home. On their way, Marietta said: 'Father Ambrosio came yesterday evening to the house, and I was so much frightened, brother!'

'What! Afraid of Father Ambrosio, Marietta?'

'Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you knew all my contrivances to prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; and the picture, too, that, in your name, I promised he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not, Dominic?'

'You mean go to sleep, Marietta; indeed you may rely upon it: I am half asleep already.'

'Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?'

'You shall see, my dear; you shall see. Sleep? ay, and snore too.'

'You will sleep,' said Marietta in a reproachful tone, 'when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father, who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model worthy of all imitation—my poor father will hear that this studious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; that the pupil who is his pride and his boast has not touched a pencil for more than a year; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, borrows money wherever he can get it, to squander in folly and vice. Dominic, one sentence uttered last night by Father Ambrosio made me tremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and, as he went away, he said—— Nay, Dominic, do listen to me—he said'——

'But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister,' drawled out Dominic. 'If I get no sleep, I shall surely be ill; and you would not like to see me ill, I am sure.'

'Heaven forbid!' said Marietta fervently.

'Then you must let me go to bed when I go home.'

'But the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta, brother?'

'The hand which has brought it so far, will carry it on to the end.'

'That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon upon my finishing it?'

'Your penetration is truly astonishing, Marietta.'

'And your assurance perfectly incredible. But it is impossible for me to finish this picture, and I will tell you why. I am taking a likeness of the Countess Grimani, and she has advanced me some ducats of the price.'

'Fie, fie, Marietta; I am ashamed of you. You ought not thus to anticipate your earnings.'

'How much did you borrow upon your picture, Dominic?'

'I! Oh, but that was quite different. I had debts which I was obliged to pay.'

'And I, Dominic—I had to support my father, my grandmother, and—and—yourself. Our father gains no more than just covers his expenses, and you know we must live.'

'You ought to have told me all this, Marietta, and I would have acted accordingly.'

'I told it to you a hundred times.'

'Yes, but at such cross times, Marietta; always at the very moment that I was either going to or coming from my friends.'

'But at what time is it ever otherwise with you, Dominic?'

By this time the brother and sister had arrived at home; they entered, and found that no one was yet up in the house. Marietta had scarcely put her foot on the first step of the staircase leading to her brother's workshop, when Dominic, catching her hand, pressed it affectionately, and whispering: 'Good-bye, sister, I am going to bed,' disappeared inside the door of a small room which he occupied on the ground-floor.

Marietta remained for a moment as if bewildered; then, with the air of one who resigns herself to an evil she cannot remedy, she was turning towards her brother's workshop, when she heard herself called loudly by her father.

V.

THE LESSON ON THE MANDOLINE.

'Marietta!' said the Tintoretto, who, with his pencil in one hand and his palette in the other, was standing before one of his masterpieces, the picture of Susanna in the Bath—'bring your mandoline, and give me a little music to cheer me this morning.' At this peremptory order, Marietta trembled and turned pale.

'Father,' said she hesitatingly, 'if you could at all excuse me; for—for'——

'What!—what!' said the Tintoretto impatiently.

'I have the portrait of the Countess Grimani to finish,' said she hurriedly, but with more confidence, believing she had now found a good excuse.

'This is always the burden of your song—the Countess Grimani and her portrait!' said the artist, turning, without looking at his daughter, to resume his painting. 'But the Countess Grimani is safe in bed at this hour of the morning; so pray, for once sing another song, Marietta, and without waiting for any more pressing, child.'

'I have got a slight cold, and am a little hoarse this morning,' said the young girl, almost with tears in her eyes.

'Oh, that's a different matter, Marietta—quite different;' and Marietta, breathing again at the reprieve, was turning towards the door to retire, when her father stopped her by saying: 'But at all events, go for your mandoline: you can play, I suppose, though you cannot sing?'

'I entreat of you, father,' said Marietta, summoning all her courage, 'do not ask me for music this morning—I have not time.'

'And what else have you to do but to please your father?' said the Tintoretto, the cloud now fast gathering on his brow—'what have you to do anywhere else, when my order is that you should stay here? Under pretence that your health is delicate, you are let go on as you like; you are not required to do anything in the house; in short, you are quite spoiled; and it is high time all this should have an end. I say, go fetch your mandoline. If you cannot sing, at least you can play, signora—you can play. My bile is up—take care!'

There was nothing to be said. Marietta took down the instrument from the place where it hung, and, seating herself on a low stool behind her father, began to prelude. But her thoughts were elsewhere—with her brother's picture and her own portrait. In imagination, she saw Father Ambrosio come back to disclose all, and by one word destroy all her father's fond hopes for his son, and bring him the sad knowledge, that vain had been his efforts to train him up in the paths of virtue and honourable industry, in which genius finds its surest road to undying fame—a road strewed with laurels that cost no tears. In imagination, she heard the Countess Grimani reproach her with negligence, and her heart sunk within her; and so listlessly, so feebly did she touch the instrument, that the merest beginner would have been ashamed of the tuneless, inharmonious notes produced. But how was she startled when suddenly she saw her instrument, upon which the tears she could not restrain had been for some minutes falling fast, flying to the other end of the room; and felt the same hand which had shivered it into pieces take her by the shoulder, push her roughly out of the workshop, drag her up to her room, and throw her upon the first seat that presented itself! All was the work of an instant. Not a word had passed between her and her father. He had done all, had disappeared and double-locked the room-door upon her before she had even seen the storm gathering; nor did she comprehend the extent of her misfortune till she heard the voice of her father crying to her: 'You shall not stir out of that for a week!'

We must leave her to weep and muse upon the means of preventing what she most dreaded, while we follow the Tintoretto.

VI.

A LETTER WITH A ROYAL SEAL.

Jacopo Robusti had resumed his work. At first he could scarcely hold the pencil. A father's hand, after chastising his child, could not but shake. By degrees, however, it steadied; and when his mother came in, he had almost forgotten his anger and its cause. 'A courier in a fine livery, and mounted on a beautiful horse, has just brought this letter for you, my son,' said the Signora Robusti, placing on the edge of her son's trestle a paper folded square, and secured by a green ribbon, to which hung a seal in green wax. Then seeing that her son neither answered her nor even looked at the letter, she added: 'Do you wish me to call Marietta to read it?'

'Marietta! Marietta, indeed!' repeated the painter, the name seeming to revive his anger. 'I beg of you, mother, to let me alone about Marietta.'

'How crossly you say that, Jacopo; one would think you were angry with the dear creature, my darling sweet child.'

'The dear creature, the darling sweet child,' retorted Jacopo, 'is a little obstinate, impertinent girl, whom I have just locked up in her room, and forbidden to come into my presence for a week.'

'Locked her up!' exclaimed the old woman, as if she scarcely believed she had heard aright.

'Oh, I suppose I ought not to have dared to do such a thing,' replied Jacopo, becoming more and more excited.

The good grandmother stood for a few moments listening to him with the air of one in a waking dream, then coming up close to him, said: 'Jacopo, you will revoke your too harsh sentence; you will pardon my poor child. I ask not what she has done; she must have done wrong, since you are displeased with her; but you will forgive her; say, will you not?'

To avoid answering his mother, whose pleadings touched his heart more than he cared to admit, Jacopo Robusti took up the letter to read, and began by looking at the signature. 'It is from King Philip of Spain!' exclaimed he; and glancing rapidly over the letter, added: 'He speaks of a portrait painted by Dominic doubtless, though he says by my daughter—a mistake, of course—and he invites the painter to his court. He wishes to have his likeness taken by him. What an honour! I am transported with joy. Mother, pray call Dominic.' And he began calling loudly himself: 'Dominic, Dominic! The poor boy is shut up at his work, and so absorbed in it, that he does not even hear me. Dominic, Dominic!'

At this instant the door opened, and Signora Robusti, who was leaving the room, was stopped by the appearance of Father Ambrosio.

VII.

FATHER AMBROSIO AGAIN.

'I beg your pardon; I have mistaken the workshop,' said the father, and was about to retire, when he was prevented by Robusti.

'Pray, walk in, Father Ambrosio, for if it be Dominic you want, my mother was just going to call him here, as I, too, have something to say to him.'

The canon took the chair placed for him by the signora as she left the room to call her grandson, who ere long made his appearance. His red eyes and swollen features, and the disorder of his whole appearance, betrayed that the night had certainly not been passed quietly in bed, though he seemed at the moment still half asleep. But one glance at Father Ambrosio's grave and stern countenance seemed completely to arouse him, and he advanced towards him with an almost supplicating air.

'I have called to see if the picture is ready, Signor Dominic,' said the canon. 'It is now the twentieth of August, and you are aware that, according to our agreement, this picture ought to have been in its place for the feast of the Assumption five days ago.'

'I assure you, father—I assure you,' stammered Dominic in evident embarrassment.

'I assure *you*, sir, that when promises are made, they ought to be kept,' said the canon. 'However, I am come to release you from your engagement, sir. Keep the picture, and refund the advance made to you.'

'What advance?' asked Jacopo. 'What do you mean?'

'Only that I paid for the picture long since.'

'Dominic, Dominic! you took payment in advance?' cried the Tintoretto with indignant surprise.

'It was to give to his sister, doubtless,' interposed the grandmother, always ready to defend the young people—'it was to give to his sister for household expenses.—You do not provide the means, Jacopo, and you know the house must be kept up.'

All this time Dominic stood with downcast eyes, and made no reply. The Tintoretto, willing to find, in what his mother had suggested, an excuse for him who was the pride of his heart, now said: 'I will ask your reverence to forgive my son for once, in consideration of the letter which he has just received from the king of Spain. I would not ask you, could I for a moment believe that what you complain of, and what so much startled me at first, was more than the result of a pressing family necessity, for which he sought to provide means.—Here, Dominic; I sent for you that you might read this good news.'

Dominic took the letter handed to him by his father; but scarcely had he cast his eyes over its contents when he exclaimed: 'It is not for me, father; it is for Marietta.'

'You must be mistaken, boy,' said Jacopo: 'I suppose it is a portrait of some Spanish noble that his majesty has seen; and your sister daubs, but she does not paint. I can get nothing of any kind from her—an indolent, good-for-nothing girl, whom I had taught music, and now she cannot play a note.'

'Is it my sister?' said Dominic in utter astonishment.

'Yes, your sister. Not half an hour ago, I begged of her to sing a little to divert me—the young lady, out of humour, doubtless, at having been up too early, wanted, forsooth, to go to bed again, and I cannot tell you all the idle excuses she invented; and when at last I forced her to get her mandoline, she actually wept for vexation.'

'My poor Marietta!' said Dominic.

'Your poor Marietta is locked up in her own room for the next week, I promise you,' said Jacopo coolly.

'Locked up!' cried Dominic impetuously, and giving way to a burst of natural feeling—'you have been angry with my sister; you have punished her, and she did not tell you that it is for me, to toil for me, to make up for the time that I lose—spare me the shame of saying how—that she gets up before day, and, not content with doing my work, she supports us all by her portrait-painting; for you know, dear father, how little either you or I have contributed. Yes, father, Marietta is an angel of goodness; and the king's letter is certainly for her.'

'My child! my child!' said the Tintoretto with deep emotion; 'and I to reproach her! to treat her so harshly! My poor Marietta!' and, darting out of the room, he was followed by all present. But what were their feelings when they came to the young girl's room, and saw that the prison-door was already open, and the prisoner gone!

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

The whole party remained motionless with astonishment on the threshold of the deserted chamber. 'My child! where is my child?' cried the old grandmother, bursting into tears; 'what is become of my child?' and, as is usual where there is much grief and not much sense, she began to throw the blame on everybody. She scolded her son for his being so severe, Dominic for being so idle, and even Father Ambrosio for being silent. But suddenly Dominic exclaimed: 'Fool that I was, ungrateful fool, not to remember where I would surely find her!' and, leading the way to his workshop, he approached the door on tiptoe, put his eye to the keyhole, and whispered: 'She is there!' and the impatient Jacopo rushed in, followed by the whole party. At sight of her father, Marietta, imagining she had irritated him still more by leaving the room, started up in terror, and fell upon her knees, crying: 'Pardon, my father—pardon!'

'It is I who ought to ask your pardon,' said the Tintoretto, raising his daughter, and pressing her fondly to his bosom—'pardon for having wronged such an angel.' He then suddenly exclaimed, as he caught a view of the picture at which Marietta had been at work: 'What colouring! what force! what finish! Who could have produced such a picture?'

'It was my brother'—'It was my sister,' cried both the brother and the sister at the same time.

'It was you, sister, who caught the expression of the Virgin.'

'It was you, brother, who designed that head.'

'It was you, Marietta, who painted those angels.'

'But it was you who sketched them, Dominic.'

'Ah, Marietta,' said Dominic, taking both his sister's hands, 'do not exalt me at your own expense any longer. You have humbled me in the dust; you have shewn me what a mean, contemptible wretch I have been. Oh, how my utter selfishness stands out in contrast with your self-sacrificing spirit! One word would have exculpated you, and you did not speak that word. I hate myself for my heartlessness.'

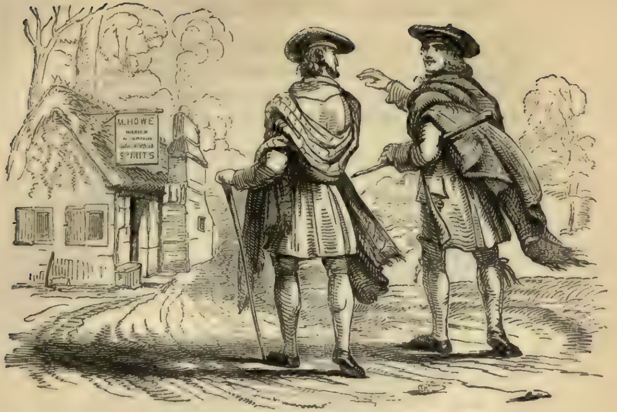
'Do not make me appear better than I am, Dominic,' answered Marietta with a sweet smile; 'for when I saw my father so angry with me, I was on the point of uttering that word; but I thought that the anger impending over my head would have fallen more heavily upon yours, and I was silent.'

'You are two good children,' said Father Ambrosio, whose sternness had completely given way before this exhibition of devoted sisterly affection. 'I am persuaded, Dominic, you could not have the heart to offend again; therefore, for your sister's sake, and in consideration of your open avowal of all, I will wait for the finishing of your picture, and you shall have some additional payment.'

'But, Marietta,' said the Tintoretto, who stood gazing at the picture with the pride of a father and of an artist, 'you are a great painter. My God, I thank thee! I shall die happy!'

'She is something better than a great painter,' said the old grandmother, with the tears rolling down her cheeks; 'she is a good daughter, a good sister, a good Christian. As to her being a painter, how could she have avoided it, born and reared as she was, like myself, in the very midst of colours?'

We need not dwell upon the happy explanation which followed. How amply was Marietta repaid for her anxious and incessant toil! A brother restored to her, to his father, to virtue; herself once more the object of a father's love—his pride, his boast. All concealment—that trial to an ingenuous mind—at an end, she could take her pencil and work happily, with a fond father hanging over her and encouraging her. He wished her to attempt historical painting; but, as a woman, she shrunk from the necessary studies, and devoted herself to portraits; and soon, under the instructions of her father, became an adept both in design and colouring; nay, she made such progress, that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. All the nobility of Venice would have their portraits taken by her; and the king of Spain, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Archduke Ferdinand, endeavoured to draw her to their courts by the most liberal offers. But her devoted attachment to her father made her reject all these proposals, and she remained with him till her death, which took place at the age of thirty, in 1590—natural weakness of constitution having been still more increased by early toil. She was interred at the convent of Santa Maria dell' Orta, which owed its chief embellishment to her genius.



THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.*

PART I.

WHA was ance like Willie Gairlace—
  Wha, in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
  Deadly strength was in his arm!

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
  With the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends who had their handfu',
  Purse and service aye were free.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
  Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
  But were any half sae fair?

Kind and gentle was her nature;
  At ilk place she bore the bell;
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature—
  But her look nae tongue can tell!

* For three-quarters of a century, this poetical narration has been one of the most popular ditties in Scotland. Purporting to describe in simple verse the miseries produced by intemperance, its publication in the present slightly abridged form cannot, it is hoped, fail to prove generally acceptable. The author, Hector Macneill, was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, in 1746, and he died in Edinburgh in 1818: *Will and Jean* was first published in 1795.

Such was Jean when Will first, mawing,
  Spied her on a thrawart beast;
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing,
  Kepp'd her on his manly breast.

Soon they lo'ed, and soon were buckled;
  Nane took time to think and rue:
Youth and worth and beauty coupled—
  Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,*
  Jean and Will thought them but ane;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
  Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure,
  Jean, the hale day, spun and sang—
Will and weans, her constant treasure,
  Blest wi' them, nae day seemed lang.

Neat her house, and, oh! to busk aye
  Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!
But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY
  Sprang na up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,
  Home returning frae the fair,
Owretook Tam, a neighbour billie,
  Six miles frae their hame and mair.

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
  Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy
  Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
  To poor merit's modest prayer,
And on fools heaps needless blessings,
  Hearkened to our drouthy pair.

In a holm, whose bonnie burnie
  Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn aye,
  Neat and beild, a cot-house stood.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
  Crept the clasping ivy green;
Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin',
  Raised a' round a cozie screen.

---

* Happily.

Down below, a flowery meadow
  Joined the burnie's rambling line,
Here it was Meg Howe, the widow,
  This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
  Bottom, Will first marvelling sees—
'PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,'
  Painted bright between twa trees.

'Here, then, Tam, here 's walth for drinking;
  (Wha can this new comer be?')
'Hoot,' quo' Tam, 'there 's drouth in thinking—
  Let 's in, Will, and syne we 'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
  Think of ought but reaming jugs,
Till three times in humming liquor
  Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slokened now, refreshed and talking,
  In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)—
'Sirs, ye 're surely tired wi' walking—
  Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks,' quo' Will; 'I cannot tarry;
  Pit mirk night is setting in;
Jean, poor thing! 's her lane, and eerie—
  I maun to the road and rin.'

'Hoot,' quo' Tam, 'what 's a' the hurry?
  Hame 's now scarce a mile o' gate—
Come! sit down—Jean winna weary:
  Dear me, man, it 's no sae late!'

After ae gill cam anither—
  Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa;
Bang! cam in Mat Smith and 's brither,
  Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neibours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
  Now sat down wi' double glee;
Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter—
  Will got hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing, had lang been greetin';
  Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes;
But, ere lang, a weekly meetin'
  Was set up at Maggy Howe's.

THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

PART II.

Maist things ha'e a sma' beginning,
  But wha kens how things will end?
Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,
  If folk ha'e enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinking,
  E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in weekly drinking
  What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye ha'e conversation,
  Ilka social soul allows;
But in this reforming nation,
  Wha can speak without the NEWS?

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
  On some things that should be clear,
Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
  Clubbed, and got the *Gazetteer*.*

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
  Swift by post the papers fled;
Thoughts spring up, like plants in hothouse,
  Every time the news are read.

'Mid this sitting up and drinking,
  Gathering a' the news that fell,
Will, wha wasna yet past thinking,
  Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
  Bore ilk firm resolve awa';
On the ither, Jean's condition
  Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow,
  Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;
Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
  When, puir thing, she couldna speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
  Weekly clubs 'mang three or four;
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
  Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But when now that nightly meetings
  Sat and drank frae six till twa—

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* *The Edinburgh Gazetteer*, a violent opposition paper; 1793-4.

When she found that hard-earned gettings
  Now on drink were thrown awa';

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
  Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown useless, dowf, and sweer aye
  To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tine his manly spirit,
  Healthy bloom, and sprightly e'e;
And o' love and hame grown wearit,
  Nightly frae his family flee—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?
  Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
  Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek?

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered
  (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace),
Marked the roses as they withered
  Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

But, alas! when habit 's rooted,
  Few ha'e pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited—
  Promised aye, but aye got fou.

Things at length draw near an ending—
  Cash runs out; Jean, quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
  Tines a' heart, and takes a—drappy![*]

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
  Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang!—the mair 's the pity
  E'er on it he wared sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
  E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
  Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace—
  Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
  Deadly strength was in his arm!

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
  Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
  But were ony half sae fair?

---

[*] Loses heart and takes to dram-drinking.

See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking!
  A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—
Davered, doited, daized, and blinkin',
  Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November
  (Claes, and cash, and credit out),
Cow'ring owre a dying ember,
  Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,
  Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets rouped*—
  Now to pay the laird his rent.

No another night to lodge here,
  No a friend their cause to plead;
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
  She, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

PART III.

O that folk wad weel consider
  What it is to tine a—*name;*
What this world is a'thegither,
  If bereft o' honest fame!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,
  Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, next morning, drearie,
  Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast—the day was sleeting;
  Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
  And the third tied on her back.

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,
  Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there uncertain dandered,
  Stupefied wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors
  Fled owre fast for e'e to trace,
When grim death wi' a' his terrors
  Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face.

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
  Baith down drapt, and down Jean sat;
Daized and doited now nae langer,
  Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

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* Sold by auction.

Dark and darker grew the night aye;
  Loud and sair the cauld winds thud:
Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
  Blinkin' through a distant wood.

Fast owre fallowed lea she brattled,
  Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
  Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud 'mang scenes o' simple nature,
  Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, whose sylvan feature
  Smiled out-owre the roaring flood.

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror—
  Mountains moved, and castle rocked!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
  Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

'Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?'
  Cried a voice wi' angry grane;
'Help! O help!' quo' Jeanie, weeping—
  'Help my infants, or they 're gane!'

'Wha thus travels, cauld and hungry,
  Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
Beggars!' cried the voice mair angry;
  'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.'

'Beggars *now*, alas! who lately
  Helped the beggar and the poor!'
'Fy! guidman,' cried ane discreetly,
  'Taunt na poortith at our door.

'Sic a night and tale thegither
  Plead for mair than anger's din;
Rise, Jock,' cried the pitying mither—
  'Rise, and let the wretched in.'

'Beggars now, alas! who lately
  Helped the beggar and the poor!'
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' sweetly,
  While up flew the open door:

'For your bairnies cease repining;
  If in life, ye 'll see them soon.'
Aff he flew; and, brightly shining,
  Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART IV.

Here, for ae night's kind protection,
  Leave we Jean and weans a while;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
  Far frae Britain's fostering isle.

Far frae scenes o' soft'ning pleasure,
  Love's delights and beauty's charms!
Far frae friends and social leisure—
  Plunged in murdering war's alarms!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
  Credit, claes, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,
  And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozie dwelling,
  Sheltered haughs, and birken braes,
Greenswaird howes, and dainty mailing,
  Ance his profit, pride, and praise.

Decked wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
  Drunk wi' dreams as false as vain;
Fleeched and flattered, roosed and buskit,
  Wow! but Will was wondrous fain:

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking—
  How could thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
  Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But in midst o' toils and dangers,
  Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
Compassed round wi' faes and strangers,
  Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dyed banners,
  Waving to the widow's moan,
Will saw glory's boasted honours
  End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong-wa'd city,
  Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will, though dauntless, saw wi' pity
  Britain's valiant sons lie slain.

In the throng o' comrades deeing,
  Fighting foremost o' them a',
Swift fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
  And took Willie's leg awa':

On a cart wi' comrades bleeding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
Without cover, bed, or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cured wi' healing art;
Cured, alas! but never, never
Cooled the fever at his heart.

For when a' were sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning o'er his hapless fate.

A' his gowden prospects vanished,
A' his dreams o' warlike fame,
A' his glittering phantoms banished,
Will could think o' nought but—hame!

PART V.

Back to Britain's fertile garden
Will 's returned (exchanged for faes),
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
Friend or credit, meat or claes.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity—
See poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks shame;
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—
Dreams o' former joys and hame.

'Monster! wha could leave neglected
Three sma' infants and a wife,
Naked—starving—unprotected!
Them, too, dearer ance than life.'

Starting, wi' remorse distracted,
Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,
Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road.

Tired ae e'enin', stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thrawart fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting,
  Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
  Flamed on Roslin's towers* sae hie.

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
  Will (though hardly fit to gang)
Wandered on through scenes inviting
  Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
  On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
  Wearied nature drapped asleep.

'Soldier, rise—the dews o' e'ening
  Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith;
Wounded soldier, if complaining,
  Sleep na here and catch your death.'

'What ha'e I?' cried Willie, waking—
  'What ha'e I frae night to dree?
Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,
  Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

'House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steading,
  Wife nor bairns ha'e I to see;
House, nor hame, nor bed, nor bedding—
  What ha'e I frae night to dree?'

'Sair, alas! and sad and many
  Are the ills poor mortals share;
Yet, though hame nor bed ye ha'e na,
  Yield na, soldier, to despair.

'What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
  If hope's bright'ning beams should fail?
See—though night comes dark and eerie,
  Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale.

'There, though wealth and waste ne'er riot,
  Humbler joys their comforts shed—
Labour, health, content, and quiet;
  Mourner, there ye'll find a bed.

'Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
  There, alas! ye needna seek—
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
  Paint wi' smiles a mother's cheek:

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* Roslin Castle.

PART VI.

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river,
  Cool when summer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
  That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stepped he on, puir fallow!
  Listening to his guide before,
Owre green knowe and flowery hallow,
  Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet though humble,
  Decked wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
  Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

'Soldier, welcome! come, be cheerie,
  Here ye'se rest and tak your bed;
Faint, waes me! ye seem, and weary,
  Pale 's your cheek sae lately red!'

'Changed I am,' sighed Willie till her;
  'Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
  Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?'

Ha'e ye seen the bird, fast fleein',
  Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?
Then see Jean, wi' colour deein',
  Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction
  (A' their woes now hushed to rest),
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
  Clasps her Willie to her breast;

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!
  How she wandered, starving, poor,
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,
  Wi' three bairns, frae door to door.

How she served, and toiled, and fevered,
  Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that grief, when scarce recovered,
  Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county
  Many a live-lang night her lane;
Till at last an angel's bounty
  Brought her senses back again:

Ga'e her meat, and claes, and siller,
  Ga'e her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, ga'e this cot-house till her,
  Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, hearkening, wiped his een aye;
  'Oh! what sins ha'e I to rue!
But say, wha 's this angel, Jeanie?'
  'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but Buccleuch![*]

'Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,
  Nine blest months I 've lived, and mair;
Seen these infants clad and nourished,
  Dried my tears, and tint despair:

'Sometimes servin', sometimes spinnin',
  Light the lanesome hours gae round;
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinnin'
  Brings yon angel's helping pound.'

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly—
  'Eight pounds mair will do nae harm;
And, O Jean! gin friends were kindly,
  Twelve pounds soon might stock a farm.

'There, ance mair, to thrive by ploughin',
  Freed frae a' that peace destroys—
Idle waste and drucken ruin,
  War, and a' its murdering joys!'

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure—
  Thrice ilk bairn, but couldna speak:
Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,
  Streamed in silence down his cheek!

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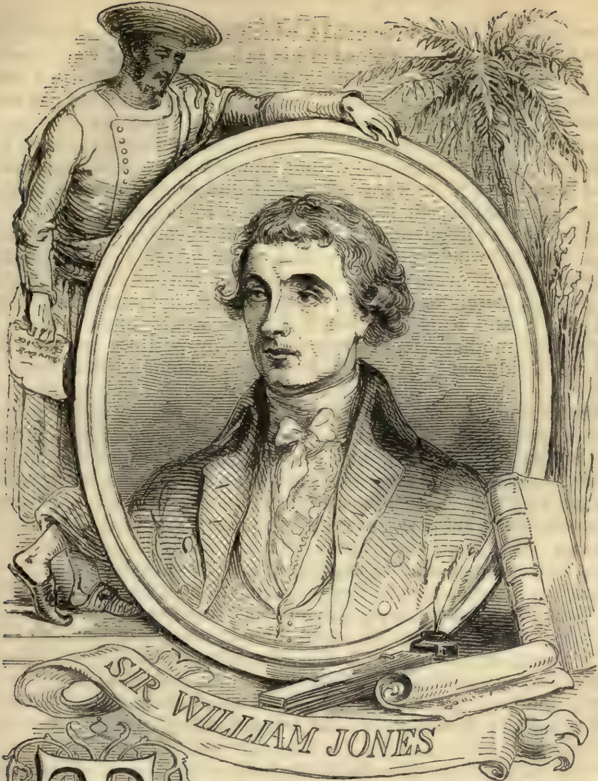
[*] Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch.



THE extraordinary industry and ability displayed in the acquisition of languages by the subject of the present memoir, affords one of the best examples of what persevering diligence may usefully accomplish. William Jones was born in London, September 20, 1746. He lost his father when only three years of age, and the care of his education fell on his mother, a lady of uncommon endowments. While yet in infancy, he was a miracle of industry, and shewed how strongly he was inspired with the love of knowledge. It is related of him that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother for information upon any subject, her constant answer to him was: 'Read, and you will know.' He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. At the close of his seventh year, he was placed at the school at Harrow, and in 1764 he entered University College, Oxford. Unlike the majority of youths at these educational establishments, young Jones devoted his whole mind to his studies, his voluntary exertions always exceeding in amount his prescribed task. Such was his activity at school, that one of his masters was wont to say of him, 'that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.' At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea to ward off sleep —a practice, however, which was anything but commendable. He had already, merely to divert his leisure hours, commenced the study of the law; and it is mentioned that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintance by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's *Institutes*, which he had read and mastered.

The leaning of Jones's genius seems to have been towards the study of languages. It may be very frequently remarked, that individuals who possess the knack of acquiring languages seldom have a genius for anything else; but such does not appear to have been the case with respect to Jones, whose intellect grasped at several of the most important departments of human knowledge and polite learning. While at Oxford, he became desirous of studying the Oriental languages, and he supported a native of Aleppo, at his own expense, to instruct him in the pronunciation of the Arabic tongue. The Greek and Latin languages he was already master of. During the college vacations, he embraced the opportunity of learning riding and fencing, and to read all the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. To these accomplishments he found leisure to add dancing, the use of the broadsword, music, and the art of playing on the Welsh harp, the instrument of the country of his forefathers.

While engaged in these various studies, he did not allow himself to rest in the pursuit of the object he had in view—namely, a fellowship, in order to spare his mother the expense of his education. Not succeeding to his wish in obtaining this object of his ambition, he accepted, in 1765, the office of tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a fellowship also. He availed himself of a residence at the German Spa, with his pupil, in 1767, to acquire the German language, and on his return translated into French a Persian Life of Nadir Shah, brought over in manuscript by the king of Denmark, at the request of the under-secretary of the Duke of Grafton. Another tour to the continent with his pupil and family followed, which occupied his time until 1770, when his tutorship ceasing, he entered himself as a law student in the Temple. He did not, however, wholly sacrifice literature to his professional pursuits; but on the appearance of the Life and Works of Zoroaster, by Anquetil du Perron, he vindicated the university of Oxford, which had been attacked by that writer, in an able pamphlet in the French language, which he wrote with great elegance. He also published, in 1772, a small collection of poems, chiefly from the poets of Asia, and was the same year elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1774 appeared his work *De Poesi Asiatica*, containing commentaries on Asiatic poetry in general, with metrical specimens in Latin and English. He was soon after called to the bar, and, in 1776, made a commissioner of bankrupts. About this time his correspondence with his pupil evinced the manly spirit of constitutional freedom by which he was actuated; and to his feelings on the American contest he gave vent in a spirited Latin *Ode to Liberty*. In 1778 appeared his translation of the *Orations of Isæus*, with a prefatory discourse, notes, and commentary, which, for elegance of style and profound critical and historical research, excited much admiration.

In the meantime he rapidly advanced in professional reputation, although his opinion of the American contest stood in the way of his progress to legal honours. The tumults of 1780 induced him to write a pamphlet on the *Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots;* and in the following winter he completed a translation from the Arabic of seven poems of the highest repute. He also wrote the much-admired ode, commencing *What constitutes a State?* These pursuits did not prevent a professional *Essay on the Law of Bailments*. He distinguished himself, in 1782, among the friends to a reform in parliament, and also became a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. The same year he drew up a *Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government;* for the publication of which the Dean of St Asaph, afterwards his brother-in-law, had a bill of indictment preferred against him for sedition. Upon this event he sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice of Chester, owning himself the author, and defending his positions. On the accession of the Shelburne administration, through the influence of Lord Ashburton, he obtained, what had long been the object of his ambition, the appointment of judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature, Bengal, to which he was nominated in March 1783, and knighted.

Jones (now Sir William) arrived at Calcutta in September 1783. Here a new and extensive field of action opened to him. While filling the office of judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal, and loaded with professional duties of the most laborious nature, he contrived to do more than ever in the study of general literature and philosophy. He had scarcely arrived in the country, when he exerted himself to establish a society in Calcutta on the model of the Royal Society of London, of which he officiated as president as long as he lived, enriching its Transactions every year with the most elaborate and valuable disquisitions in every department of Oriental philology and antiquities.

Almost his only time for study now was during the vacation of the courts; and here is the account, as found among his papers, of how he was accustomed to spend his day during the long-vacation in 1785. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read several chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanscrit grammar and Hindu law; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Already, however, his health was beginning to break down under the climate, and his eyes had become so weak, that he had been obliged to discontinue writing by candle-light. But nothing could prevent him from pursuing the studies he loved, while any strength remained to him. Even while confined by illness to his couch, he taught himself botany; and it was during a tour he was advised to take for the recovery of his health, that he wrote his learned *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, as if he had actually so disciplined his mind that it adopted labour like this almost for a relaxation.

His health, after a time, was partially restored; and we find him again devoting himself both to his professional duties and his private studies with more zeal and assiduity than ever. When business required his attendance daily in Calcutta, he resided at a country-house on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles from the city. 'To this spot,' says his amiable and intelligent biographer, Lord Teignmouth, 'he returned every evening after sunset, and in the morning rose so early, as to reach his apartments in town, by walking, at the first appearance of dawn. The intervening period of each morning, until the opening of court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies.' At this time his hour of rising used to be between three and four.

During the vacation of the court he was equally occupied. Writing from Crishna, his vacation residence, in 1787, he says: 'We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are: even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindu lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions.' It was these constant exertions, in truth, that gave its chief enjoyment to his life. In connection with this pursuit, he employed his active mind in planning the compilation of a complete digest of the Hindu and Mohammedan laws, with a view to the better administration of justice among the natives. This work he did not live to finish, but its subsequent accomplishment was entirely owing to his recommendation and primary labours.

His object in this instance was to secure a due attention to the rights of the natives; and he shewed himself equally jealous of those of the British inhabitants, by opposing an attempt to supersede the trial by jury.

In 1789 he gave to the world the translation of an Indian drama entitled *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*. His translation of the Ordinances of Menu, the famous Hindu lawgiver, appeared early in 1794, and is very interesting to the student of ancient manners and opinions. This eminent and admirable man, however, at last fell a sacrifice to an undue zeal in the discharge of his duty and his pursuits in literature. In April 1794 he was seized at Calcutta with an inflammation of the liver, which terminated his life on the 27th of the same month, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was by a persevering observance of a few simple maxims that Sir William Jones was principally enabled to accomplish what he did. One of these was, never to neglect an opportunity of improvement; another was, that whatever had been attained by others, was attainable by him, and that therefore the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why he should not engage in it, and with perfect confidence of success. 'It was also,' says his biographer, Lord Teignmouth, 'a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken. But what appears to me,' adds his lordship, 'more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion.'

Few men have died more regretted, or whose loss to the world of letters was more deeply felt, than Sir William Jones, who, as a linguist, has scarcely ever been surpassed. His acquaintance with the history, philosophy, laws, religion, science, and manners of nations was most extensive and profound. As a poet, too, he would probably have risen to great eminence, if his ardour to transplant foreign beauties, and his professional and multifarious pursuits, had allowed him to cultivate his own invention with sufficient intensity. His private character was estimable in all the domestic relations, and he was equally liberal and spirited in public life.

The memory of Sir William Jones received many testimonies of respect both in England and India. The directors of the East India Company voted him a monument in St Paul's Cathedral, and a statue in Bengal; but the most effectual monument of his fame was raised by his widow, who published a splendid edition of his works, in six volumes quarto, 1799, and also, at her own expense, placed a fine marble statue of him, executed by Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford.

The life of one who perished in the attempt to emulate this distinguished Oriental scholar, forms the succeeding biographic sketch.

DR JOHN LEYDEN.

THE subject of this brief memoir will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was the son of a person whose vocation was little above that of a day-labourer, and who had been some time settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland. He was born at the village of Denholm, on the 8th of September 1775, and bred, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

About a year after his birth, the parents of Leyden removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress, his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to shew itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention ; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education ; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and Orientalist were adjourned till the subsequent year (1786), when a Mr W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused, and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory; and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his mind; and many, if not all, of the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a Borderer of former times.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty, indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike or a Birmingham knife would have been to Alexander Selkirk during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. At a country school he acquired some smattering of the Latin language, principally through his own extraordinary efforts, for he had none to assist him in his juvenile exercises; and to this early dependence on himself he imputed the wonderful facility which he afterwards possessed in the acquisition of languages. As is nearly always the case when an aptitude for learning is shewn by a boy in the ranks of the peasantry in Scotland, the parents of young Leyden determined to rear their son up to the Church of Scotland, though without any means whatever of pushing him forward. Mr Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in Latin. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless, he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the college of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned professor, Andrew Dalzell, used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from shewing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension, and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

Leyden was now at the fountain-head of knowledge, and avenged himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, especially some of the medical classes—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church—a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study. Whatever subject interested his mind at the time, attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk, excepting during divine service, is a place never intruded upon either by casual visitors or for any ecclesiastical purpose.

Books, as well as retirement, were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies; but these were of difficult attainment, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that could not be borrowed from his friends. The reputation of his prosperous career of learning, however, introduced him to the acquaintanceship of a number of persons of eminence in letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which tended to advance him in life. In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the college of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured him the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield—a situation which he retained for two or three years. He attended the two young gentlemen under his charge to their studies at the college of St Andrews. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal; and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr Campbell's were sure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of the *Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Mr Sydney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad romance and Border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception; and by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar. He possessed a large share of animal spirits, and he delighted to be accounted a master in out-of-door sports and athletic exertions, to which he was very partial. In company, his manner was animated and unpolished, and he perhaps erred in reckoning at too low a value the forms of a well-bred community—a circumstance which often excited a prejudice against him on his first appearance. This seems to have arisen from a false idea of sustaining his independence of feeling, and of marking the humility of his origin. He bore, however, with great good-humour all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. His temper was, in reality, of an exceedingly gentle nature; and to gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. He also avoided the most fatal errors of men of genius. He was rigidly temperate, and the purity of his morals was attested by the most blameless line of conduct. His temperance even approached to abstinence; and although his pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender, he managed his funds so as to avoid all embarrassment.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher; but his pulpit appearances were more scholarly than evangelical, and it does not appear that he cared about pursuing the profession of a clergyman. He now engaged himself in procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a task congenial to his poetic temperament. In 1802, he was engaged by Mr Constable to edit the *Scots Magazine*, which he did for five or six months; and this employment was followed by the writing of his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem exhibiting his own early feelings and recollections, interwoven with the descriptive and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. But all this was but a desultory mode of living. The writing of poetry yields no revenue, and barely furnishes bread to those whose talents are of the loftiest order. The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life, and he seconded their views. In 1802, he made some overtures to the African Society for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of Africa; but from this rash enterprise he was turned by the prospect of promotion in another quarter. A representation was made to a member of the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. The only appointment that could be given in this quarter was, however, that of surgeon's assistant, which could be held by none but a person having a surgical degree, and who could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden shewed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession (the late Mr John Bell of Edinburgh), he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Another Scottish university conferred the degree of M.D. upon him, and he immediately prepared to leave the country. It is not necessary in this sketch to detail the difficulties he encountered before his ultimate departure for India. After some trouble, he procured a passage in the *Hugh Inglis*, in which vessel he sailed in the beginning of April 1803. Having arrived at Madras, he was transferred to the duties of his new profession; but it was speedily demonstrated that his constitution was unfitted for the climate. He was therefore obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached with difficulty Prince of Wales Island, situated on the coast of Malacca. In this more salubrious spot he resided some time, busily engaging himself in the pursuit of the languages and literature of the East, and in which he soon acquired an extraordinary degree of knowledge, calculated to be extensively beneficial to his countrymen. He also continued to indulge his poetic fancies, and kept up a constant intercourse by letters with a number of his old friends in Europe; and some of his epistles furnish many amusing details of Oriental life and manners, as well as of his own arduous researches.

The health of Leyden being restored, in 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect he produced upon society, were exceedingly flattering. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto—himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale—was of most essential service to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, a promotion suited to his studies; and from this function he was subsequently transferred to fill the office of a judge of the twenty-four purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which jumped well with his odd humour; for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with Eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and deciphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. 'I may die in the attempt,' he writes to a friend; 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer!' The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied the governor-general and the forces for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the Eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, precisely at the period when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opening to his penetrating research. His great abilities, his prospects of benefiting his fellow-creatures, his stores of Eastern learning, were all in a moment quenched and sunk in death: a catastrophe the more lamentable, from having been produced by a culpable degree of rashness and disregard of personal suffering.

The poetical remains of Leyden were collected and given to the public in 1821, and in some instances exhibit a power of numbers which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Besides his poetical works, he compiled and translated the *Commentaries of Baber*, from the Turki language, a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, and which was published in 1826 for the benefit of his aged father.

The remains of Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his humble ancestors at Hazeldean, to which he bids an affecting farewell in a solemn passage concluding his *Scenes of Infancy*. His language is that of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But little recks it where our bodies rest and exhale into their primitive elements. The best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and the wise.*

Another, and perhaps a still more interesting example of precocious diligence in acquiring languages, is found in the subject of the succeeding sketch.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

THIS eminent linguist and scholar, who, from the lowly condition of a shepherd-boy, raised himself to the situation of Professor of Oriental Languages in the university of Edinburgh, was born on the 22d of October 1775, at a place called Dunkitterick, in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, where his father followed the profession of a shepherd, and reared a large family in humble comfort and respectability. The following is a condensation of the narrative which Murray has written of himself, and which appeared in the *Literary History of Galloway:*

'Sometime in autumn 1781, my father bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the board and brand continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, used every night in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not shew them openly; and as I read constantly, and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my biblical knowledge; but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

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* The above article is chiefly condensed from a memoir of Leyden, written by Sir Walter Scott for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and republished in the cheap and elegant series of his Miscellaneous Prose Works.

'My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four muirland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr Alexander Laidlaw in Clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and no money. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent herd-boy. The fact was, I was always a weakly child; not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know, and which was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading and a great memory was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my genius, as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it; the idea of school wages frightened them from employing it. I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May 1784, and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school, then taught by Mr William Gordon: he read English well, and had many scholars. Mr Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born in 1775 or 1776, was then reading the rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence; and before the vacation in August, I often stood dux of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink.

'In spring 1785, I was put to assist as a shepherd-boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of *Chevy Chase* at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Greanoch, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. Those ballads that I liked most were *Chevy Chase*, *Sir James the Rose*, *Jamie and Nancy*, and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, *Sir David Lindsay*, *Sir William Wallace*, *The Cloud of Witnesses*, *The Hind let Loose*, and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading and a memory was loud, and several said I was "a living miracle." I puzzled the honest elders of the church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788, I borrowed from John Kellie, then in Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's *Geographical Grammar*, and L'Estrange's version of Josephus. I got immense benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost everything it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the scale. In 1788, or early in 1789, Basil, Lord Dear, came to attend a committee of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places according to my own fancy.

'As I could read and write, I was engaged by the heads of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M'William, a boy of my own age, and a brother-teacher. I returned home in March 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the *History of the Twelve Cæsars*, translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June 1788, I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cart-wright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's *Weekly* or *Monthly Magazine* during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the *Four Monarchies*, *of the Popes*, *the Kings of England*, &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Palkill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barncauchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's Arithmetic. But I was not in stout health, and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days: I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the *Spectator*, *World*, &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I therefore cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on, I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas 1789, I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children.

'A little before Whitsunday 1790, I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barncauchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th of May 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum-total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

'I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the magazines and *Spectator*, that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some elders and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman who lived near shewed me her psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.

'I borrowed from one Jack M'Bride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambaud's *Rudiments of French Grammar*. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons; and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the *Diable Boiteux*, a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read in, an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June, Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the Rudiments beside him. I said: "Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French." He gave me the book; I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was mellow, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and shewed the Rudiments: "Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin!" and he accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and riveted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters; but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation I returned to it a week or two, to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for eighteenpence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. In his house I found several more books, Ruddiman's Grammar—the most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar, and Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonyms, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt, and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was *Paradise Lost*, of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. I had the use of it for a year, until I replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with *Paradise Lost* an era in my reading.

'About Whitsunday 1791, I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English neither fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life in the university of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

'I found my schoolfellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner under Mr George Muir, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He shewed me many civilities, and gave me the use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then deceased: *Luciani Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis*, Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; Homer's *Iliad*, Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; *Buchanani Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum;* and *Buchanani Opera Poetica.* The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and *Schrevelii Lexicon.* I got the grammar, but I forget how I obtained the lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Muir was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's History by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat the Greek Grammar and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease. He was given to *taw*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading the books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June 1791, we were allowed to read a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the *Iliad*, which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon affected me greatly; and no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that "Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country." My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence.

'In July 1791, I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation were very desirable. I had from you the loan of Longinus, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, a volume of Cicero's *Orations*, which I read with great delight, and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to works in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

'I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr Cramond, to whom I shewed it in September 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the points; and in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable. It contained, besides the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original. When I came home, some person informed me that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew Bible, the property of her brother, Mr William

Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland. She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan: I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

'I returned to school in the summer of 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimental way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiæ, which hurt my future appearance at college, and is more or less the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress; for the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the Rudiments; and every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for beginning me anew in the rudiments and grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr Dalzell, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is no doubt a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

'In 1792 I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn of 1792 my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow university. I could not imitate him for want of funds. In the winter of 1792–3, I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Mill, and taught his children during that season till March 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings [for the half year], but my object was to get a residence near Newton-Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr Nathaniel Martin in Bridgend of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to exercise themselves in reading English poetry, and in spending their hours agreeably. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as the *Bee*, Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English Collections, and so forth. In the mill I got *Gulliver's Travels* and Clarke's *Evidences of Christianity*. I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other. My companions at the night-school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh; one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobacconist; John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John M'Kie, lately merchant in

Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Baillie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learned from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect.

'In 1791, I had the loan of a stray volume of the *Ancient Universal History* from my neighbour school-fellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, Abyssinians, and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

'In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the mill, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with *Paradise Lost*, sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my school-fellow, George Muir, had lent me, in 1791, an edition of *Ossian's Fingal*, which is, in many passages, a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the manuscript about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during 1792-3 wrote several thousands of blank verses about his achievements. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790, I had purchased the *Grave*, a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

'I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton-Stewart and other parts. During that summer I began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his *Fratres Franciscani*. I made an attempt to obtain the situation of teacher of the school of Mochrum; but the Rev. Mr Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish. In 1791, I bought for a trifle a manuscript volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburg, a German professor, on the Lives and Writings of the Roman Authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quintilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to translate and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793-4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the *Spectator*, *World*, *Guardian*, and Pope's works were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions.

'Early in 1794, I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the success of a *History of the Latin Writers*, I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected, by myself and friends, four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries, I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make publication my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakspeare, and never read anything, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen his poems before.

'During this summer, my friend M'Harg being in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea and other articles, described my situation to James Kinnear, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him that if I could be brought to town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. In consequence of this communication, I arrived in Edinburgh at the beginning of November 1794.'

Such is Dr Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he was kindly received by Mr Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town was one from Mr Maitland to Dr Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town, he underwent an examination in presence of Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examinators, he read freely, and also explained and analysed accurately, a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.

Dr Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806 he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sunk under the fatigues of his first session, and he died, universally and deeply lamented, April 15, 1813. An elegant monument, commemorative of his life and talents, was some years afterwards erected by subscription near the place of his nativity.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THIS extraordinary man, who, from being originally an operative weaver, became, by his own unaided exertions, one of the most celebrated ornithologists of his day, was born in Paisley on the 6th of July 1766. His father was a distiller, poor in fortune, though said to have been endowed with an active and sagacious mind. He was so unfortunate as to lose his mother at the early age of ten, and was left without the tender and judicious care which a mother alone can give. On attaining his thirteenth year, he was bound apprentice for three years to his brother-in-law, to learn the business of a weaver, and on the expiry of this term, continued to work as a journeyman for four years more.

The employment of a weaver was by no means congenial to the disposition and propensities of the future ornithologist; but as his father, though a highly respectable man in character, was in very indifferent circumstances, young Wilson had no choice left, but was compelled to adopt that which was readiest and most easily attained. It is much to his credit, however, that though he must have felt—indeed it is certain that he did feel, and that at a very early age—that he was fitted for higher things, he yet diligently laboured at the humble but honourable calling to which his destiny had appointed him, and never allowed such feelings to interrupt his industry. At this period of his life he indulged in a predilection for poetical composition, and wrote several pieces which appeared in the *Glasgow*

Advertiser; but in these juvenile attempts he was not very successful, nor was he ever, at any after period, fortunate in this department of literature, though his poetical productions are certainly not without very considerable merit.

Having continued at the loom, as already said, for four years as a journeyman weaver, at the end of this period he abandoned the business, to accompany his brother-in-law, who had commenced travelling merchant or pedler, in a tour through the eastern districts of Scotland—an employment which, though it could scarcely claim any sort of precedence in point of rank over that which he had left, he yet gladly embraced, as it at once released him from the confinement and dull monotony of his former occupation, and permitted him to indulge in one of his strongest propensities, which was to ramble over hill and dale, and to enjoy, unfettered and unrestrained, the beauties of his native land. With such a disposition, it is not to be wondered at that, as a pedler, he made much greater progress in the study of nature, and perhaps of man, and in the extending of his ideas, than in the improvement of his fortunes. The acquisition of money was no object with him, and of course, as it was not sought, it was not found.

At this time Burns was in the zenith of his fame, and Wilson, tempted by his success, resolved to publish his poems—the accumulated pieces of preceding years—and in 1789, contracted with a printer in Paisley for this purpose, but was obliged to abandon the idea for the time, for want of means to carry it into effect. He, however, published them some time afterwards, with the title of *Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious*, at his own risk, after having in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers, and carried them about with him in his hawking expeditions, but met with little or no success in the sale of them. Finding that he could make nothing of either poetry or traffic, he returned once more to his loom, at which he was again quietly seated, when he learned that a debating society in Edinburgh had proposed for discussion the question, whether Fergusson or Allan Ramsay had done most honour to Scottish poetry. Seized with an ambition to distinguish himself on this occasion, he borrowed from a friend the poems of Fergusson, which he had never read before, and in a few days produced a poem, which he entitled the *Laurel Disputed*, and in which he awarded the palm to Fergusson. With this poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and recited it before the audience assembled to hear the discussion. Before he left Edinburgh, he also recited in public two other poems, and acquired by all a considerable degree of respect and favour. He likewise contributed occasionally, about this time (1791), to a periodical work called the *Bee*. But though Wilson's poetical efforts procured him some reputation, they did nothing for him in the way of advancing his worldly interests. The volume of poems which he published in 1789, at which period he was only twenty-three years of age, went through two small editions in octavo, but without yielding the author any pecuniary advantage. His literary reputation was, nevertheless, considerably increased by the publication of his *Watty and Meg*, a poem in the Scottish dialect, and of such decided merit, that it was universally ascribed to Burns on its first appearance, which was in 1791. It is a droll and satirical description of a drunken husband and scolding wife, and shews that the author possessed a fund of broad humour.

Having soon after this embroiled himself in some serious disputes which took place in his native town between the operative weavers and their employers, by writing some severe personal satires on certain individuals of the latter class, he found his residence in Paisley no longer compatible with his comfort or happiness, and therefore determined on proceeding to America. But before taking his departure, he called on those persons whom he had satirised, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and solicited their forgiveness. This circumstance is a pleasing proof of the generosity of his nature—that which follows, a very striking one of the determination of his character. Although he had resolved on going to America, he did not possess a single shilling wherewith to pay his passage. To supply this desideratum, he instantly abandoned every other pursuit, and for four months laboured with incessant industry at his loom, confining the expense of his living during this time to one shilling in the week. The result of this perseverance and rigid economy was, that at the end of the period named, he found himself in possession of the requisite sum, but nothing more. With this he set out for Portpatrick on foot, crossed to Belfast, and there engaged a passage to America; and he arrived at New York on the 14th of July 1794, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and even these were borrowed from a fellow-passenger.

Up till this period, and indeed for several years after, Wilson exhibited no indications of a genius or even predilection for that particular department of natural history in which he afterwards acquired so brilliant a name; but it is said that, immediately after landing in America, and while proceeding from the place of his disembarkation to Newcastle, his attention was strongly excited by the specimens of the feathered inhabitants of the New World which he met with, and that he was particularly delighted with the splendour of the plumage of a red-headed woodpecker which he shot by the way. Whether or not his genius received on this occasion that bent which afterwards led to such splendid results, it is certain that he always retained a lively recollection of the feelings of surprise and delight with which he for the first time contemplated the beauties of the American woodpecker.

For many years after his arrival in America, Wilson's condition underwent but little improvement. He found there nearly the same difficulties to contend with, and prospects nearly equally cheerless, with those he had left behind him in his native land. The first employment he obtained was with a copperplate printer in Philadelphia; but this he soon relinquished, and betook him to his original trade, weaving. This he again resigned for the pack; but his success as a pedler was not sufficient to induce him to continue it, and he abandoned it also, and commenced teacher; making his first experiment in this laborious and somewhat precarious profession near the town of Frankford in Pennsylvania. While in this situation, he in a great measure repaired the defects of his early education, by close and unremitting study in various departments of science and knowledge; and, as has often been the case, by instructing others, he taught himself. He afterwards removed to Milestown, where he remained for several years, adding a little to the limited income arising from his school, by surveying land for farmers.

At the end of this period he applied for and obtained the appointment of schoolmaster of the Union School in the township of Kingsessing, within a few miles of Philadelphia; and it is from this period that his history in the pursuit of the bird creation commences, although he yet entertained that branch of natural history only in common with others, and by no means confined his studies to the feathered tribes. His attention was equally engrossed by a host of other animals; and his apartment, as described by himself, had the appearance of Noah's ark, being crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and other animals. Finding his ignorance of drawing a serious drawback in his new pursuit, he applied to the acquisition of this art with such diligence and determination of purpose, that he in a very short time succeeded in obtaining a command of the pencil that enabled him to sketch from nature with great fidelity and spirit. It was not, however, till the year 1803 that Wilson conceived the magnificent design of his *American Ornithology*, and even then his ideas on the subject fell very far short of the great work he afterwards achieved. At this period he contemplated little more than 'making a collection of the finest American birds,' as he himself writes to a friend in Paisley. Having mentioned his intention to some of his American friends, they endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting it, and, with a sincere regard for his interest, pointed out to him the formidable difficulties which he would have to encounter, and which appeared to them insurmountable. But they spoke in vain. Wilson's ardour and enthusiasm was more than a match for their prudence; and trusting to his own resources, he quietly but resolutely proceeded with his design; although—and it is a curious fact—when he began his stupendous work on *American Ornithology*, he did not know even the names of more than three or four of the American birds. But from this moment he devoted himself with a zeal and energy to the accomplishment of his enterprise which removed all obstacles as fast as they presented themselves, and swept away all difficulties as straws are swept away by the stream.

In October 1804, with his gun on his shoulder, he made the first of that series of perilous journeys through the wilds of America which he found it necessary to perform to obtain an accurate and intimate knowledge of the birds of the forest; and amidst privations and hardships which few men but himself would have voluntarily encountered, he completed a journey of twelve hundred miles on foot, through deep snows, boundless forests, deep and dangerous rivers, and over wild and desolate mountains. But the experience of this perilous and painful excursion, instead of damping his ardour, had the effect only of increasing it. In the spring of the following year, he had completed drawings of twenty-eight rare birds, and about this time also made an attempt to acquire the art of engraving on copper, thinking, in the devotedness of his enthusiasm, that he might, by diligence and perseverance, soon attain such a proficiency in this art as would enable him to execute the plates for his contemplated work; and he actually completed two: but when he had got this length, he became dissatisfied with the result of his labours, and abandoned the pursuit. At this period the general aspect of his affairs, and those, in particular, which related to his undertaking, were exceedingly gloomy. He was without means and without money, and was persevering in a course which his friends thought an imprudent one, and was therefore without even words of encouragement to cheer him on his way. But neither these disheartening considerations, nor any other, could deter him from prosecuting his great design. So far from being discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he declared that he would proceed with his plan even if it should cost him his life; and, in that noble spirit which belongs to true genius alone, exclaimed: 'I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished!'

At the close of the year 1805, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed to take part in an exploratory expedition which the American government was then about to send to the valley of the Mississippi. He addressed his application on this occasion to President Jefferson, stating to that functionary what he had done in the prosecution of his intended work on American ornithology, and representing the advantages which the being permitted to accompany the party would afford him in furthering his views. To this communication—from what cause is now unknown—he obtained no reply, and of course did not join the expedition. Soon after this, more cheering prospects presented themselves to the enterprising ornithologist. A Mr Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, who was about to print an edition of Rees's *Cyclopædia*, engaged Wilson, on what the latter himself called liberal terms, to superintend the publication of that work. But this connection presented another inducement to Wilson, and one which had infinitely greater attractions for him than any which related to his own personal advantage. This was the prospect it afforded him of procuring a publisher for his work; and so far he was not disappointed. On his explaining the nature and object of his undertaking, Mr Bradford readily consented to become his publisher; and in September 1808, the first volume of *American Ornithology* appeared, one of the most splendid books by far which had then emanated from the American press; but unfortunately the price was, though necessarily, much too high for a country comparatively in its infancy, and which had not then had time to turn its attention to the arts or sciences, or to acquire a sufficient taste for them to encourage such an expensive appeal on their behalf. The price of the work, when completed, was to be one hundred and twenty dollars. It is not, therefore, at all surprising to find that, even a considerable time after its publication, its ingenious, but in this respect certainly injudicious author could only boast of forty-one names on his list of subscribers. This number, however, he afterwards increased to two hundred and fifty, by travelling through the country, and visiting the different towns in quest of patrons; but these, he himself says, were obtained 'at a price worth more than five times the amount;' and they no doubt were so, if wounded feelings, fatigue of body and mind, and all the humiliations to which such a mission must of necessity have frequently subjected him, be taken into the account. From this tour he returned to New York in March 1809.

Two hundred copies only of the first volume of the *Ornithology* had been printed, but it was now thought advisable to throw off three hundred more; which was accordingly done: and in the meantime Wilson assiduously employed himself in preparing the second volume for the press, although he neither had yet benefited to the extent of a single dollar by the publication of his work, nor was likely to do so. The second volume appeared in January 1810; and immediately after its appearance, the author set out on another tour in quest of support and patronage. This time he penetrated into the western part of the States, or valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. At Pittsburg, he succeeded beyond his expectations in getting subscribers; and after ascertaining that the roads were such as to render a land journey impossible, he bought a small boat, which he named the *Ornithologist*, intending to proceed in it down the Ohio to Cincinnati, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Some advised him not to undertake the journey alone; but he had made up his mind, and only waited, exploring the woods in the interval, till the ice had left the stream. At length the time arrived for his departure on this inland voyage. His provision consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, given him by a gentleman in Pittsburg: one end of the boat was occupied by his trunk, greatcoat, and gun; and he had a small tin vessel, with which to bale his boat, and to drink the water of the Ohio. Thus equipped, he launched into the stream. The weather was calm, and the river like a mirror, except where fragments of ice were floating down. His heart expanded with delight at the novelty and wildness of the scene. The song of the red-bird in the deep forests on the shore, the smoke of the various sugar-camps rising gently along the mountains, and the little log-huts which here and there opened from the woods, gave an appearance of life to a landscape which would otherwise have been lonely and still. He could not consent to the slow motion of the river, which flowed two miles and a half an hour; he therefore stripped himself for the oar, and added three miles and a half to his speed. Our traveller's lodgings by night were less tolerable than his voyage, as he went down the desolate stream. The first night was passed in a log-cabin, fifty-two miles below Pittsburg, where he slept on a heap of straw.

Having reached Cincinnati, he there got a few subscribers for his work, and then proceeded to Louisville, where he sold his boat. He next walked a distance of seventy-two miles to Lexington, whence he travelled to Nashville, exploring on his journey some of the remarkable caverns of Kentucky. He had thoughts of extending his tour to St Louis; but after considering that it would detain him a month, and add four hundred miles to his journey, without perhaps adding a single subscriber to his list, he gave up the plan, and prepared for a passage through the wilderness towards New Orleans. He was strongly urged not to undertake it, and a thousand alarming representations of hardship and danger were set before him; but, as usual, he gave fears to the winds, and quietly made preparations for the way. He set out on the 4th of May, on horseback, with a pistol in each pocket, and a fowling-piece belted across his shoulder. During this adventurous journey he suffered severely from the heat of the sun and all the changes of the weather. His exposure by night and day brought on an illness which he with difficulty surmounted. He had occasion to travel among the Indians, who, it seems, treated him with great kindness; and though dreadfully worn out with fatigue, he enjoyed the journey very much. He reached New Orleans on the 6th of June, and shortly after embarked in a vessel for New York, and from thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 2d of August 1810.

Wilson now applied himself with unwearied industry to the preparation of the third volume of his *Ornithology*. At this time, he says that the number of birds which he had found, and which had not been noticed by any other naturalist, amounted to forty. Between this period and 1812 he made several other journeys throughout the country, partly with the view of promoting the sale of his publication, and partly to procure materials for his study, an object which he never lost sight of—seldom travelling, whatever might be the immediate or ostensible cause of his changing place, without his fowling-piece.

In the year above named, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which his merits were beginning to be held. This was his being chosen a member of the Society of Artists of the United States; and in the spring of the following year, he was admitted to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. But this extraordinary man was not destined to see either the completion of his meritorious labours, or to enjoy the triumph of achieving all that he designed. The excessive labour and fatigue of both body and mind to which he had for many years subjected himself, gradually undermined his constitution, and prepared it to yield to the first act of indiscretion to which it should be exposed; and this, unfortunately, now very soon occurred.

While sitting one day with a friend, he caught a glimpse from the window of a rare bird, for which he had long been vainly looking out. The instant he saw it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit of it, and after an arduous chase, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a violent cold; this was followed by dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten days. He died on the morning of the 23d August 1813, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of the Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia. A plain marble monument, with an inscription, intimating his age, the place and date of his birth, and of his death, marks the place of his sepulture.

Wilson had completed the seventh volume of his *Ornithology* before he died, and was engaged, when seized with his last illness, in collecting materials for the eighth. At this he laboured with an assiduity and unintermitting industry which called forth the remonstrances of his friends. His reply, while it seems to indicate a presentiment of his premature fate, is at the same time characteristic of his extraordinary enthusiasm and diligence. 'Life is short,' he would say on these occasions, 'and nothing can be done without exertion.' Nor is a wish, which he repeatedly expressed to a friend some time before his death, less characteristic of his amiable nature and deep admiration of the works of his Creator. This wish was, that he might be buried *where the birds might sing over his grave.*

His person is described as having been tall and handsome, rather slender than robust; his countenance expressive and thoughtful, and his eye intelligent. Unfortunately for himself, the speculation in which he engaged with so much ardour yielded him no remuneration; for he had committed the serious error of issuing his work on too expensive a scale. From the publication he derived no profits whatever; and the heavy expenses he had to incur in his journeys, as well as his ordinary outlays, were only paid by the wages he received in the capacity of colourer of his own plates. Of the many active men whose biographies are before the public, there is not, perhaps, one whose life presents such a heroic resolution in the pursuit of science as Wilson. Although this most indefatigable genius did not live to enjoy the reward of his diligence, he certainly anticipated what has come to pass—that his work would always be regarded as a subject of pride by his adopted country, as it certainly is by the country which gave him birth, and would secure a high degree of honour for him whose name it bears.

EXCURSION TO THE OREGON.

THE continent of North America is about three thousand miles across, from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and, after an interval of more than three centuries since the discovery and settlement of the country, the civilised races, who are chiefly of English origin, have still left the western half of the continent very sparsely, if at all, occupied. The progress of encroachment in the western wilderness, however, is now exceedingly rapid. Since the deliverance of the New England and other states from British control, the Anglo-Americans have evinced a singularly energetic spirit of migration towards what was, ninety years ago, an almost unknown land. Crossing the Alleghany range of mountains, from the Atlantic or old settled states, they have taken possession of the valley of the Mississippi, a tract as large as all Europe; and after reaching the head-waters of the Missouri and other tributaries of the Mississippi, have crossed the Rocky Mountains—'the Great Backbone of America,' as they have not inaptly been called—and taken possession of the basin of the Columbia, on the Pacific, a region known at the time of the following narrative as the Oregon; and southward from this have raised up in a few years the flourishing state of California.

This extension of the boundaries of civilisation over a country hitherto abandoned to roaming tribes of Indians and herds of wild animals, is one of the most remarkable facts in social history. Since the beginning of the present century, the population of the United

States has increased from four millions to thirty-eight millions ; and if the same rate of increase were to continue, by the close of the century the population would be about three hundred millions, all speaking the English language, and possessing institutions resembling our own. Yet, although the extension of the Anglo-American settlements has been comparatively rapid, it has not been effected without numerous difficulties. Those who first penetrated into the wilderness were usually parties of fur-traders ; and by these hardy pioneers, and the volunteer travellers who accompanied them, the way may be said to have been in some measure paved for the more formal visits of surveyors, and the new occupants of the country. The journeys of these pioneering parties were attended with many dangers. The setting out of an expedition resembled a caravan of pilgrims sallying forth across the African deserts ; civilisation was for months, perhaps for years, left behind ; no vestige of house or road was seen on the apparently interminable wastes ; journeying was performed only on horseback during the day, while repose was enjoyed in tents pitched for the night ; a constant outlook must be kept for prowling wild beasts, or the not less stealthy steps of the Pawnee Loup Indian : in short, all was wild nature, romantic enough, perhaps, to untamed minds, but, as we can imagine, altogether unendurable by persons accustomed to the quiet and orderly life of cities. Strange as it seems, however, there were highly cultivated individuals who, inspired by a love of science, or for the mere sake of sport, voluntarily made part of the fur-trading bands, consenting to remain for years from home, friends, and the world of refinement.

Believing that the account of one of these romantic expeditions cannot but be acceptable to our readers, we offer in the present sheet the history of an excursion performed some thirty-five years ago by Mr Townsend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, and his friend Professor Nuttall, of Howard University, an equally zealous botanist.* Being desirous of increasing the existing stock of knowledge in the departments of science to which they were respectively attached, these gentlemen agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia River and adjacent parts. The traders belonged to an association called the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company, and on this occasion they designed to fix a permanent branch establishment in the west.

On the evening of the 24th of March 1834, the two friends arrived in a steamboat at St Louis, on the Missouri, from Pittsburg. At St Louis, the last great town within the settlements, they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket-ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three hundred miles farther up the Missouri, Mr Townsend and his friend set off to amuse themselves by walking and hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely situated habitations of the frontier settlers.

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* The materials for the present account are drawn from *An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains*, by J. K. Townsend; a work published at Philadelphia in 1839.

One of the first indications of their approach to a wild country was the spectacle of a band of Indians of the Saque tribe, who were removing to new settlements. The men were fantastically painted, and the chief was distinguished by a profuse display of trinkets, and a huge necklace made of the claws of the grisly bear. The decorations of one of the women amused the two travellers. She was an old squaw, to whom was presented a broken umbrella. The only use she made of this prize was to wrench the plated ends from the whalebones, string them on a piece of wire, take her knife from her belt, with which she deliberately cut a slit of an inch in length along the upper rim of her ear, and insert them in it. The sight was as shocking to the feelings as it was grotesque; for the cheeks of the vain being were covered with blood as she stood with fancied dignity in the midst of twenty others, who evidently envied her the possession of the worthless baubles.

While pushing forward on the borders of the wilderness, the travellers one day arrived at the house of a kind of gentleman-settler, who, with his three daughters, vied in shewing kindness to their visitors. 'The girls,' says Mr Townsend, 'were very superior to most that I had seen in Missouri, although somewhat touched with the awkward bashfulness and prudery which generally characterise the prairie maidens. They had lost their mother when young, and having no companions out of the domestic circle, and consequently no opportunity of aping the manners of the world, were perfect children of nature. Their father, however, had given them a good plain education, and they had made some proficiency in needlework, as was evinced by numerous neatly worked samplers hanging in wooden frames round the room.' Some little curiosity and astonishment was excited in the minds of the unsophisticated girls when they were informed that their two guests were undertaking a long and difficult journey across the prairies—one of them for the purpose of shooting and stuffing birds, the other for the purpose of obtaining plants to preserve between leaves of paper; but at last they began to perceive that probably there was some hidden utility in these seemingly idle pursuits; and the last words of the eldest Miss P—— to our ornithologist at parting were: 'Do come again, and come in May or June, for then there are plenty of prairie-hens, and you can shoot as many as you want, and you must stay a long while with us, and we'll have nice times. Good-bye; I'm so sorry you're going.' Miss P——, in promising an abundance of prairie-hens, evidently did not perceive in what respect an ornithologist differed from a sportsman; but her invitation was kindly meant; and Mr Townsend promised, that if ever he visited

Missouri again, he would go a good many miles out of his way to see her and her sisters. The next resting-place which our traveller describes was very different from Mr P——'s comfortable and cheerful house. It was a *hotel*, for which a pigsty would have been a more appropriate name. Everything and everybody were dirty, disobliging, and disagreeable; and after staying one night, the travellers refusing the landlord's invitation to *liquorise* with him, departed without waiting for breakfast.

In the case of our travellers, however, one of the last impressions left upon them before fairly entering the wilderness was of a more agreeable and suitable description. 'In about an hour and a half,' says Mr Townsend, 'we arrived at Fulton, a pretty little town, and saw the villagers in their holiday clothes parading along to church. The bell at that moment sounded, and the peal gave rise to many reflections. It might be long ere I should hear the sound of the "church-going bell" again. I was on my way to a far, far country, and I did not know that I should ever be permitted to revisit my own. I felt that I was leaving the scenes of my childhood—the spot which had witnessed all the happiness I ever knew, the home where all my affections were centered. I was entering a land of strangers, and would be compelled hereafter to mingle with those who might look upon me with indifference, or treat me with neglect.'

The travellers, tired of their long journey on foot, waited at a small village on the Missouri till their companions and baggage should come up. The steamer arrived on the 9th of April, and the two pedestrians having gone on board, it was soon puffing up the river at the rate of seven miles an hour. In four days they reached the small town of Independence, the outermost Anglo-American post, and disembarking, they began to prepare for their long and venturesome journey. Mr Townsend here introduces a description of the company, about fifty in all.

There were amongst the men to compose the caravan a great variety of dispositions. Some, who had not been accustomed to the kind of life they were to lead, looked forward to it with eager delight, and talked of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Others, who were more experienced, seemed to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some were evidently reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships; many were almost as rough as the grisly bear, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they were fond of boasting; but the majority were strong able-bodied men. During the day, the captain kept all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c., there were thousands of trinkets of various kinds, beads, paint, bells, rings, and such-like trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them.

The bales were usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse was to carry two. Captain Wyeth insured the goodwill and obedience of the men by his affable but firm manner, and shewed himself every way suitable for his very important mission. In the company there were also five missionaries, the principal of whom, Mr Jason Lee, was 'a tall and powerful man, who looked as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country.' Before setting out, they were joined also by Mr Milton Sublette, a trader and trapper of several years' standing, who intended to travel a part of the way with them. Mr Sublette brought with him about twenty trained hunters, 'true as the steel of their tried blades,' who had more than once gone over the very track which the caravan intended to pursue—a reinforcement which was very welcome to Captain Wyeth and his party.

THE CARAVAN SETS OUT.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment and gay and lively songs constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night anything but pleasant. The description given of a nightly camp is interesting. 'The party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an "old hand") receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c. for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. Our camp now consists of nine messes, of which Captain Wyeth's forms one, although it contains only four persons besides the cook. When we arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment, Captain Wyeth rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner as in case of need to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way, the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and *all's well* every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation, which if any one should fail to do, it is fair to conclude that he is asleep, and he is then immediately visited and stirred up. In case of defection of this kind, our laws adjudge to the delinquent the hard sentence of walking three days. As yet, none of our poor fellows have incurred this penalty, and the probability is, that it would not at this time be enforced, as we are yet in a country where little molestation is to be apprehended; but in the course of another week's travel, when thieving and ill-designing Indians will be out, lying on our trail, it will be necessary that the strictest watch be kept; and for the preservation of our persons and property, that our laws shall be rigidly enforced.'

For about a fortnight the caravan proceeded without any very remarkable incident occurring. The cook of the mess to which Mr Townsend belonged decamped one night, having no doubt become tired of the expedition, and determined to go back to the settlements. The man himself was little missed; but he had taken a rifle, powder-horn, and shot-pouch along with him, and these articles were precious. In a few days after, three other men deserted, likewise carrying rifles with them. In the course of the fortnight the caravan passed through several villages of the Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little, giving bacon and tobacco in exchange for hides. These Indians do not appear, on the whole, to have been very favourable specimens of the American aborigines. The men had many of them fine countenances, but the women were very homely. The following is a description of one of their chiefs: 'In the evening the principal Kanzas chief paid us a visit in our tent. He is a young man about twenty-five years of age, straight as a poplar, and with a noble countenance and bearing; but he appeared to me to be marvellously deficient in most of the requisites which go to make the character of a *real* Indian chief, at least of such Indian chiefs as we read of in our popular books. I begin to suspect, in truth, that these lofty and dignified attributes are more apt to exist in the fertile brain of the novelist than in reality. Be this as it may, *our* chief is a very lively, laughing, and rather playful personage; perhaps he may put on his dignity, like a glove, when it suits his convenience.'

On the 8th of May the party had a misfortune in the loss of Mr Milton Sublette, who, owing to a fungus in one of his legs, was obliged to return to the settlements. On the afternoon of next day, the party crossed a broad Indian trail, bearing northerly, supposed to be about five days old, and to have been made by a war-party of Pawnees. Hoping to escape these formidable enemies of the white man, the party pushed on, but not without occasional mishaps; at one time the horses ran away, and had to be chased for a whole night, and even when the labour of the chase was over, three were irrecoverably lost; at another time half of the party were drenched crossing a wide creek full of black mud, which the men had to flounder through on horseback. The weather, too, was becoming intolerably warm. They had frequently been favoured with fresh breezes, which made it very agreeable; but the moment these failed, they were almost suffocated with intense heat. Their rate of travelling was about twenty miles per day, which in this warm weather, and with heavily burdened horses, was as much as could be accomplished with comfort to the travellers and their animals.

The general aspect, however, of the country through which they were travelling was exceedingly beautiful. 'The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to "welcome back the spring." The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—grosbeaks, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carollings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful. The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness.'

One morning the scouts came in with the intelligence that they had found a large trail of white men bearing north-west. Captain Wyeth and his party concluded that this was another caravan belonging to a rival trading company, and that it had passed them noiselessly in the course of the night, in order to be beforehand with them in traffic with the Indian tribes through which they were passing. The party grumbled a little at the unfriendly conduct of the rival caravan in stealing a march upon them; but consoled themselves by making the reflection, that competition is the soul of commerce, and that, in the same circumstances, they would, in all probability, have acted in the same way. While discussing the affair at breakfast, three Indians, of a tribe called the Ottos, made their appearance. These visitors were suspected of being concerned in the loss of the three horses mentioned above; but as the crime could not be brought home to them by any kind of evidence, they were received in a friendly manner; and, as usual, the pipe of peace was smoked with them.

'While these people,' says Mr Townsend, 'were smoking the pipe of peace with us after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter (an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact an exact counterpart of Hawk-eye in his younger days), stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

'Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calumet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him now and then cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbour; but expression there was none. His large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapour wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

'The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct. "Why," said he, "that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte River—just a short distance beyond us here—I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No; I should have nothing; and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And," continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, "that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I 'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man." "But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?" "To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes." "But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you." ".Why, set to trappin' prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. "But squirrels in winter, Richardson! I never heard of squirrels in winter." "Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow."' Such is a trait of human nature in these far western regions.

On the 18th of May the party reached the Platte River, one of the streams which pour their waters into the Missouri. Wolves and antelopes were abundant in the neighbourhood of the river, and herons and long-billed curlews were stalking about in the shallows, searching for food. The prairie is here as level as a race-course, not the slightest undulation appearing throughout the whole extent of vision in a northerly and westerly direction; but to the eastward of the river, and about eight miles from it, was seen a range of high bluffs, or sand-banks, stretching away to the south-east till lost in the far distance. The travellers were not less struck with the solemn grandeur of the apparently boundless prairie, than with the sight of its surface, which was in many places incrusted with an impure salt, seemingly a combination of the sulphate and muriate of soda: there were also seen a number of little pools, of only a few inches in depth, scattered over the plain, the water of which was so bitter and pungent, that it seemed to penetrate into the tongue, and almost to take the skin from the mouth. Next morning the party were alarmed with the appearance of two men on horseback, hovering on their path at a great distance. On looking at them with a telescope, they were discovered to be Indians, and on their approach it was found they belonged to a large band of the Grand Pawnee tribe, who were on a war excursion, and encamped at about thirty miles' distance. Having got rid of these suspicious visitors, the party moved rapidly forward in an altered direction, and did not slacken their pace till twelve o'clock at night. After a brief rest, they again went on, travelling steadily the whole day, and so got quite clear of the Grand Pawnees.

The travellers were now proceeding across one of the large central prairies of North America, and were, as they reckoned, within three days' journey of the buffalo region; that is, the region haunted by herds of buffalo. The uninitiated of the party, who for a good many days past had been listening to the spirit-stirring accounts given by the old hunters of their sport in the buffalo region, began to grow impatient for the first sight of this animal, the tenant of the prairies. At length, on the afternoon of the 20th, they came in sight of a large gang of the long-coveted buffalo. They were grazing on the opposite side of the Platte, as quietly as domestic cattle; but as they neared them, the foremost *winded* the travellers, and started back, and the whole herd followed in the wildest confusion, and were soon out of sight. There must have been many thousands of them. Towards evening a large band of elk came on at full gallop, and passed very near the party. The appearance of these animals produced a singular effect upon the horses, all of which became restive, and about half of the loose ones broke away, and scoured over the plain in full chase after the elk. Captain Wyeth and several of his men went immediately in pursuit of them, and returned late at night, bringing the greater number. Two had, however, been lost irrecoverably. By an observation, the latitude was found to be 40 degrees 31 minutes north, and the computed distance from the Missouri settlements about 360 miles.

The day following, the party saw several small herds of buffalo on their side of the river. Two of the hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses. Away went the buffalo, and away went the men as hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat, raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen leaf, and fell on his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted; he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned; and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling from their lairs.

This is the most common mode of killing the buffalo, and is practised very generally by the travelling hunters: many are also destroyed by approaching them on foot, when, if the bushes are sufficiently dense, or the grass high enough to afford concealment, the hunter, by keeping carefully to leeward of his game, may sometimes approach so near as almost to touch the animal. If on a plain without grass or bushes, it is necessary to be very circumspect; to approach so slowly as not to excite alarm, and when observed by the animal, to imitate dexterously the clumsy motions of a young bear, or assume the sneaking prowling attitude of a wolf, in order to lull suspicion. The Indians resort to another stratagem, which is perhaps even more successful. The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelops himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and without noise passes an arrow through its heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound, lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffalos in this way before any alarm is communicated to the herd.

Towards evening, on ascending a hill, the party were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest amongst them. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. The scene, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river-bank, there was apparently no gap in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. The party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls, which are always stationed around as sentinels, began pawing the ground and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow clumsy canter, but as the hunters neared them, they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few minutes were entirely beyond the reach of their guns, but were still so near that their enormous horns and long shaggy beards were very distinctly seen. Shortly after encamping, the hunters brought in the choice parts of five that they had killed.

Of the animals belonging to those vast herds which the hunters kill, only a small portion is usually taken for food. Mr Townsend and two of his associates having killed a bull buffalo, they proceeded to cut it up in the following approved manner: The animal was first raised from his side where he had lain, and supported upon his knees, with his hoofs turned under him; a longitudinal incision was then made from the nape or anterior base of the hump, and continued backward to the loins, and a large portion of the skin from each side removed; these pieces of skin were placed upon the ground, with the under surface uppermost, and the fleeces, or masses of meat taken from along the back, were laid upon them. These fleeces, from a large animal, will weigh perhaps a hundred pounds each, and comprise the whole of the hump on each side of the vertical processes (commonly called the hump ribs), which are attached to the vertebræ. The fleeces are considered the choice parts of the buffalo, and here, where the game is so abundant, nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone. This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless compelled to be so by necessity? The food of the hunters consists for months of nothing but this kind of buffalo-meat, roasted, and cold water—no bread of any kind. On this rude fare they enjoyed the best health, clear heads, and high spirits.

One night shortly after their first encounter with the buffalo, Mr Townsend entering his tent about eleven o'clock, after having served as a supernumerary watch for several hours, was stooping to lay his gun in its usual place at the head of his couch, when he was startled by seeing a pair of eyes, wild and bright as those of a tiger, gleaming from a dark corner of the lodge, and evidently directed upon him. 'My first impression,' he says, 'was that a wolf had been lurking around the camp, and had entered the tent in the prospect of finding meat. My gun was at my shoulder instinctively, my aim was directed between the eyes, and my finger pressed the trigger. At that moment a tall Indian sprang before me with a loud *wah!* seized the gun, and elevated the muzzle above my head; in another instant a second Indian was by my side, and I saw his keen knife glitter as it left the scabbard. I had not time for thought, and was struggling with all my might with the first savage for the recovery of my weapon, when Captain Wyeth and the other inmates of the tent were aroused, and the whole matter was explained, and set at rest in a moment. The Indians were chiefs of the tribe of Pawnee Loups, who had come with their young men to shoot buffalo: they had paid an evening visit to the captain, and, as an act of courtesy, had been invited to sleep in the tent. I had not known of their arrival, nor did I even suspect that Indians were in our neighbourhood, so could not control the alarm which their sudden appearance occasioned me. These Indians,' continues Mr Townsend, 'were the finest-looking of any I had seen. Their persons were tall, straight, and finely formed; their noses slightly aquiline, and the whole countenance expressive of high and daring intrepidity. The face of the taller one was particularly admirable, and Gall or Spurzheim, at a single glance at his magnificent head, would have invested him with all the noblest qualities of the species. I know not what a physiognomist would have said of his eyes, but they were certainly the most wonderful I ever looked into—glittering and scintillating constantly, like the mirror-glasses in a lamp-frame, and rolling and dancing in their orbits as though possessed of abstract volition.'

APPROACH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

As the party, leaving the Pawnees and the buffalo behind, began to approach the mountain district, the country altered its appearance greatly for the worse. They were now on a great sandy waste, forming a kind of upper table-land of North America—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black Hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind River Mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage; and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

Occasionally, however, a green spot did occur, where the jaded horses were allowed to halt, to roam about without their riders, and to tumble joyfully on the verdant sward; and as these *oases* always abounded in birds and plants, our two naturalists were loath to leave them. Nor was their journey through the inhospitable region of the hills devoid of incidents to vary the monotony of the way, and provoke hearty laughs from the whole party. One afternoon, one of the men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grisly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame among some willows which skirted the river, and, approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and, with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover, and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was severely contested—the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels; while the equally terrified rider, who had lost his hat at the start, used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear: 'Shoot him! shoot him!' The man, who was a young hunter, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his pitiable cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After the bear had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon despatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grisly bears.

On the 19th of June, the party arrived on the Green River, or Colorado of the west, which they forded, and encamped upon a spot which was to form a rendezvous for all the mountain companies who left the States in spring, and also the trappers who come from various parts with furs collected by them during the previous year.

Our traveller relates a misfortune which happened to him here. Having sallied forth with his gun, and wandered about for several hours shooting birds, he found, on returning to the camp, that his party had quitted the spot. In pursuing their track, he had to swim his horse across a deep and swift stream. After coming up with the party, he was congratulating himself on his escape from being drowned, when he found that he had lost his coat. 'I had felt,' he says, 'uncomfortably warm when I mounted, and had removed the coat and attached it carelessly to the saddle; the rapidity of the current had disengaged it, and it was lost for ever. The coat itself was not of much consequence after the hard service it had seen, but it contained the second volume of my journal, a pocket compass, and other articles of essential value to me. I would gladly have relinquished everything the garment held, if I could but have recovered the book; and although I returned to the river, and searched assiduously until night, and offered large rewards to the men, it could not be found.'

The loss of his journal, however, was not the only bad consequence of his river adventure. The ducking he had received brought on a fever, which confined him to his tent for several days. It was well for him that they had now arrived at the rendezvous where the caravans always make some stay before proceeding on the remainder of their journey. Still, according to Mr Townsend's account of the encampment, it was scarcely the best hospital for an invalid. As there were several other encampments stationed on the spot—among others that of the party of rival traders which had passed Captain Wyeth's party on the road—the encampment was constantly crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of visitors. 'The principal of these are Indians of the Nez Percé, Banneck, and Shoshoné tribes, who come with the furs and peltries which they have been collecting at the risk of their lives during the past winter and spring, to trade for ammunition, trinkets, and fire-water. There is, in addition to these, a great variety of personages amongst us; most of them calling themselves white men, French-Canadians, half-breeds, &c., their colour nearly as dark, and their manners wholly as wild, as the Indians with whom they constantly associate. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping, and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carabines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. A more unpleasant situation for an invalid could scarcely be conceived. I am confined closely to the tent with illness, and am compelled all day to listen to the hiccoughing jargon of drunken traders, and the swearing and screaming of our own men, who are scarcely less savage than the rest, being heated by the detestable liquor which circulates freely among them. It is very much to be regretted that at times like the present there should be a positive necessity to allow the men as much rum as they can drink; but this course has been sanctioned and practised by all the leaders of parties who have hitherto visited these regions, and reform cannot be thought of now. The principal liquor in use is alcohol diluted with water. It is sold to the men at *three dollars* the pint! Tobacco, of very inferior quality, such as could be purchased in Philadelphia at about ten cents per pound, here fetches two dollars! and everything else in proportion. There is no coin in circulation, and these articles are therefore paid for by the independent mountain-men in beaver-skins, buffalo robes, &c.; and those who are hired to the companies have them charged against their wages. I was somewhat amused by observing one of our newly-hired men enter the tent and order, with the air of a man who knew he would not be refused, twenty dollars' worth of rum and ten dollars' worth of sugar, to treat two of his companions who were about leaving the rendezvous.'

At the rendezvous a number of men belonging to Captain Wyeth's party left it to join returning parties; but the diminution of numbers thus occasioned was made up for by the accession of about thirty Indians—Flatheads, Nez Percés, and others, with their wives, children, and dogs. These Indians joined the party in order to enjoy the benefit of its convoy through the tract of country infested by the Blackfeet Indians—a fierce and warlike race, the terror both of Indians and whites. Here also the party was joined by two English gentlemen roaming the prairies for amusement. At length, on the 2d of July, the party bade adieu to the rendezvous, packed up their movables, and journeyed along the bank of the river. The horses were much recruited by the long rest and good pasture, and, like their masters, were in excellent spirits for renewing the route across the wilderness.

They had now reached the confines of the Rocky Mountains, from which originate the upper tributaries of the Missouri on the one side, and those of the Columbia on the other. The plains in this high region are more rugged and barren than in the lower territories, and occasionally present evidences of volcanic action, being thickly covered with masses of lava and high basaltic crags. The principal vegetation on the hills consists of small cedars, while on the plains nothing flourishes but the shrubby wormwood or sage. Mr Townsend had an opportunity, in these melancholy wastes, of becoming acquainted with a variety of animals, particularly birds. He met with flocks of a beautiful bird, called the cock of the plain (*Tetrao urophasianus*), which was so very tame, or rather so little accustomed to evil treatment, as to mingle familiarly with the cavalcade, and to suffer itself to be knocked down by whips.

On the 10th of July, the party encamped near the Blackfeet River, a small sluggish stagnant stream which empties itself into the Bear River. Here they had a rather stirring adventure with a grisly bear. 'As we approached our encampment,' says Mr Townsend, 'near a small grove of willows on the margin of the river, a tremendous grisly bear rushed out upon us. Our horses ran wildly in every direction, snorting with terror, and became nearly unmanageable. Several balls were instantly fired into him, but they only seemed to increase his fury. After spending a moment in rending each wound (their invariable practice), he selected the person who happened to be nearest, and darted after him; but before he proceeded far, he was sure to be stopped again by a ball from another quarter. In this way he was driven about amongst us for perhaps fifteen minutes, at times so near some of the horses that he received several severe kicks from them. One of the pack-horses was fairly fastened upon by the fearful claws of the brute, and in the terrified animal's efforts to escape the dreaded gripe, the pack and saddle were broken to pieces and disengaged. One of our mules also lent him a kick in the head while pursuing it up an adjacent hill, which sent him rolling to the bottom. Here he was finally brought to a stand. The poor animal was so completely surrounded by enemies that he became bewildered; he raised himself upon his hind-feet, standing almost erect, his mouth partly open, and from his protruding tongue the blood fell fast in drops. While in this position he received about six more balls, each of which made him reel. At last, as in complete desperation, he dashed into the water and swam several yards with astonishing strength and agility, the guns cracking at him constantly. But he was not to proceed far; for just then Richardson, who had been absent, rode up, and fixing his deadly aim upon him, fired a ball into the back of his head, which killed him instantly. The strength of four men was required to drag the ferocious brute from the water; and upon examining his body, he was found completely riddled; there did not appear to be four inches of his shaggy person, from the hips upward, that had not received a ball; there must have been at least thirty shots fired at him, and probably few missed; yet such was his tenacity of life, that I have no doubt he would have succeeded in crossing the river but for the last shot in the brain. He would probably weigh at the least six hundred pounds, and was about the height of an ordinary steer. The spread of the foot laterally was ten inches, and the claws measured seven inches in length. This animal was remarkably lean; when in good condition he would doubtless much exceed in weight the estimate I have given. Richardson and two other hunters in company killed two in the course of the afternoon, and saw several others.'

Although it was known that parties of Blackfeet were hanging on the route of the caravan, our travellers fortunately escaped being attacked by these dreaded Indians; and on the 14th, having reached the banks of the fine large Shoshoné or Snake, also called Lewis River, they came to a halt for the purpose of erecting a fort, according to their instructions, and also of enjoying a rest of a fortnight or three weeks before renewing their journey. Nearly four months had now elapsed since they had commenced their expedition, and there were various evidences that they were approaching its close. The Snake River, on the banks of which they were encamped, pours its waters directly into the Columbia, and as they tried to form some idea of the great Oregon River from the size of its tributary, it became evident that they were approaching the western shore of the vast North American continent.

Food, however, was becoming scarce, the stock of dried buffalo-meat being nearly exhausted; and therefore, while the majority of the party should remain to build a fort on the banks of the Snake River, it was resolved that a hunting-party of twelve persons should start on the back track to shoot buffalo, and return to the fort in eight or nine days with the fruits of their diligence. To this party Mr Townsend attached himself. The hunters were successful in procuring buffalo, on which they now entirely fed, besides bringing a quantity in a dried state to the camp. Exposed constantly to the pure air, and having abundant exercise, the appetites of the party were most ravenous. Rising in the morning with the sun, they kindled a fire and roasted their breakfast, which consisted of from one to two pounds of meat. At ten o'clock they lunched on meat; at two they dined on meat; at five they supped on meat; at eight they had a second supper of meat; and during the night, when they awoke, they took a snatch at any meat within reach. Their food was thus entirely meat, without bread or any other article except water, which was their sole beverage. On this plain and substantial fare they enjoyed robust health.

Having heard that a ball in the middle of the forehead was never known to kill a buffalo, Mr Townsend determined to try the experiment. Accordingly, one evening, seeing a large bull close at hand, he sallied forth with the utmost caution in the direction of his victim. 'The unwieldy brute,' he says, 'was quietly and unsuspiciously cropping the herbage, and I had arrived to within ten feet of him, when a sudden flashing of the eye and an impatient motion told me that I was observed. He raised his enormous head and looked around him, and so truly terrible and grand did he appear, that I must confess I felt awed, almost frightened, at the task I had undertaken. But I had gone too far to retreat; so, raising my gun, I took deliberate aim at the bushy centre of the forehead, and fired. The monster shook his head, pawed up the earth with his hoofs, and making a sudden spring, accompanied by a terrific roar, turned to make his escape. At that instant the ball from the second barrel penetrated his vitals, and he measured his huge length upon the ground. In a few seconds he was dead. Upon examining the head, and cutting away the enormous mass of matted hair and skin which enveloped the skull, my large bullet of twenty to the pound was found completely flattened against the bone, having carried with it, through the interposing integument, a considerable portion of the coarse hair, but without producing the smallest fracture. I was satisfied; and taking the tongue—the hunter's perquisite—I returned to my companions.'

Some of the party had seen Blackfeet Indians skulking about, and the effect was to put the hunters more on their guard. They were now certain that their worst enemies, the Blackfeet, were around them, and that they only waited for a favourable opportunity of making an attack. It was felt that these savage wanderers were not there for nothing, and that the greatest care was necessary to prevent a surprise.

The Blackfeet is a sworn and determined foe to all white men, and he has often been heard to declare that he would rather hang the scalp of a pale-face to his girdle, than kill a buffalo to prevent his starving. The hostility of this dreaded tribe is, and has for years been, proverbial. They are, perhaps, the only Indians who do not fear the power, and who refuse to acknowledge the superiority of the white man; and though so often beaten in conflicts with them, even by their own mode of warfare, and generally with numbers vastly inferior, their indomitable courage and perseverance still urges them on to renewed attempts; and if a single scalp is taken, it is considered equal to a great victory, and is hailed as a presage of future and more extensive triumphs.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this determined hostility does not originate solely in savage malignity, or an abstract thirst for the blood of white men; it is fomented and kept alive from year to year by incessant provocatives on the part of white hunters, trappers, and traders, who are at best but intruders on the rightful domain of the red man of the wilderness. 'Many a night,' adds our traveller, 'have I sat at the camp-fire and listened to the recital of bloody and ferocious scenes, in which the narrators were the actors, and the poor Indians the victims; and I have felt my blood tingle with shame, and boil with indignation, to hear the diabolical acts applauded by those for whose amusement they were related. Many a precious villain and merciless marauder was made by these midnight tales of rapine, murder, and robbery; many a stripling, in whose tender mind the seeds of virtue and honesty had never germinated, burned for an opportunity of loading his pack-horse with the beaver-skins of some solitary Blackfeet trapper, who was to be murdered and despoiled of the property he had acquired by weeks and perhaps months of toil and danger.'

The proximity of the Blackfeet caused the old hunters to recollect their former adventures in the same neighbourhood; and one evening, as the party sat around the camp-fire, wrapped in their warm blankets, these old hunters became talkative, and related their individual adventures for the general amusement. The best story was one told by Richardson of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. To lighten his horse, he immediately threw off the meat he carried, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles and a good stock of ammunition.

Having now procured a sufficient quantity of buffalo-meat, the hunting-party set out on its return to the fort, and arrived there on the 25th, after nine days' absence. Their return had been anxiously expected, and 'I could well perceive,' says Mr Townsend, 'many a longing and eager gaze cast upon the well-filled bales of buffalo-meat as our mules swung their little bodies through the camp. My companion, Mr Nuttall, had become so exceedingly thin that I could scarcely have known him; and upon my expressing surprise at the great change in his appearance, he heaved a sigh of inanity, and remarked that I "would have been as thin as he, if I had lived on old bear for two weeks, and short allowance of that." I found, in truth, that the whole camp had been subsisting during our absence on little else than two or three grisly bears which had been killed in the neighbourhood; and with a complacent glance at my own rotund and cow-fed person, I wished my poor friend better luck for the future.'

Another travelling company had encamped on the banks of the Snake River during the absence of the hunting-party. It consisted of thirty men, thirteen of them Indians, Nez Percés, Chinooks, and Kayouse, the remainder French-Canadians and half-breeds. Mr M'Kay, the leader of this company, was the son of Mr Alexander M'Kay, one of the early adventurers across the prairies, the tragical story of whose massacre by the Indians on the north-west coast is told by Washington Irving in his *Astoria*. Mr Townsend gives an interesting description of this company and its captain. 'On the evening of the 26th,' he says, 'Captain Wyeth, Mr Nuttall, and myself supped with Mr M'Kay in his lodge. I am much pleased with this gentleman; he unites the free, frank, and open manners of the mountain man with the grace and affability of the Frenchman. But above all, I admire the order, decorum, and strict subordination which exists among his men; so different from what I have been accustomed to see in parties composed of Americans. Mr M'Kay assures me that he had considerable difficulty in bringing his men to the state in which they now are. The free and fearless Indian was particularly difficult to subdue; but steady determined perseverance and bold measures, aided by a rigid self-example, made them as clay in his hand, and has finally reduced them to their present admirable condition. If they misbehave, a commensurate punishment is sure to follow. In extreme cases, flagellation is resorted to, but it is inflicted only by the hand of the captain; were any other appointed to perform this office on an Indian, the indignity would be deemed so great that nothing less than the blood of the individual could appease the wounded feelings of the savage. After supper was concluded, we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced a harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled—that of worshipping the "Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water," and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but "one tongue," they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

'After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same position of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast, commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha-ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly Father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, was truly affecting and very impressive.

'The next day being the Sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr M'Kay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher kneeled, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions as to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before, but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene: it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce.'

After having completed the fort, and raised the American flag upon it, the party on the 6th of August recommenced their journey westward, leaving some men in charge of the building. The company consisted now but of thirty men, several Indian women, and one hundred and sixteen horses. Having left most of the fresh buffalo-meat brought in by the hunting-party in the fort for the subsistence of the small garrison, they had to be contented with the old dry meat they had carried for many weeks in their hampers, varied with the flesh of a grisly bear, or any such animal which good fortune might send across their path. Nor was this the worst, for on the very day after leaving the fort, having travelled from sunrise over an arid plain covered with jagged masses of lava and twisted wormwood bushes, and where not a drop of water was to be seen, they began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. Every man kept a bullet or smooth stone in his mouth, mumbling it to provoke the saliva. At last one of the men, a mulatto, 'cast himself resolutely from his horse to the ground, and declared that he would lie there till he died; "there was no water in this horrid country, and he might as well die here as go farther." Some of us tried to infuse a little courage into him, but it proved of no avail, and each was too much occupied with his own particular grief to use his tongue much in persuasion; so we left him to his fate.

'Soon after nightfall, some signs of water were seen in a small valley to our left, and upon ascending it, the foremost of the party found a delightful little cold spring; but they soon exhausted it, and then commenced, with axes and knives, to dig it out and enlarge it. By the time that Mr Nuttall and myself arrived, they had excavated a large space, which was filled to overflowing with muddy water. We did not wait for it to settle, however, but throwing ourselves flat upon the ground, drank until we were ready to burst. The tales which I had read of suffering travellers in the Arabian deserts then recurred with some force to my recollection, and I thought I could, though in a very small measure, appreciate their sufferings by deprivation, and their unmingled delight and satisfaction in the opportunity of assuaging them.

'Poor Jim, the mulatto man, was found by one of the people who went back in search of him lying where he had first fallen, and, either in a real or pretended swoon, still obstinate about dying, and scarcely heeding the assurances of the other that water was within a mile of him. He was, however, at length dragged and carried into camp, and soused head foremost into the mud-puddle, where he drank until his eyes seemed ready to burst from his head, and he was lifted out, and laid dripping and flaccid upon the ground.'

The ground over which the party was travelling was becoming more and more rugged and rocky. They entered a defile between the mountains, about five hundred yards wide, covered like the surrounding country with pines; and as they proceeded, the timber grew so closely, added to a thick undergrowth of bushes, that it appeared almost impossible to proceed with their horses. The farther they advanced the more their difficulties seemed to increase; obstacles of various kinds impeded their progress—fallen trees, their branches tangled and matted together; large rocks and deep ravines; holes in the ground, into which their animals would be precipitated without the possibility of avoiding them; and a hundred other difficulties.

After travelling for six miles through this defile, two of the party, Captain Wyeth and the experienced hunter Richardson, set out to explore the foreground, and look for a pass through the mountains. They returned next morning with the mortifying intelligence that no pass could be found. They had climbed to the very summit of the highest peaks above the snow and the reach of vegetation, and the only prospect they had was a confused mass of huge angular rocks, over which a wild goat could scarcely make his way. The captain also had a narrow escape from being dashed to pieces during the excursion. He was walking on a ridge which sloped from the top at an angle of about forty degrees, and terminated at its lower part in a perpendicular precipice of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. He was moving along in the snow cautiously, near the lower edge, in order to attain a more level spot beyond, when his feet slipped and he fell. Before he could attempt to fix himself firmly, he slid down the declivity till within a few feet of the frightful precipice. At the instant of his fall, he had the presence of mind to plant the rifle which he held in one hand, and his knife which he drew from the scabbard with the other, into the snow, and as he almost tottered on the verge, he succeeded in checking himself, and holding his body perfectly still. He then gradually moved, first the rifle and then the knife, backward up the slanting hill behind him, and fixing them firmly, drew up his body parallel to them. In this way he moved slowly and surely until he had gained his former position, when, without further difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the more level land.

Disappointed in finding a pass through the mountains at this point, the party altered the bearing of their route, and at last they came upon the remains of a recent encampment of Indians. Following the trail of these Indians, they entered a valley similar to that which they had just explored, and terminating in a path over the mountains. Mr Townsend thus describes their toilsome march across these heights. 'The commencement of the alpine path was, however, far better than we had expected, and we entertained the hope that the passage could be made without difficulty or much toil; but the farther we progressed, the more laborious the travelling became. Sometimes we mounted steep banks of intermingled flinty rock and friable slate, where our horses could scarcely obtain a footing, frequently sliding down several feet on the loose broken stones. Again we passed along the extreme verge of tremendous precipices at a giddy height, where at almost every step the stones and earth would roll from under our horses' feet, and we could hear them strike with a dull leaden sound on the craggy rocks below. The whole journey to-day, from the time we arrived at the heights until we had crossed the mountain, has been a most fearful one. For myself, I might have diminished the danger very considerably by adopting the plan pursued by the rest of the company, that of walking and leading my horse over the most dangerous places; but I have been suffering for several days with a lame foot, and am wholly incapable of such exertion. I soon discovered that an attempt to guide my horse over the most rugged and steepest ranges was worse than useless, so I dropped the rein upon the animal's neck, and allowed him to take his own course, closing my eyes and keeping as quiet as possible in the saddle. But I could not forbear starting occasionally when the feet of my horse would slip on a stone, and one side of him would slide rapidly towards the edge of the precipice; but I always recovered myself by a desperate effort, and it was fortunate for me that I did so.'

The party continued its march for several days through this rugged and inhospitable region, coming into occasional contact with parties of the Snake Indians, and subsisting on the kamas, a kind of root resembling the potato, which is found in the prairie; on cherries, berries, and small fruit, which they found growing on bushes; and also on an occasional chance prize of animal food. 'At about daylight on the morning of the 20th,' says Mr Townsend, 'having charge of the last guard of the night, I observed a beautiful sleek little colt, of about four months old, trot into the camp, whinnying with great apparent pleasure, and dancing and curveting gaily amongst our sober and sedate band. I had no doubt that he had strayed from Indians, who were probably in the neighbourhood; but as here every animal that comes near us is fair game, and as we were hungry, not having eaten anything of consequence since yesterday morning, I thought the little stranger would make a good breakfast for us. Concluding, however, that it would be best to act advisedly in the matter, I put my head into Captain Wyeth's tent, and telling him the news, made the proposition which had occurred to me. The captain's reply was encouraging enough—"Down with him, if you please, Mr Townsend; and let us have him for breakfast." Accordingly, in five minutes afterwards a bullet sealed the fate of the unfortunate visitor, and my men were set to work, making fires and rummaging out the long-neglected stew-pans, while I engaged myself in flaying the little animal, and cutting up his body in readiness for the pots.

'When the camp was aroused about an hour after, the savoury steam of the cookery was rising and saluting the nostrils of our hungry people with its fragrance, who, rubbing their hands with delight, sat themselves down upon the ground, waiting with what patience they might for the unexpected repast which was preparing for them. It was to me almost equal to a good breakfast to witness the pleasure and satisfaction which I had been the means of diffusing through the camp. The repast was ready at length, and we did full justice to it; every man ate until he was filled, and all pronounced it one of the most delicious meals they had ever assisted in demolishing. When our breakfast was concluded, but little of the colt remained; that little was, however, carefully packed up and deposited on one of the horses, to furnish at least a portion of another meal.'

In the afternoon of the same day, after a long march, they procured three small salmon from some Indians who were fishing on the Mallade River; and these, cooked along with a grouse, a beaver, and the remains of the pony, made a very savoury mess. 'While we were eating, we were visited by a Snake chief, a large and powerful man, of a peculiarly dignified aspect and manner. He was naked, with the exception of a small blanket which covered his shoulders, and descended to the middle of the back, being fastened around the neck with a silver skewer. As it was pudding-time with us, our visitor was of course invited to sit down and eat; and he, nothing loath, deposited himself at once upon the ground, and made a remarkably vigorous assault upon the mixed contents of the dish. He had not eaten long, however, before we perceived a sudden and inexplicable change in his countenance, which was instantly followed by a violent ejectment of a huge mouthful of our luxurious fare. The man rose slowly and with great dignity to his feet, and pronouncing the single word *shekum* (horse), in a tone of mingled anger and disgust, stalked rapidly out of the camp, not even wishing us a good-evening. It struck me as a singular instance of accuracy and discrimination in the organs of taste. We had been eating of the multifarious compound without being able to recognise by the taste a single ingredient which it contained; a stranger came amongst us, who did not know, when he commenced eating, that the dish was formed of more than one item, and yet in less than five minutes he discovered one of the very least of its component parts.'

The neighbourhood of these Snake Indians was not very agreeable to our travellers for many reasons. Mr Townsend paid a visit to their camp, and the description he gives of it does not lead one to conceive a high idea of savage life. 'Early in the morning,' he says, 'I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other *varmints*. The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me;

the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me; and the little naked pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity.

'Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage, which were lying festering and rotting in the sun around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, recent and half-dried, were scattered all over the ground under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed, and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbering, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, and the inside and outside appearance, was of a piece with everything else about them—filthy beyond description; the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses (if dresses they may be called) of the women were of the same colour and consistence from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half-way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bull-frogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to at least a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied anything so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere.'

The party again toiled on, every day's march bringing them sensibly nearer the end of their journey. On the 2d of September they reached the Utalla River, and here Captain Wyeth and two men left them to go on to the Walla-Walla fort, a little way distant. Now that our travellers were to enter once more into civilised society, they began to feel a little anxiety about their toilet; and Mr

Townsend's description of the preparations they made on the occasion is rather amusing. 'As we were approaching so near the abode of those in whose eyes we wished to appear like fellow-Christians, we concluded that there would be a propriety in attempting to remove at least one of the heathenish badges which we had worn throughout the journey; so Mr Nuttall's razor was fished out from its hiding-place in the bottom of his trunk, and in a few minutes our encumbered chins lost their long-cherished ornaments; we performed our ablutions in the river, arrayed ourselves in clean linen, trimmed our long hair, and then arranged our toilet before a mirror with great self-complacence and satisfaction. I admired my own appearance considerably (and this is probably an acknowledgment that few would make), but I could not refrain from laughing at the strange party-coloured appearance of my physiognomy, the lower portion being fair like a woman's, and the upper brown and swarthy as an Indian.'

ARRIVAL AT THE COLUMBIA.

'About noon of the 3d of September,' continues our traveller, 'we struck the Walla-Walla river, a pretty stream of fifty or sixty yards in width, fringed with tall willows, and containing a number of salmon, which we can see frequently leaping from the water. The pasture here being good, we allowed our horses an hour's rest to feed, and then travelled over the plain until near dark, when, on ascending a sandy hill, the noble Columbia burst upon our view. I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent, and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This, then, was the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by one of the men exclaiming from his position in advance: "There is the fort." We had in truth approached very near without being conscious of it. There stood the fort on the bank of the river; horses and horned cattle were roaming about the vicinity, and on the borders of the little Walla-Walla we recognised the white tent of our long-lost missionaries. These we soon joined, and were met and received by them like brethren. Mr Nuttall and myself were invited to sup with them upon a dish of stewed hares which they had just prepared, and it is almost needless to say that we did full justice to the good men's cookery. They told us that they had travelled comfortably from Fort Hall without any unusual fatigue, and, like ourselves, had no particularly stirring adventures. Their route, although somewhat longer, was a much less toilsome and difficult one, and they suffered but little for want of food, being well provided with dried buffalo-meat, which had been prepared near Fort Hall.'

At Walla-Walla, the party broke up into sections, some intending to reach Fort Vancouver in one way, some in another. The missionaries had engaged a large barge to convey them from Walla-Walla directly to Vancouver, down the Columbia River, and Mr Townsend and Mr Nuttall were anxious to go along with them; but as the barge could not contain so many, they were obliged to travel on horseback to a point about eighty miles farther down the river, where Captain Wyeth engaged to wait for them and procure canoes to convey them to Vancouver. In the course of their land journey down the banks of the river, they passed a village of the Walla-Walla Indians, a tribe so remarkable for their honesty and moral deportment, that their conduct and habits amidst great privations shine in comparison with those of Christian communities. The river in this part is described as about three-quarters of a mile wide—a clear, deep, and rapid stream.

Having reached the appointed spot on the 10th of September, the travellers found the captain waiting with three canoes, each provided with an Indian helmsman; and on the 11th they embarked and commenced their voyage down stream. They had hardly set sail, however, when the wind 'rose to a heavy gale, and the waves ran to a prodigious height. At one moment our frail bark danced upon the crest of a wave, and at the next fell with a surge into the trough of the sea; and as we looked at the swell before us, it seemed that in an instant we must inevitably be engulfed. At such times the canoe ahead of us was entirely hidden from view, but she was observed to rise again like the sea-gull, and hurry on into the same danger. The Indian in my canoe soon became completely frightened: he frequently hid his face with his hands, and sang in a low melancholy voice a prayer which we had often heard from his people while at their evening devotions. As our dangers were every moment increasing, the man became at length absolutely childish, and with all our persuasion and threats we could not induce him to lay his paddle into the water. We were all soon compelled to put in-shore, which we did without sustaining any damage; the boats were hauled up high and dry, and we concluded to remain in our quarters until to-morrow, or until there was a cessation of the wind. In about an hour it lulled a little, and Captain Wyeth ordered the boats to be again launched, in the hope of being able to weather a point about five miles below before the gale again commenced, where we could lie by until it should be safe to proceed. The calm proved, as some of us had suspected, a treacherous one: in a very few minutes after we got under way, we were contending with the same difficulties as before, and again our cowardly helmsman laid by his paddle and began mumbling his prayer. It was too irritating to be borne. Our canoe had swung round broadside to the surge, and was shipping gallons of water at every dash.

'At this time it was absolutely necessary that every man on board should exert himself to the utmost to head up the canoe and make the shore as soon as possible. Our Indian, however, still sat with his eyes covered, the most abject and contemptible looking thing I ever saw. We took him by the shoulders and threatened to throw him overboard if he did not immediately lend his assistance: we might as well have spoken to a stone. He was finally aroused, however, by our presenting a loaded gun at his breast. He dashed the muzzle away, seized his paddle again, and worked with a kind of desperate and wild energy until he sank back in the canoe completely exhausted. In the meantime the boat had become half-full of water, shipping a part of every surf that struck her; and as we gained the shallows, every man sprang overboard, breast deep, and began hauling the canoe to shore. This was even a more difficult task than that of propelling her with the oars; the water still broke over her, and the bottom was a deep kind of quicksand, in which we sank almost to the knees at every step, the surf at the same time dashing against us with such violence as to throw us repeatedly upon our faces. We at length reached the shore, and hauled the canoe up out of reach of the breakers. She was then unloaded as soon as possible, and turned bottom upwards. The goods had suffered considerably by the wetting; they were all unbaled, and dried by a large fire which we built on the shore.'

For two or three days they were tossed about on the river, now attempting to make way, now forced to land again, and always drenched to the skin. The missionaries and their party, too, who had set out in the barge from Walla-Walla, were in no better plight. On the 14th the three canoes were again loaded, and again made the attempt to proceed; but in a short while one of them was stove, and another greatly damaged, so that they had to be unloaded and drawn out of the water. An effort was now made to procure one or two canoes with a pilot from an Indian village five miles below. This proved a hazardous and fatiguing journey, but was rewarded by getting one canoe and several Indians to assist in the navigation. With this reinforcement, and with the boats mended, the party again attempted the descent of the river. The voyage this time was more fortunate, and next day they all arrived at the fort, which was the end of their journey across the wilderness. The time occupied in this dangerous expedition had been six months and three days. Unharmed by fatigue or accident, with a constitution strengthened by healthful exercise, and a mind buoyant with the novelty of the scenes they had passed through, the travellers felt sincerely thankful to that kind and overruling Providence which had watched over and protected them.

At Fort Vancouver, Mr Townsend left the trading part of the expedition, and procured a passage on board an American vessel, which carried him to the Sandwich Islands, and there he passed the winter months. He afterwards returned to the Columbia and its environs among the Rocky Mountains, to pursue his scientific researches; and his purpose being at length fulfilled, he returned by sea, touching at Valparaiso on the South American coast, and reached home after an absence of three years.

It is gratifying to learn that the researches of the two naturalists were eminently successful. Besides procuring specimens of many rare animals, Mr Townsend discovered, in the course of his expedition, about fifty-four new species, sixteen of which were quadrupeds, and twenty-eight birds. Mr Nuttall also made many important additions to botanical science.

THE OREGON COUNTRY.

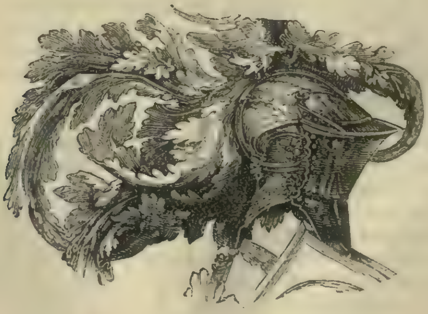
This name, at the date of the preceding narrative, embraced that region of the Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountains lying between the parallels of 42° and 54° N. latitude. The greater part of it is occupied by the basin of the Columbia or Oregon River, and hence the name. It is a disputed point whether the Oregon coast was first discovered by Spanish or by English mariners; and in 1790, the two governments agreed by convention to relinquish the right of exclusive possession. In 1792, a Captain Gray from Boston entered the estuary of the Columbia, naming the river after his ship; and a few months later, Lieutenant Broughton of the British navy actually sailed up the river for 100 miles, and formally took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign George III. The report given by Captain Gray of a mighty river flowing into the Pacific, led to the United States government sending an exploring expedition, under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark, who crossed the Rocky Mountains and explored the valley of the Columbia in 1804–5. In this last year, the North-west Company—an association of Canadian fur-traders, started in rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company, and afterwards (1821) amalgamated with it—after pushing their posts to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, crossed that range, and established stations on the head-waters of the Columbia and the Fraser rivers. They were speedily followed by the trappers and traders of United States fur-companies; and in 1811, John Jacob Astor, the chief member of one of those companies, established a trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia, and called it Astoria. This forms the title of a work by Washington Irving, in which he gives an account of a visit he made to this region, and describes the wild exciting life of the fur-traders. This station was sold to the British North-west Company in 1814, to prevent its being taken while the United States were at war with England. Shortly after this, the United States set up a claim to the exclusive possession of the country, founded on priority of discovery, which claim they sought to strengthen by a treaty with Spain, in which Spain ceded to the States her rights of possession in Oregon. Great Britain resisted the claim, and the matter was for a time staved off by a temporary treaty of joint occupation. At last the United States government gave notice of the termination of this agreement, and the dispute threatened to become serious, when the question was compromised by the Ashburton Treaty, as it is called, concluded in 1846, which gave to the United States the entire country up to the parallel of 49°, and the part to the north of that line to Great Britain. The Hudson's Bay Company were allowed to retain their establishments in the part of Oregon assigned to the United States; but they have now retired, we believe, from all but two.

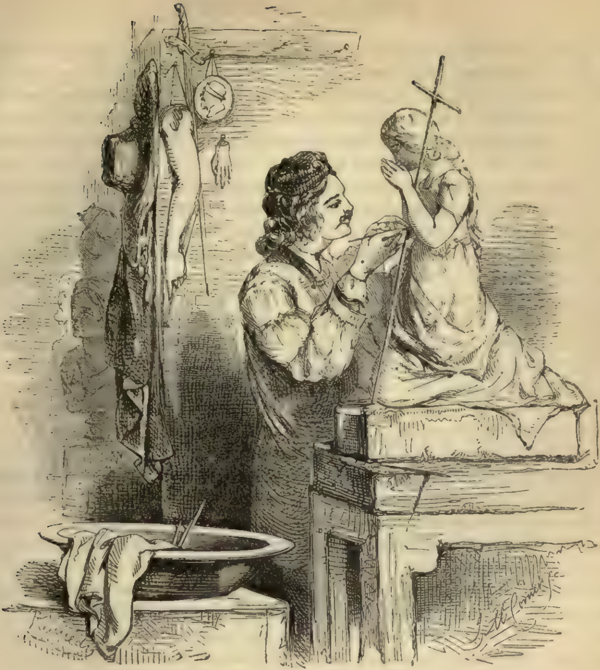
The British portion of the region, called British Columbia, after being held for some time by the Hudson's Bay Company, was, in 1858, established as a crown colony. The large island of Vancouver, which is separated from the mainland only by a narrow channel, was also made into a colony; but in 1866, it was united under one government with British Columbia. The United States share of the country was governed for some time as a 'territory;' but in 1859, the southern part of it, as far as the river Columbia, in 46° N. lat., was erected into a state; and the northern part, between the parallels of 46° and 49°, forms the Territory of Washington.

The chief physical feature of the Oregon country is the Columbia, the only great river on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It is formed of two main branches: the northern branch, which bears the name of the Columbia throughout, rises in British Columbia, in lat. 50° N., long. 116° W., and flows tortuously, but in the main in a south-west direction, to lat. 46°·5 N., long. nearly 119° W., where it joins the other branch, called the Lewis or Snake River, which rises in lat. 43° N., long. 109° W., not far from the head-waters of the Missouri, and has a mainly north-west course of 900 miles. The united waters flow south to the parallel of 46°, whence the course is almost due west to the Pacific. The length from the mouth to the source of either branch is estimated at 1000 to 1200 miles. Although by far the greater part of the course of the Columbia is within the United States, the navigation is, by treaty, equally open to the British and the Americans. It is not, however, of much importance in that respect. The entrance is made difficult by a surf-beaten bar; and although vessels of 200 or 300 tons can ascend as far as the tide—about 130 miles—the navigation is there arrested by a series of falls and rapids; and above this no kind of vessel can navigate more than twenty or thirty miles together. A range of mountains, called the Cascade range, running from north to south parallel to the coast, divides the state of Oregon and the Washington Territory into two unequal parts. This range is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada of California, and rises in some of its summits to 10,000—12,000 feet. The country between the mountains and the coast, which is on an average 100 miles wide, has a good soil, with a luxuriant vegetation, the uplands being covered with magnificent timber; the climate is mild, moist, and equable. East of the Cascade range the soil is mostly arid, the vegetation scanty, and extremes of heat and cold are experienced. The mineral wealth is said to be considerable; but the finds of gold cannot compete with those of California and British Columbia.

The gold of this colony forms as yet its chief attraction. It was first discovered in 1856 on the upper course of the Columbia; but the richest diggings which rival those of California are on the Fraser River and its tributaries. In 1861, the yield of gold was estimated at upwards of one and a half millions sterling. The Fraser River flows from north to south through the middle of the colony. The climate is, on the whole, cold and exceedingly variable. Winter lasts from September till May, the temperature being often below zero; even in summer the thermometer has been found to range from 31° to 85°, and again from 85° to 40°, within twenty-four hours. The rivers of the colony, as well as the Columbia and its tributaries, abound in salmon, of which there are said to be a dozen species.

The population of the Oregon country is yet a mere handful. In 1863, British Columbia numbered 63,671, of whom 50,000 were natives. Washington Territory and Oregon state may have by this time a united population of 80,000 or 100,000 whites, with perhaps half as many natives. But the region, although thus sparsely occupied, is capable of becoming the seat of a great state.





THE FRIENDLY ARREST.

I.

ONE morning in the month of November, the Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, who had been lying awake half the night, began to observe the outline of his window faintly glimmering with the new day. His bedstead being unencumbered with curtains, he was enabled to watch the progress of the dawn, as it gradually revealed to him the objects in his room. It reminded him once more that his sleeping-apartment was not furnished in that sumptuous style which a nobleman's bed-chamber is expected to display. His eye passed slowly round the walls, meeting nothing in the circuit of its wanderings but a guitar with one string broken and hanging down, a row of wooden pipes, fantastically carved, and a slouched felt hat. His floor was paved with octagon-shaped tiles, and was without an inch of carpet: his sole furniture, besides the bed, consisted of a round table, a chair, a washing-stand, a trunk, and a board upon tressels, serving for a work-bench, near the window. Finding nothing very cheerful in the contemplation of these things, Count Stanilaus de Lemberg leaped out of bed, and began to dress himself.

It was very cold, and the morning was slightly misty. The water in his jug was frozen, and his breath had congealed in feathery lines upon the window-pane. His teeth chattered, and his clothes were still damp with walking in the rain on the night before. He opened the door of the German stove, which stood out in the room, with a long tin pipe communicating with the chimney by a hole in the wind-board. 'The porter's wife has omitted to lay my fire ready for lighting,' thought he; but going to the closet to fetch some fagots, he discovered that the woman was not to blame. His stock of wood was exhausted, and no doubt she had refrained, from motives of delicacy, from reminding him of that fact. 'Yes, yes—of course,' he muttered to himself, 'she knows I must be aware of it, and expects me to speak first.'

Of course Count Stanilaus de Lemberg rang for her immediately, and handed her a purse, with instructions to replenish his store of fuel, as a nobleman might be expected to do. No: he merely closed the door of his stove again, and sat himself down upon the edge of his bed to reflect.

He had a great mind to go out for awhile. From his lodging in that abode of decayed gentility, the Quartier St-Germain, to the Luxembourg, was but five minutes' walk; thence to the Pont des Arts, ten minutes; and then he might cross the river, and make a long circuit by the quays; and so home again. He decided upon every street that he would pass through, settling the route beforehand, as in the programme of a royal journey. 'The exercise,' he argued, 'will warm me, and I can work here for an hour or two afterwards without feeling cold again.' The excellence of the idea was obvious; but he did not go.

Underneath his window, in the square courtyard of the old dilapidated mansion in which he occupied a single room on the fourth floor, he could hear the porter's son singing some ditty in an unintelligible provincial dialect, and chopping wood for some of the lodgers. The Polish nobleman was tempted to forget his high birth—of which, indeed, there was very little to remind him—and to go down stairs, and offer to help him in his work. He thought of Peter the Great, and the anecdotes of his humility; and though he had little reverence for the memory of that monarch, he felt that his example would serve as a warrant for the act he contemplated. What could warm one better than half an hour's hard manual labour? How lustily the lad sang! He did not trouble himself with these sickly scruples. His health was good, and he could earn a living; what more did he want? The young count resolved to go down, and converse with him, in the manner of the Russian monarch. 'Something may be learned,' thought he, 'from every man who has respected his own individuality, and is really an independent being.' Nothing could be more sensible than such a determination; but he did not go.

Upon reflection, it seemed to him more advisable to go on with the work he had been meditating for a fortnight. This was a little model, in red wax, of a design for a silver chalice—for the count had a taste for art; and upon an acquaintance with the works of artists in Paris, which were said to have brought their designers large sums of money, he felt convinced that he might earn an independent living by his talents as an artist. And so he might; but other men of far inferior skill grew rich, while he became poorer and poorer every day. Now he resolved to make an effort at last. But the porter's son had finished chopping the wood, and the city of Paris had got through a considerable portion of its labour for that day, and still Count Stanilaus de Lemberg was idling about his room. He had long ago settled in his mind, that independent labour was honourable to all conditions of men; that a penniless nobleman must starve, beg, or work; that of these three resources, the last was the most creditable. But his tools remained untouched; and his idea was still floating impalpable in the air. He was thinking of Benvenuto Cellini, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Jean of Bologna—of the glories of their works, and the stories of their lives. In this alone he had found more employment than he could exhaust that morning.

Unhappy count! He knew very well what a misfortune was this wavering disposition, and yet it seemed to him impossible to help it. A week's hard application would have given him strength to go on; but he was incorrigible. The sense of having wasted much time compelled him to waste more; for how, with these regrets and self-reproaches on his mind, could he hope to catch that cheerful tone which is the life of an artist at his work—the parent of beautiful images in the mind? The cheerless aspect of his room, the necessities of daily life, the hardships that he had already suffered, all weighed upon him when he took up his tools to work. He knew nothing beautiful could come of a dull, despondent mood; and he threw his tools down again. Then he would take down one of his enormous pipes, and smoke and dream, and lay out plans for future action, never to be realised—nursing himself with a fanciful prosperity, which only left him more despondent when the humour was past, and his miserable situation began to dawn upon him again.

'Not to-day,' said he to himself; 'it is of no use. The sailor must wait for the wind; and so must I wait for the spirit that is to waft me onwards till there comes another calm.'

He took his breakfast of bread, with a small glass of cheap wine, and reached his slouched hat from the wall. Then having put on his greatcoat, and buttoned it closely over the breast, he lingered a little while longer examining his tools, and finally he went out, shutting the door of his room.

Before he crossed the yard, he stepped into the lodge of the porter's wife, to deposit his key, as the lodgers were accustomed to do. Madame Benoit was there. Whenever the count entered the lodge, she looked at him with such an air of pity and solicitude that he dreaded meeting her. It was very embarrassing. He was afraid that she suspected his poverty; though he hoped not. Poor count! Everybody knew it very well.

'Good-morning, sir,' said she.

'Good-morning,' replied Stanilaus, dropping his eyes, and shrinking towards the door. He was afraid she was going to speak about the wood.

'Is there anything you want to-day?' she asked. 'My boy has very little to do now, and will go anywhere you please.'

'No—thank you: nothing.'

'Let me see,' said she, 'there was something I was going to mention. What was it?' The young nobleman blushed deeply. He felt sure she was going to speak about the wood. He was in agony. 'Ah, well! I shall think of it another day,' said she. A load was taken off his heart. He did not wait another moment. 'Poor child!' exclaimed Madame Benoit, as soon as his back was turned, 'he knew I meant the wood. He must be suffering more than he lets the world see.'

II.

The misery of Stanilaus had indeed that day reached a point to which it had never yet arrived. So long as he had felt no actual want, he had sustained himself with hopes of better days; that very morning, as we have seen, he had been thinking of the great artists of old times instead of his own troubles. But when the sharp air of a wintry day had begun to give him an appetite, and he found himself for the first time to be hungry and penniless, all the gravity of his situation became painfully manifest. The sun came out feebly in the middle of the day, as he was approaching the gardens of the Tuileries. He saw fashionably dressed loungers through the railing walking to and fro there, chatting, exchanging bows of recognition—all looking cheerful. He had not a friend in the whole city. A refugee, he had at first resided in England, whence he had come to Paris with the idea of exercising his talents there, in order to support himself. He felt as if the people who passed him by without a glance were purposely shunning him. As he arrived at the entrance to the gardens, he saw the gate-keeper stop a man in a blouse, and refuse him admission, on the ground of his workman's dress.

Stanilaus involuntarily glanced at the breast of his greatcoat, and saw that it was minus a button, in a spot so conspicuous that it was sure to strike the eye of the gate-keeper at once. His hat was shabby, and he had only one glove. An exaggerated fear of the gate-keeper took possession of his mind. He felt as certain that he would be refused admittance, like the man in the blouse, as of his own existence. Such a humiliation would be unendurable: the bare possibility of it was more than he would risk. He immediately abandoned the purpose that had brought him so far, and turned up one of the side-streets towards the Boulevards.

He lingered about there, looking in the shop-windows, and wandering in the brilliant passages, till it grew dusk, and the mist gathered again, accompanied by a fine rain that penetrated his worn greatcoat. The mud oozed through the thin soles of his boots: he was wretched. The sight of the people waiting in a long line at the doors of the theatres, all intent upon pleasure, irritated him. He passed the house of a celebrated general of the French army, who had evinced much sympathy for the misfortunes of his country. Stanilaus knew that many of his countrymen had stooped to receive alms of him; and, dreading lest his poverty should at last drive him to such a resource, he made a vow that he would never humiliate himself as they had done. He crossed a bridge over the Seine, and lingered awhile looking into its dark current. By its side he traced the dusky outline of a low building. It was the Morgue, where the bodies of persons found dead are exhibited, that their friends may identify them. Stanilaus shuddered for a moment, and then thought with bitterness of how long he might lie there before any one came who knew him. Very weary and faint, he returned, and found, to his great relief, that the porter's wife was not in the lodge. He took his key down from its hook, and stole up stairs. That night he ate a stale loaf he had left on his table, drained his wine-bottle, and smoked the small remainder of his stock of tobacco. But he could not forget his troubles even in sleep.

The next day passed pretty much in the same way. He had raked out from his trunk a design for a time-piece, which he had modelled some time before. It was not exactly equal to his present taste; but he resolved to call upon a jeweller with it, and solicit employment. The jeweller looked at the model, said it was very pretty, and offered to intrust him with some silver-work to be chased, if he could give him a guarantee for its return. Stanilaus could give no guarantee that was satisfactory. The jeweller inquired if he was known to any one in Paris to whom he could refer. Stanilaus knew no one; but he gave his name and address: 'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, Impasse des Rats, No. 2.' The jeweller looked suspiciously at him. He had only lately been cheated by an impostor, who had represented himself to be a foreign count; he hinted to him his suspicions, and Stanilaus left the shop angrily.

That night he was desolate indeed. He had exhausted everything, and had fasted the whole day. It was dark when he returned. Madame Benoit was in the porter's lodge this time; she gave him his key without saying anything, but her look of compassion was more humiliating to him than ever. He stole up to his room as if he had done some degrading action, and flung himself upon a chair, covering his face with his hands. Nearly an hour after, he arose and lighted his candle. It was burned down to within a couple of inches of the socket. 'It will serve me for to-night,' said he, with a sad smile.

Close to his fireplace he found a basket of charcoal, which kind Madame Benoit had placed there for his fire. It was cheaper than wood, and she reasoned that he might be able to pay for that, and that if he did not, it would be no great loss. Poor Stanilaus was in too bitter a mood to take heart from this proof of a stranger's goodness. The circumstance seemed to him to have a strange significance, in connection with his previous thoughts. A superstitious awe crept upon him, as he knelt down and discovered its contents. He sat down again, and meditated with his face between his hands, till, looking up, he found the candle burned so low that it could not last long. Starting from his chair, he took a book from the mantelpiece, and scribbled some words inside the cover, laying it afterwards upon the table, with a weight upon its leaves to keep it open. Some noise upon the stairs startled him; he went to the door, but the place was still again. He trod about the floor cautiously, as if afraid for some reason that he should be heard moving about there, and excite curiosity. Then he took off the cover of the bed, and laid it along the space at the bottom of the door. The sides of the door were listed, but he locked it, and taking out the key, stuffed the keyhole with his glove. His hand trembled as he held it on the lock. He glanced at the window; the shutters were fastened close.

Now he recollected another door at the bottom of his room. This door had always been fastened since he had lived there. It communicated with other rooms, but these had a separate entrance from the stairs, and the walls of the houses in Paris are built so solidly that he rarely heard any one there. He looked through the keyhole; the place was quite dark. Taking a handkerchief in his hand, he closed this also, and laid some clothes along the floor, as with the other. His step faltered as he returned to the middle of the room; he looked wildly around the walls, as if to make sure that there was no other aperture. A convulsive movement shook his whole body; his fists tightened involuntarily, till his knuckles became white. Some struggle had passed through his mind, but it was over now.

Calmly and deliberately he opened the door of his stove, and took out a little iron cylinder, bored with holes to admit the air. This he filled with pieces of charcoal from the basket, and set it on his table. The wick of the candle had just fallen down into the liquid grease, and was flickering there, ready to expire. With a steady hand, Stanilaus lighted a match before the flame was gone, and applied it to the charcoal through one of the lower holes of the cylinder. In a few minutes the charcoal ignited. Stanilaus brought his mouth near the aperture, and blew it with his breath; the charcoal crackled, and a thin blue flame came through the holes of the opposite side with a rustling noise. Presently the candle dropped out, the blue flame vanished, and the fire began to burn clear. But Stanilaus continued to blow it, till the red glare shone upon his haggard countenance, and upon the panels of the walls.

III.

A few moments after Count Stanilaus had parted with Madame Benoit to go up into his room, there arrived at the porter's door another lodger to ask for a key. It was a young woman, of perhaps thirty years of age, somewhat slim, and looking tall in the high clogs which she wore to protect herself from the mud of the streets. Her dress was plain, but not without some of the taste of the Frenchwoman, though perhaps a little behind the fashions of the day. She was a brunette, with black eyes, an olive skin, and small ringlets of jet black hair. She folded a large umbrella at the door of the porter's lodge, and set it carefully against the wall, with the ferrule in an earthen pan that stood there, to let the rain drain off. Her clogs she shuffled off beside the door-step.

'Mademoiselle Beatrice,' said Madame Benoit from the interior of the lodge; 'I knew it was you. You are always so punctual.'

'You see,' said Beatrice, 'I have regular habits. I always leave my sister, the Baroness de Lonzac, in the Rue du Faubourg St-Honoré, as the clock strikes nine.'

'Ay,' said Madame Benoit, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'quite late enough for a young woman to work.'

'I am not compelled to stay even till that hour, Madame Benoit,' replied Beatrice haughtily. 'I am not a slave, thank Heaven! But I am, as it were, at home there; and if I can do a little useful needle-work, I am glad to do it. I might live there altogether, if I pleased, but one likes to have a home to one's self.'

'Just what I feel,' replied Madame Benoit, who was always eager to applaud a trite or hackneyed sentiment.

'Independence is a great thing,' continued Beatrice. 'My sister is a good creature, and my niece Julie and I don't quarrel very often; but, after all, I should be nothing but the poor relation, if I had not a little pride.'

'It is very necessary,' said Madame Benoit. 'And yet,' she continued, as if she suddenly recollected an exception to her maxim, 'one may have a foolish pride.'

'Very true,' replied Beatrice carelessly, thinking that the porter's wife referred only to some hypothetical case.

'I was thinking,' she said, 'of that poor gentleman in the next room to yours; he was here just now.'

'Poor fellow!' said Beatrice; 'he looks such a boy, with his fair hair and light moustache.'

'He has seen more of trouble than many an old man, I am sure,' replied Madame Benoit, shaking her head.

'I fancied so,' interrupted Beatrice eagerly; for she had had the curiosity to peep through the keyhole now and then into her neighbour's room. 'I thought once or twice I heard him groan in the night.'

'Very likely,' said the porter's wife. 'To-night, he looked so pale and worn that my heart ached for him. I know he suffers in silence, and dreads lest any one should find it out. If it wasn't for that stupid title, I believe he would find some friend to help him till better days come.'

'Do you think he is really very poor?' inquired Beatrice.

'I am sure of it. He has not a sou. Only the other day,' she continued, shutting the door, and speaking in a lower tone, 'he had not a single fagot in his closet. He must have been aware of it, for he would have been sure to complain of my not laying his fire this cold weather; and he never said a word about it, though I hinted to him that there was something wanting.'

'That is a bad sign,' said Beatrice.

'The thought of it quite tormented me,' said the porter's wife. 'I could not bear to think of his coming home weary, and perhaps hungry, to a cold and cheerless room. I bought him to-day a little charcoal. For three sous, he might burn a little fire every evening; but I dare not hint it to him. I would be glad to help him, if he was not so proud.'

'Ah! it is a sad affair,' said Beatrice, on the threshold; 'but what can one do?' Beatrice unfurled her umbrella, and put on her clogs again to cross the yard, with all the deliberation and precision of a confirmed old maid.

'Good-night, Madame Benoit,' said she.

'Good-night, child,' replied the old woman affectionately.

Beatrice mounted the stairs to her room, and felt at her side for the key of her door, which she usually carried hanging to her waistband with her scissors and other implements. She knew where to put her hand upon it in a moment; the door flew open, and she entered.

The air felt damp, and she lighted her fire, and set her clogs at a moderate distance to dry. Her room was comfortably furnished, and everything was in its place. She had a miniature sleeping-room at the back, which was also remarkable for cleanliness and order. Little bags hung around the walls there, with nails and pegs for clothes, brushes, hand-brooms, &c.; and she had trunks and drawers in which innumerable articles were stored, any one of which she could go in and find in a moment in the dark.

She had brought in her pocket some slips of newspaper, containing stories, which she meant to read before she went to bed, but she had a little work to finish first; so she got out her housewifes, and wheeling her padded arm-chair up to the fire, set her candle beside her on the table. An arm-chair is comfortable,' said Beatrice, sinking into it with an exclamation of fatigue.

She sat working very quietly, till the logs upon her fire were burned through, and glowing under a white ash. She was thinking of her neighbour in the adjoining room; she distinguished his footstep walking about. 'If that door would open,' thought she, 'I would go in and put a few things there for him in his absence. He would never suspect who had done it. Perhaps in his troubles he would never think about it, or fancy they came out of the clouds, in answer to his prayers.' Shading the candle with her hand, to throw a shadow on the door, she could see a faint light gleaming through his keyhole. She knew by this that he had not gone to bed yet; but the room had become very quiet. 'I wonder what he is doing,' thought she; 'writing, I daresay—putting down all his misfortunes in a diary, or writing a letter to some friends, if he has any. I would like to know.' She rose and walked over to the door, to peep through the keyhole. 'He would consider me curious indeed, if he saw me, thought she, as she stooped to bring her eye nearer. But the place was quite dark—so dark, that she fancied that something had got into the keyhole. She took her candle from her table, and looked in by the light; to her surprise, she saw that something had been thrust into the aperture. Beatrice blushed, and hurried back to her chair; she suspected that he knew of her having watched him before. 'I saw the light there a moment ago,' thought she. 'He must have heard me, and determined to balk my curiosity.'

The thought of being detected in such an unfeminine proceeding, which she would never have ventured on but from the conviction that no one could possibly know it but herself, agitated Beatrice so much that she could not go on with her work. She blamed herself severely for her imprudence; she thought that she would never be able to meet the count upon the stairs again, without betraying by her manner that she knew of his discovery, and the means he had taken to protect himself from prying eyes. Suddenly, as she was looking into the gloomy embers of her fire, and musing on these things, she was struck with a faint, sickly smell of burning wood in the room. She fancied at first that the wind was blowing down her chimney, and beating back the fumes of her fire. She went to her windows, and drawing back the curtains, opened both of them to let in the fresh air, and make a current towards the chimney. The wind blew in freshly, carrying her curtains up to the ceiling and dropping them again, and scattering her newspaper leaves about the floor; but the odour increased; and now Beatrice discovered that it was strongest in the direction of the door of the count's apartment. Instantly she recollected that Madame Benoit had placed some charcoal in his room. This, and what she had heard of his misery, explained to her in a moment the true meaning of his closing an aperture that might admit the air. Beatrice did not hesitate; she flew at the door, and rapped violently on the panel—the room was quite silent—she turned the handle of the lock, and pushed against the door with all her strength, but without moving it. Grown desperate, she planted her feet against the angle, and flung her whole weight against it. The door yielded a little, and finally broke in, throwing her upon the floor with violence. A poisonous vapour poured from the room, so strong that she could scarcely stand upon the threshold. She staggered a moment; but the wind from her window, and the agitation of the curtains, increased by her opening another door, were clearing the place rapidly. She seized a water-jug, and rushing into Stanilaus's room, flung its contents upon the little cylinder of charcoal, which was glowing from top to bottom. The count was sitting upon a chair, his face lying flat upon the table. She raised him, and sprinkled him with the water; and having opened the window of his room, in a few moments the air had become quite pure.

Stanilaus moaned: Beatrice was preparing to fetch a surgeon, but he was evidently reviving; and she knew how his pride would be wounded, if he recovered and found that his attempt at self-destruction had been noised abroad. She determined to tend him herself, and, if possible, to keep the circumstance secret.

Stanilaus moved his arm, and continued to moan now and then. She untied his neckcloth, and he opened his eyes, and closed them again, once or twice. He muttered something in a foreign language, which Beatrice could not understand. Once he opened his eyes wide, and stared at her; but he seemed too languid to be surprised at her presence. At length he leaned forward, and burying his face in his hands, that rested on his knees, wept and sobbed like a child.

'Come,' said Beatrice, holding him by the arm, 'lean upon me. You must lie down. You will be better by and by.' Beatrice raised him up, and supported him as he tottered towards the bed, upon which he flung himself. He continued to mutter there for some time, till at last he ceased, and began to breathe regularly. Taking up the light, Beatrice approached the bedside, and saw that he had fallen asleep. Her quick eye noted the nakedness of his room, and read the tale it told. On the table she discovered the book he had left there open, with its inscription, which she read as follows: 'I am Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. I die by my own hands. Let all I possess in this room be sold to pay the rent I shall owe, and to defray the expenses of my burial. I have no friends or relations who need be informed of my end. May God pardon me! I have suffered much!—STANILAUS.'

'Poor creature!' exclaimed Beatrice, as she finished reading with the tears trickling down her cheeks.

IV.

Beatrice sat up with her charge that night. She made him some broth in her room, and came in to work by his table till he should awake. Several hours after, she took up the candle again, and found his eyes open. 'You are quite safe, and getting better,' said she; 'do not be alarmed.'

Stanilaus laid his hand upon the back of hers, and shuddered.

'Do you know me?'

'Yes, yes; I know you,' he replied faintly. 'You are Mademoiselle'——

'Beatrice,' she suggested. She saw that he remembered her.

'God bless you!' exclaimed Stanilaus with fervour.

'Never let us speak of these sad things,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus grasped her hand firmly, and smiled with an expression of gratitude.

He took the soup she had prepared, and afterwards fell asleep again. Beatrice sent an excuse to her sister the baroness the next day, and resolved to stay by her charge till his recovery was complete. She set his room in order, for the confusion was an eyesore to her. In hanging up his coat, she discovered immediately the missing button, and remembered that she had one among some odds and ends in a drawer. She sewed it on, and repaired the button-holes and edges here and there. She thought Stanilaus was asleep; but he was watching her.

'You are very good,' said he. Beatrice coloured.

'I know you have no mother or sister to do such things,' she replied.

'I had a sister once,' said Stanilaus.

'And where is she?'

'Dead.'

'And your mother?'

'Dead also. I have no relatives. My father died in Siberia, where the Russians sent him into exile. I am the last of my family.'

'What did they send him into exile for?' inquired Beatrice.

'Because he loved his country.'

'The monsters!' exclaimed Beatrice, entering into the spirit of his narrative, like a child listening to a story read aloud. She began to feel a stronger interest in the unfortunate Pole. He told her the history of his life. It was simple. After his father's death, the emperor of Russia had permitted young Stanilaus to return to

Poland, and study in the Gymnasium at Cracow. Here he made progress, and was installed as Professor of Fine Arts. But the young count was restless, and burning to avenge the murder of his father and the wrongs of his country. In the year 1833, he organised and headed a revolt of the students under him. The insurrection failed, and he escaped to England, whence he had come to France, in the hope of finding employment.

'What can you do?' asked Beatrice.

'I can design groups and figures, to be worked in silver or other metals, like the one you see half-finished there.'

'But you can't work them?' said Beatrice.

'Not very well,' replied the count. 'My hand wants practice.'

'We must see what can be done,' said Beatrice.

As soon as the count recovered, Beatrice advised him to make at once one or two groups, and leave the rest to her. Stanilaus set about them immediately; but he would loiter a good deal preparing his tools, and softening the wax for the models. Sometimes, when he had half-finished one, he would be dissatisfied with it, and destroy it. Beatrice soon discovered his failing. Each night when she returned, she tapped at his room-door, and inquired what progress he had made. If he had been loitering great part of the day, he would generally begin to work hard before she came home, in order to have some result to shew. His deliverer became his taskmaster. He came into her room sometimes to work there; but one day, Beatrice suspecting that he had been idling, refused to let him in.

'Beatrice,' said he, speaking through the door.

'I am busy to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I must be alone.'

'Pray, let me in, Beatrice,' said the count.

'No,' she replied; 'I am firm. When you are here, we talk, and neither of us gets any work done. This will not do.'

'Beatrice,' said Stanilaus—'my dear Beatrice, pray, let me in to-night; I will work to-morrow like a slave.'

'Not to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I am firm.' And Stanilaus was compelled to return to his bench, and work there alone.

Another time she found him smoking one of his enormous pipes, with his work untouched before him.

'This is very bad indeed,' said Beatrice. 'You are nothing but an idle fellow!'

'Don't be angry, Beatrice,' said Stanilaus; 'I could not work to-day. I was in no mood for it.'

'Shame upon you for saying so!' replied his protector, really angry.

'You don't understand, Beatrice. I can't work unless I am in a happy humour.'

'What is the matter?' asked Beatrice.

'I have been thinking of Poland and old times to-day,' he said. 'Indeed, I could not work. Oh, you don't know how heavy my heart is at times!'

'You never think of these things,' said Beatrice, 'but when you smoke. Come in and sup, and talk with me to-night.'

The next morning, Beatrice, who had appointed herself keeper of the stores, portioned out a small quantity of tobacco, and locked the rest in a drawer. Stanilaus saw her, and laughed secretly at her precautions.

Beatrice took care to conceal her intimacy with the count. She had lived a strange, retired life in her rooms, and had few friends. Once or twice she had compelled her neighbour to return precipitately into his room upon hearing a knock at her door; but this did not occur often. Beatrice knew no one in the house, which was a large mansion, with two wings and several entrances to staircases round its courtyard. In her apartments she was as much shut out from the world as if she had been alone in the house. The porter's wife, she knew, did not suspect her secret; for she had told her as a piece of news, of the apparent improvement in the count's fortunes, and of his eccentric fancy for arranging his own room. Stanilaus completed his models. The principal one was a group representing the meeting of Jacob and Rachel with her flocks beside the well. Beatrice had already obtained an introduction to the sculptors in gold—Messrs Corbin and Engelhart—whose artistic works were famous throughout Europe; and one morning she departed on her mission.

'Whose idea is this?' inquired Engelhart, examining it.

'It is the work of a young friend of mine,' said Beatrice, anxiously awaiting his answer.

'It is the conception of a true artist,' said Engelhart, shewing it to his partner. Corbin examined it, and inquired if she had another. Beatrice, who had wisely brought more than one, set the others before them.

'Perfect!' exclaimed the two artists. 'As fresh and natural as life. Can your artist work well with the graver?'

'Ah!' said Beatrice, a little discouraged; 'he says he wants practice.'

'Let him come to us,' replied Engelhart. 'In a twelvemonth he will become the best man we have.'

Slowly and tantalisingly, Beatrice told the young artist her story that night. Poor Stanilaus's troubles seemed to him now to be passed away for ever.

'What do I not owe to you, my dear Beatrice?' said he; 'you have made me a new man!'

'Do not talk of that,' said Beatrice. 'The past must be forgotten now.'

That night she allowed her protégé to idle. He put out his pipe, which Beatrice always insisted upon his doing, before entering her room, and came and played at dominoes with her beside the fire.

The next day he signed an agreement to serve Engelhart as his pupil for twelve months. He earned no money at first; but Beatrice believed in his ultimate success with a faith that nothing could shake, and she supplied him with money out of the savings of her life. Stanilaus had many scruples about accepting it, but he had no alternative, unless he renounced all his prospects, and he felt assured of being able to repay her with interest. Beatrice, being a woman of business, did not forget to take written acknowledgments for all sums when they had reached a certain amount; and for that purpose she always paid a visit to M. Rivet, an old merchant whom she knew, who drew up the acknowledgments in legal form.

V.

The Baroness de Lonzac, sister of Beatrice, had always been looked up to by the latter as the fortunate member of her family; and in course of time, though she had sufficient pride to prevent any one treating her as a domestic, she had quietly settled down into the position of a poor relation. The baron, who had served as a general in the army of Napoleon, had married the baroness for her beauty, for she had no fortune. When the baron married her, he was in the height of his prosperity, and Beatrice, who was but a girl then, was taken by the baron and baroness under their protection. Within the last ten years, however, the fortunes of the baron had shewn evident signs of decay. His splendid establishment had been relinquished for a small house and grounds. It was said that the baron's estates were heavily mortgaged, and that he was a ruined man; but he continued to be known as a man about town, and things had remained pretty nearly in the same state for ten years. Beatrice never knew the full extent of the baroness's troubles. To her, the house in the Faubourg St-Honoré appeared a magnificent mansion, and her sister a happy woman. The faded furniture and old-fashioned articles in their saloon were, in her eyes, something that any one might covet. Yet the change in their circumstances had not altogether escaped her. She had heard of the baron's recklessness, and she knew that money was not so plentiful as it used to be. Upon the first indications of this change, Beatrice had privately taught herself the business of a milliner; and finally she proposed to the baroness to relieve her of the expense of her support. But, in truth, Beatrice, who was always actively employed with her needle, saved for her sister much more than the cost of her board, or the amount of the small income she allowed her; and Beatrice, being convinced of this, and by no means anxious to leave the home to which she had been so long accustomed, allowed herself to be persuaded to abandon her intention.

Beatrice had kept the secret of her friendship for Stanilaus. Nearly a twelvemonth had passed since he had placed himself with Engelhart, and neither the baroness nor her daughter Julie had ever heard of him. One evening, as Beatrice was sitting at work in the saloon, the baroness spoke of the recent marriage of a young lady whom they knew. Julie, who was sitting at the piano, turned to Beatrice and said: 'You see it is only we two who are neglected.'

Julie was nearly ten years younger than her aunt, and though she had included herself in her remark, Beatrice felt piqued at it. 'I had three offers of marriage before I was your age,' said she.

Julie laughed, shaking her flaxen curls, and looking back over her shoulder, as her fingers lingered on the key-board. 'I knew you would say that, Beatrice,' said she.

'And how do you know I have no lover now?' asked Beatrice.

'Oh, I am sure I do not know,' replied Julie. 'Have you?'

'Perhaps.'

'Is he young?'

'Yes; only twenty-six. But he looks younger still, and I am thirty last birthday.'

'And is he pretty well?'

'No, poor fellow,' replied Beatrice seriously. 'He is very fair, and delicate.'

'And who is he?'

'He is a Polish count.'

'Pooh!' said Julie; 'all the Poles are counts. And his name?'

'Stanilaus de Lemberg,' replied Beatrice, emphasising each syllable.

The baroness laughed loudly. 'What an imagination you have, Beatrice!' said she. 'Any one might believe you.'

'It is all true,' said Beatrice; 'except that he is not quite a lover.'

'Only a friend,' said Julie.

'And yet more than a friend,' replied Beatrice. 'See; this is his present. He carved it himself.' And she produced a gold seal, richly worked with figures.

Julie sprang from the music-stool, and came to examine it with her mother. 'Did he do this?' inquired Julie.

'Yes,' said Beatrice. 'He is a great artist—a genius. If the baron would only introduce him to some of his friends, it would make his fortune.'

'I would give anything to see him,' said Julie.

'Let him come to see the baron,' said Madame de Lonzac. 'I am sure he would do what he could for a friend of yours.'

Beatrice was delighted with the prospect of Stanilaus's advancement in his profession. She told him what had passed that night, except the raillery of her niece.

'And your niece admired my work?' said Stanilaus.

His words pained her, she scarcely knew why. Her voice trembled as she replied in the affirmative; but Stanilaus was too deeply engrossed by his thoughts to note it. The next day Stanilaus borrowed a group of his workmanship from Engelhart's. Beatrice conveyed this to the baron, who shewed it to some friends after a dinner at his uncle the marshal's; and the baron desired to see the young artist.

Beatrice's heart was heavy that night. A vague dread of some approaching misfortune kept her awake till daylight. She would not confess to herself the real nature of her fears. Stanilaus must make a fame, and become a great man. Why should any selfish thoughts of hers prevent him? They would always be good friends, at all events.

That afternoon Stanilaus was to go to the Baron de Lonzac's. Beatrice secretly examined his coat, to see if there were any more buttons missing. When he had finished dressing, she begged him to come into her room, that she might review and report upon his appearance. Stanilaus, who was like a child in her hands, consented, at her request, to retie his neckcloth, and to turn round before her several times, until she pronounced his toilet to be perfect.

'Now you look like a count, Stanilaus,' said she, after several corrections. 'You may go.'

Beatrice felt a pride in the thought of the impression he must make in her sister's house, but she was in bad spirits that day. She looked in her glass several times, and lingered there watching her fire, without lighting a candle till long after dusk.

Stanilaus, on arriving at the house of the Baron de Lonzac, was ushered immediately into the saloon, where the baroness and her daughter were awaiting his arrival. The baron had not yet arrived, and he remained for some time chatting with Julie and her mother. Julie spoke of Poland and its heroes with enthusiasm, having previously prepared herself for the subject; and Stanilaus was charmed to find that she was so well acquainted with the history of his country.

'Julie is an enthusiast for liberty,' said the baroness. 'You know her papa is a soldier.'

'And for art, also, I hope,' said Stanilaus, whose natural vanity was awakened.

'I do not pretend to be a judge of art,' said Julie; 'especially to such an artist as my father pronounced you last night.'

Stanilaus was delighted. The baron, who was a polished man of the world, arrived soon after, and the simple heart of the young Pole was won by his frank and cordial manner. The baron assured him of his friendship; recommended him to model a large statue to be exhibited; hinted to him that he might become erelong a member of the Institute; and promised him, if he succeeded, to use his influence with the government to procure him a studio at the Dépôt des Marbres.

Stanilaus related all that had passed to Beatrice that night, and they discussed his projects together. He was in high spirits, and Beatrice caught the infection of his gaiety. They jumped, and sang, and danced round the room like two mad people. But when Stanilaus returned to his room, it seemed more naked and cheerless than it had ever seemed before. He was glad to go to bed, and think over his ambitious schemes till he fell asleep.

VI.

From the day that Stanilaus had entered as a pupil with the famous artists Corbin and Engelhart, he had earned scarcely anything; and Beatrice, who had already lent him 2000 francs, began to find her little hoard nearly exhausted. She had frequently blamed her protégé for spending money extravagantly, but since his appearance at the Baron de Lonzac's, his habits had become more expensive than ever. He would return home late sometimes, and Beatrice generally extracted a confession from him that he had been to some ball or theatre. 'Wait awhile, Beatrice,' he would say, if she spoke to him of money matters; 'in a little time it will rain gold upon us.'

One morning Beatrice gave him a twenty-franc piece out of her diminished stock, with a particular caution to be careful of it. That night, when he returned, she asked him cunningly to lend her a franc. Stanilaus fumbled in his pockets for some time, and stammered out that he was afraid he had not a sou left.

'O Stanilaus,' said she, 'how can you ever hope to be rich if you waste like this?'

'Why, Beatrice,' he replied, 'I have ideas in my head now worth ten thousand francs.'

'Pooh!' said Beatrice. 'You are a child. What is the value of ideas, if you waste your time and never let them come forth?'

'Tut, tut!' replied her protégé. 'Women don't understand.'

'I would that I did not understand,' said Beatrice. It grieves me incessantly to see how you loiter.'

'Plenty of time, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am meditating. These ideas require a certain period to ripen in the brain.'

'Ah, Stanilaus,' said she, 'your fame is yet to be won, and you dream over it as if it were already yours.'

Stanilaus felt hurt at these words; it seemed to him like a want of faith in his powers. 'I know what you feel, Beatrice,' said he; 'you begin to doubt because the way to perfection in art is slow. Those who have already gained great reputations acknowledge me as a brother artist; but at home, where I am known familiarly, it is harder to believe that I have genius. I can wait.'

Beatrice turned her head away, that he might not see her weeping; and Stanilaus, taking this for a sign of displeasure, bade her good-night, and returned into his room. Her heart was too full to return his good-night, and Stanilaus remained under the impression that she was in anger.

His habits had undergone a great change: he could not rest at home; the pleasures to which he had begun to accustom himself became more and more necessary. To Beatrice's complaints and reproaches he had always one answer: 'I am meditating — wait awhile.' But he began at last to dread to meet her, and to wish that he could pay the debt he owed her.

Meanwhile, Beatrice's treasure was approaching its end, and she knew no one of whom she could borrow; for the baroness, her sister, was so poor that she had been unable to pay Beatrice her last quarter's salary. She began to dread that Stanilaus would abandon himself entirely to his growing taste for pleasure, and lose his hopes of fame for ever. She knew it was useless to persuade him then; but one night a plan occurred to her to save him, which might be employed as a last resource. She went to her friend, M. Rivet, and asked him if she could not, upon her debtor's acknowledgments, obtain a power to cast him into prison whenever she pleased. Beatrice recollected some stories of great works of art having been produced in the solitude of a prison; and her idea was, that she might one day find it advisable to employ that desperate means of snatching him from destruction.

M. Rivet replied that no law proceedings could be taken without the service of notices at his abode. This was a small objection; for Beatrice undertook to intercept them, and thus to keep her neighbour in ignorance of the fate that hung over his head.

One evening, when Stanilaus had come into her room after two days' absence, Beatrice unlocked a little drawer, and pulled out a single bank-note: 'Take this, Stanilaus,' said she; 'it is for a hundred francs. It is my last, but you are welcome to it. I have only hoarded them for you.'

Stanilaus stared at her bewildered, as if he had just been asleep. 'Beatrice,' said he, 'this tells me all. I have indeed behaved like a villain.'

'Do not say that,' said Beatrice; 'but let me implore you now to make up for lost time.'

'I will, Beatrice; I declare to you I will. I must get some money for the model of my great work. I will do two small things, and with the proceeds I will set to work in earnest.'

Stanilaus kept half of his word: he worked all that week, and earned two hundred francs; but the temptation of having much money in his pockets was too strong for him: he began to idle again, and to shun Beatrice. When she caught him, he would say that artists required repose—that the mind was like a field, that must lie fallow after a crop. But he had not much faith in his own excuse.

One morning, after Beatrice had wished him good-day, and passed out of her room to go down-stairs, Stanilaus, who had just sat down to work, was surprised to hear a key turn in the lock of his door outside. 'What is that?' he exclaimed, springing from his seat, and finding the door fastened.

'It is I,' said Beatrice. 'You must be my prisoner to-day. Do not be angry.'

'O never fear, Beatrice,' said he. 'I would as soon be a prisoner as not—I meant to work hard to-day.'

Beatrice laughed, and promised to come and release him by and by. 'I am going to Charenton on business to-day,' said she, 'and shall return about six o'clock.'

Stanilaus set to work, and remained working and singing for several hours, till he recollected that he wanted to visit his friend Engelhart. He had also a desire to call upon the baron, to speak to him about the design of a work which he contemplated; but there was that door locked. The confinement became irksome: it seemed to him a ridiculous position to be prevented from going out, as he said to himself, by the whim of his capricious neighbour. His patience was exhausted. He took one of his tools and forced open the door, after breaking the tool in the lock.

That afternoon, he felt a strong inclination to call at the Baron de Lonzac's. He knew that Beatrice was not there, and hoped that she would not hear of his visit. He resolved to go at last; and under the excuse of waiting for the baron, he remained there with Julie and her mother for some time. Julie sang and played some Polish airs, and the baroness inquired what new designs he had been engaged upon lately.

'To tell the truth,' replied Stanilaus, rather awkwardly, 'I have been idling a little.'

'Do not call it idling,' said Julie: 'the mind of an artist requires recreation. It must be as necessary to him as light and air.' Stanilaus felt grateful to her for her defence, and accepted it eagerly.

'I shall work now with new power,' said he. 'This very day I seemed to be conscious of a sudden growth in my enthusiasm for art.'

A few days after, Stanilaus obtained permission from his friend Engelhart to model his great statue in one of his rooms. The clay was kneaded ready, and every evening Beatrice inquired how he had progressed. Stanilaus, who had not touched it yet, but who firmly believed that his musings were a preliminary as necessary as the manual work, replied in good faith that it was proceeding favourably. One day Beatrice resolved to visit him in his studio, and surprise him. Engelhart, when she inquired for him, shook his head and smiled. 'I don't think he is in the studio,' said he; and he directed a servant to conduct Beatrice to the place where she expected to find him. He was not there; his tools lay scattered about, and the clay was untouched. Stanilaus had left a message that he had gone to the Louvre, and thither Beatrice departed in search of him.

She found him at last, alone in one of the rooms, contemplating some fragments of Greek sculpture that hung against the wall. He was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, and did not see or hear her till she touched him on the arm.

'Beatrice!' he exclaimed; 'how you surprised me!' But this time he did not seem confused or ashamed to meet her.

'I have been to Engelhart's,' said she. 'I was disappointed to find you gone.'

'I always come here for an hour or two,' said Stanilaus. 'In this place I breathe a kind of atmosphere of art. It calms, and brings me to a happy mood, after the noise and bustle of the streets. Look at these divine forms which we strive in vain to imitate. As I contemplate them, my mind seems secretly to abstract from them that quality of beauty that pervades them all, and to be refreshed and strengthened.'

Beatrice looked where he pointed, and saw some arms and legs, and bruised trunks of human bodies, sculptured in marble, by no means beautiful to her eye.

'Pooh!' said she; 'what need have you to worship other men's old broken works? You might do yourself things a hundred times more beautiful.'

Her extravagant praise of his talents made Stanilaus feel ashamed; for some strangers, who had just entered the room, had heard her, and were tittering at what she had said. The young Pole was so sensitive to ridicule, that he was glad to hasten out of the place. The circumstance had disturbed his contemplations, and he felt vexed. Beatrice, on her part, was hurt to think he had told her, as she believed, a falsehood about the progress of his work.

VII.

As Stanilaus became more confirmed in his dilatory habits, he began to feel the presence of Beatrice to be more and more irksome. He fancied that her prosaic common sense exercised an injurious influence upon his mind, and was one of the causes of his disinclination for serious work. He took every means of avoiding her; but if he met her by accident, he felt like a culprit in her presence. This constant humiliation fretted and annoyed him. He deplored the circumstance that had given him into her power, and felt his debt of gratitude to her to be an intolerable burden.

For some time past, however, Beatrice had shewn greater kindness towards him than ever. She treated him with a kind of maternal tenderness, as if she was weary of contending with his failings, and had resolved to indulge him in them, or as if she knew how weak he was to struggle with them, and had taken to pity him instead of shewing anger. Stanilaus felt this, though he scarcely knew the fact. His heart was secretly grateful to her, for not reproaching him with faults with which he reproached himself bitterly enough in his dull humours. She never inquired about his statue, though she knew from Engelhart that he had scarcely touched it. She left him perfectly free; and Stanilaus thought she was trying an experiment, and flattered himself that she had taken a wise course, and that she would soon see the good effects of it in his increased diligence. She borrowed for him such books as he wanted from the baron's library, and for a little while Stanilaus would sit at home of an evening, though his old restlessness soon returned. Beatrice deplored her own blindness in introducing him to her brother-in-law, for she saw that he had become entirely changed since that day.

Engelhart, who had a strong affection for the young artist, had offered him a sleeping-room in his house, thinking to confine him to his work by that means; and at the time when he had felt the control of Beatrice most troublesome, he had talked of accepting it, and endeavoured to persuade her that it would be much for his advantage. Beatrice had not opposed his scheme, though she had secret misgivings that the change would prove of no real benefit to him; and now Stanilaus, who had forgotten Engelhart's offer for some time, began again to talk of accepting it.

One afternoon, in the autumn of the year, Beatrice returned from the Baroness de Lonzac's earlier than usual, and found Stanilaus smoking in his room. She had brought him a basket of peaches from the baron's garden, and she asked about his health with a solicitude that surprised him. He felt that her manner was strange. She said that she must go, she had some business to do; but she lingered, as if loath to depart. She inquired if he intended to go out; and Stanilaus, thinking that her solicitude arose from anxiety about the late hours he had kept of late, replied that he intended to sit at home that night and work. 'And will you come back, Beatrice?' said he.

'I do not think I shall see you again to-night,' said Beatrice. 'I am not sure.'

Her voice faltered, but Stanilaus was thinking now of other matters, and did not note it. She lingered behind him awhile, watching him; but he was too much occupied to be conscious of it. He heard her afterwards moving about her room till she went out and shut the door.

Stanilaus sat there smoking for some time. He had really worked at his model that day, and he was calculating how long it would be, at the rate at which he had been working, before it would be ready for the founder, who was to cast the statue in bronze. He had not told Beatrice of his sudden activity, and he calculated upon surprising her before long with the news that his work was finished. While he was thinking of these things, sitting alone in the twilight, he was startled by a rapping at the door. He opened the door of Beatrice's room, thinking that it was she returned; but the knocking was at the door of his own room. Beatrice rarely knocked there; but he opened the door, expecting, nevertheless, to find her there. Two men were on the landing. One of them asked in a strange voice for the Count de Lemberg, and Stanilaus bade them come in.

'We have the disagreeable duty of arresting you, count,' said one.

'Of arresting me!' said Stanilaus. 'Of what am I accused?' He knew that the jealousy of the French government of the presence of refugees in the capital constantly led to such unpleasant adventures.

'You are not only suspected,' said the man; 'you are known to be indebted to the amount of two thousand five hundred francs to a lady, who has obtained a decree against you.'

'What is the lady's name?' inquired Stanilaus astonished.

'Beatrice de Salins,' replied the man.

Stanilaus demanded to see his warrant, and lighted a candle to read it. He saw at once that it was correct, and he prepared to depart with them. Stanilaus felt bitterly towards Beatrice as he walked between the two officers into the street, where he fancied every passer-by observed them; but the men, at his request, called the first coach they met, and in half an hour the artist found himself a prisoner in the prison of Clichy.

'A foreigner?' inquired the keeper of the prison, as he passed into a little office to see his name inscribed on the books.

'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg,' said he proudly.

'Ah!' said the man, 'the worse for you. A Frenchman stays five years in prison, and then he may depart, whether his debts be paid or not; but a foreigner must pay, or lie here for ever.'

The conduct of Beatrice appeared to Stanilaus at first inexplicable; but he soon became convinced that he had been the victim of a cunning scheme. He knew that proceedings must have been taken in secret, and that she must have intercepted the process left at his room, in order to keep him in ignorance till the day of his arrest. On reflection, he found that these proceedings must have been commenced soon after he first communicated to her his intention of leaving his lodging, and when, doubtless, he seemed to her to be endeavouring to escape from her power. He was shocked at the hypocrisy with which she had concealed her movements, and redoubled her expressions of kindness on the very night on which she had instructed the officers to arrest him. He remembered now her inquiry whether he was going out, and her excuse for leaving him, saying that she was not sure whether she should see him again, although she must then have well known that he would be in a jail before she returned. His faith in the simplicity and generosity of her nature was gone in a moment. That she, who had pretended such anxiety for his fame, had not scrupled to cast him into a prison, at a time when he was just making his first attempt at a great work, simply because she fancied her debt unsafe—that she should count for nothing that he would thus be cut off from the means of achieving his long-cherished design, filled him with bitterness against her. But he determined to arouse and make an effort to liberate himself. He sketched a note hastily for his friend Engelhart, telling him his situation, though concealing the name of his creditor, and entreating him to advance the money for his release, under the promise of repaying him immediately by working for him.

Stanilaus waited anxiously for the return of his messenger, walking to and fro in the long room, and muttering to himself, to the surprise of his fellow-prisoners. He was really angry with Beatrice, though perhaps, in his secret heart, he felt it a relief to be in some measure freed from the debt of gratitude that had weighed upon him. An hour had scarcely passed, when Engelhart himself appeared : he had already paid the debt, and procured an order for his discharge. Stanilaus thanked him with tears in his eyes.

'It is a sad business,' said Stanilaus. 'It has shewn to me the treachery of one in whose goodness I believed more than in anything on earth. If any notice had been given of this, I might have averted it; but I have been deceived and betrayed.' He was much excited.

'Come,' said Engelhart, 'you are free now. I ask for no return, but to see you anxious for your own advancement.'

Stanilaus told the coachman to drive to his lodging on his way. He found that Beatrice had been there since his departure, for the door between their apartments was open. He scribbled a note for her hastily, and left it on her table; and having paid Madame Benoit her rent, with thanks for her kindness, he ordered the man to remove his trunks and other things into the coach, and departed at once, to take up his abode with the famous artists.

It had been a sad day for Beatrice. Twenty times she had wavered in her resolution, and nothing but her conviction that it was the best thing that could be done to save him, had enabled her to put her design in execution. The very tenderness which Stanilaus had interpreted against her, arose from a kind of remorse at the step she had taken; and when she had said that she did not know that she would see him again that night, she doubted in her own mind whether she should have strength enough to bear her through. Indeed, the officers had scarcely departed an hour when she returned, determined to inform Stanilaus of her intention, and to renounce it at once. She found that they had already been there, and she hastened to the prison. There she learned that her debtor had procured his release, and had been gone a short time. Sure of finding him in his room, she hastened back; but there again she was disappointed. She saw that he had been there and gone, for everything that belonged to him was removed, even to the broken-stringed guitar, which had hung upon the wall. She knew by this that he would never come back. A little bunch of dried flowers, that he had picked to pieces and scattered on the floor in a fit of musing that night, she gathered together scrupulously, and tied them again, determined to keep them as a memorial of the last night they had been together. But on the table she found a note, which almost broke her heart to read. Stanilaus wrote not angrily, but sorrowfully. He told her that he owed life, hope, everything to her; but that he would rather have lost all these a hundred times, than have ceased to believe in her goodness. Her eyes swam with tears, and the light of the candle blurred her sight. She laid her face in both her hands upon the table and wept, exclaiming: 'I wish I were dead!'

VIII.

Stanilaus made a promise to himself, that he would not rest until he had repaid the debt he owed to Engelhart; and the sudden impulse this gave him, confirmed him in his belief that the control of Beatrice had been the cause of his feeling a disgust for work. 'I cannot work under restraint,' thought he; for he never deceived himself so much as in theorising on his own character. 'An artist,' he said, 'must be free at all times—to work or not to work.' He believed that there were moments in which the soul was gifted with a creative power, which it would be impossible to force; in the same way that the mystics believe in periodical influxes of the Divine Spirit; and he reasoned, that to be constrained to take up his tools when he felt this power to be wanting, was to be tormented uselessly. If his heart reproached him with ingratitude towards his benefactress, he endeavoured to justify himself by deploring that difference in their natures, which, he believed, made them unfit to be together. 'It is not my fault,' he would argue, 'if Beatrice was so ignorant of art, so deficient in that sense of beauty, which I must find in my companion, or be alone.' But, in truth, his ambitious dreams occupied him so much, that he rarely thought of her. His success with the small groups he designed for Engelhart, and the generous praise of his friend, only served to inflame his vanity more strongly. He began to feel his fame to be certain. He had never yet failed in anything, and he naturally felt failure to be impossible. An objection even to a work he half suspected himself to be inferior to his best productions, would annoy him for a long time. The slightest of his works he believed to be precious, as a manifestation of that high gift he possessed.

His friend Engelhart, examining one of his works in his room one evening, found fault with the position of the figures.

'Where do you find them unnatural?' asked Stanilaus sharply.

'I cannot tell you at this moment,' said Engelhart; 'and yet I feel the design to be displeasing. I doubt not, if I were to analyse this feeling, I might discover its cause.'

'Then you can point out no fault in it,' said Stanilaus triumphantly.

'It is not always easy to state our reasons for liking or disliking,' replied Engelhart.

'Every work of art,' said Stanilaus, 'is conceived in a certain mode of the artist's mind—it is, in truth, the embodiment of that mode. Now, unless the mind of the critic has at some time passed through the same mode, it will speak to him in vain.'

Engelhart, whose days of enthusiasm were passed, smiled at this pompous dogmatism. 'Before you are as old as I am, Stanilaus,' said he, patting him on the shoulder, 'you will have learned to bear an adverse criticism with patience. The world is a rough school, but it is the best one. One or two failures do a man good: depend upon it, you will find that men have too much self-love to acknowledge that your work may be beautiful when they feel it to be faulty.'

Stanilaus coloured slightly, and protested that he was grateful to him for his remarks, but he felt vexed when Engelhart was gone. The presumption that his mind was in a transition state, and that he must necessarily change his opinions, irritated him. The whole world seemed to be in a conspiracy to treat him for ever as a child, and he determined at once to make an effort to prove that in his art at least he was no mere novice.

He had paid his debt, and he began immediately to work upon his model. It was an allegorical representation of the figure of Truth. It did not progress so rapidly as his smaller works, for he was no longer under that obligation which before had kept him to his task. There was plenty of time, he thought, to finish it for the exhibition, and there was no occasion to spoil it by haste. He made and presented to the Baron de Lonzac a small group, which Julie pronounced to be beautiful. The baron introduced the young artist to some of his friends, and Stanilaus found himself flattered and caressed on all sides. He became a frequent visitor at the baron's house. Beatrice had ceased to come there, and returned to her old business, when she found that Stanilaus was likely to be a visitor at her sister's. Julie never alluded to her aunt; and though Stanilaus had sometimes a strong desire to know the cause of her disappearance, he never mentioned her name. Julie and he became more intimate; and the baroness seemed to remark their growing friendship with no displeasure. The young count was dazzled by her showy accomplishments. He was too vain to remark the pains she took to re-echo his own opinions, and to avoid thwarting him in anything; but he felt how great a difference there was between her and Beatrice, who never scrupled to oppose his inclinations when she did not approve of them. He fancied himself in love with her, and was several times on the point of declaring his passion; but the fear that they might be ignorant of his poverty, and that the discovery of this would lead to the humiliation of a refusal, determined him to wait until his position was improved.

But he found it impossible to absent himself for a length of time from the baron's house. It was there the grand prospect of fame first burst upon him; it was there he had met with a kindness and indulgence he had never before experienced from strangers. But the time that he spent there, and with his new friends, was a great hinderance to the progress of his statue. His love of pleasure revived; a feverish thirst for excitement made all application irksome to him. The time for the completion of his work was fast wearing away, and he felt himself more and more disinclined to continue it. He was glad to banish the thought of it from his mind, and to stifle his self-reproaches in the gaiety of his life. If Julie asked him about it, her inquiry jarred upon him; her attempts to excuse him pleased him no longer; he felt them to be false, and his conscience rejected them. At such times he became gloomy and reserved, and anxious to be gone. He had spoken to many persons of his intention of exhibiting, and the fear of disappointing their expectations haunted him, and made him still more unfit to accomplish his work.

Many a time he envied those artists and men of letters whom he met at evening-parties, and who seemed always to pass their days in pleasure, and yet to produce their works, and sustain the reputations they had won. He envied them, probably, because he did not know the secret of their lives, and marvelled that he could not do as they appeared to do. 'Have I, then, no choice, but to live as a Cynic, or to be nothing?' he would ask himself bitterly. He had never been so truly unhappy since the day when Beatrice had rescued him from death.

At last he found that the time had become so short, that he must at once renounce all his pleasures, and devote himself exclusively to his work. He hesitated no longer; but the sudden change in his way of life left a permanent depression of spirits, such as a drunkard will feel when the effects of his debauch are wearing off. The shortness of the time made him anxious, and destroyed that calm which he wanted. He was now truly unfit for his task. He worked at it, but his work did not please him; he lost heart, and yet he felt himself compelled to go on.

He often thought of Beatrice now, and of her counsels: he felt that if he had followed them, he might have been a happy man. His ingratitude to her smote him more strongly than ever; the great services she had rendered him, and the ease with which he had forgotten them, filled him with remorse. Sometimes he thought his troubles were a just punishment for his conduct; but how he wished that he had her near him still, to cheer his spirits and encourage him to work! All the history of their acquaintance suddenly appeared to him in a new light. He forgave her for throwing him into prison, though he did not know yet the motive that had induced her to adopt that step. Viewed merely as an act of prudence for her own sake, he could not blame her now, when he thought of his own recklessness and her long forbearance. He felt tempted to seek her out, to ask her forgiveness, and to beg her to become again his taskmaster: he felt the need of her control and strong practical counsels, which he had despised before; but it was now too late. The day of the opening of the exhibition was approaching, and he had no hope but in constant application. He modelled and remodelled hastily; but everything seemed against him—the atmosphere, the tools, the clay. His friend Engelhart had criticised his work unfavourably when it was half finished, and he felt now the force and truth of his remarks. The dread of failure haunted him day and night. He could not sleep nor eat. Engelhart, who understood his embarrassment, did not pity him—he knew that his vanity required a check. 'It is the story of every young genius,' said he to his partner: 'to find that labour and self-denial are as necessary as inspiration, is always a surprise to them. They will not believe it till they learn it by bitter experience.'

It was no relief to Stanilaus when his model was completed and sent to the founder. He knew that it was not without merit, but it was far, very far from his ideal. He had little hope of finding a purchaser for it; and he had incurred a debt to the founder for casting it of 5000 francs. He determined to go no more to the baron's until after the day of the exhibition; his late experiences had taught him that our most indulgent friends are not always the most true. He began to see through the selfishness of Julie and her mother, and to perceive that they had calculated upon the chance of his success. Engelhart, who heard anecdotes of the baron's reckless way of life from his friends, told him plainly, in the hope of saving him a humiliation which he knew would be a cruel blow to his sensitive nature, some facts he had learned. 'The baron,' said he, 'is a ruined man, and Mademoiselle Julie has no portion; but he knows that he can trust to his daughter's prudence not to accept a man who is penniless.' Stanilaus was not angry at his bluntness; he had already learned to hear a disagreeable truth with more patience than before.

The exhibition opened, and Stanilaus was not surprised to find that the newspapers spoke unfavourably of his statue; but there was one criticism he saw which stung him to the quick. The poor artist did not know that it was written by a man whom he had met in company, and whom he had piqued by his haughtiness and vanity. He believed it to be an honest judgment, and he began to suspect that he merited the severe censure that was cast upon him. His faith in his genius was shaken; he was thoroughly humbled.

That night he determined to call at the baron's. He had little inclination to see Julie again; he knew, indeed, that she would have heard of his failure, and that he would meet with a cold reception; but he felt a bitter pleasure in observing her selfishness to the end. 'I will meet this humiliation,' he thought; 'it will complete the punishment of my ingratitude to Beatrice.' He waited for Julie some time in the saloon. She was dressing to go to the theatre. Stanilaus noted, on the chair beside the piano, that morning's edition of the *Débats*, containing the criticism which had so annoyed him. Julie shook hands with him when she entered the room, and reproached him with his long absence. 'And now,' she said, 'you come, unfortunately, just when I am obliged to run away.'

Her words were not unkind, but her tone told him of the change that had taken place. Stanilaus saw her busy herself about the piano, and dexterously throw some sheets of music upon the copy of the *Débats*.

'I have been much occupied,' replied Stanilaus; 'you know I have finished my statue since I was last here.'

'The statue you were speaking of?' asked Julie languidly.

'The same,' replied Stanilaus.

'I remember,' said Julie. 'And is it pretty?'

'Not at all,' answered Stanilaus; 'at least the critics say so. They do not scruple to declare that its author is as vain as a peacock, and as stupid as an owl!'

'Ah!' said Julie, 'you are bitter: something has vexed you, and you come to vent your anger upon me.'

'I feel no anger, mademoiselle,' replied Stanilaus. 'I came fully prepared to find this change in your tone and manner. I know the cause of it, and am not surprised.'

'Farewell!' said Julie, as she walked towards the door. 'I hope you will be in better humour when we meet again.'

Stanilaus heard the voice of the baroness on the stairs. Julie whispered to her something, but her mother descended with her without coming to speak to him; and a moment after, he heard the fiacre he had seen waiting at the door drive away rapidly.

Stanilaus felt no regret at parting with Julie, but his heart was heavy that evening. He wandered in the streets, and thought of his wandering in the same way before, in the time of his old troubles. Thrice he passed his old home in the Faubourg St-Germain. He almost hoped to meet Beatrice there; but he did not see her, and he dared not enter the house. He had scorned her when his prospects of success were fairest; to return to her now, when she knew of his reverse, he felt would lower him in her eyes. He hated himself for the meanness of his conduct in accepting the money of Beatrice; he felt that he had indulged in his fatal habit of idle reverie, until he had become intoxicated and dead to all sense of shame; he thought that she must despise him for his baseness; and he bitterly regretted that she had not let him die before this dishonour had come upon him. He did not go home that night, but walked about the silent streets, scarcely knowing whither, until daybreak.

IX.

In the depth of his despondency, Stanilaus had thought of abandoning his art altogether, and of seeking some employment in his old capacity of a teacher. The never-ending struggle to sustain a reputation, even if once gained, the petty jealousies which annoy a competitor for public favour, and the necessity for constant production when art is made a profession, disheartened him. The fever and anxiety of the first epoch in his career were passed, and he dreaded to renew it. He longed for a peaceful life; and Paris, where he was now known to so many persons, who were all acquainted with the story of his ambition and its failure, became hateful to him. But for the debts he owed, he would have returned at once to England. His true friend, Engelhart, understood his feelings, and counselled him to withdraw himself immediately from all his old pleasures, and to retire to some picturesque and quiet city in the provinces, there to pursue his art laboriously and tranquilly. He promised to supply him with money sufficient to keep his mind free from the anxiety of providing for his daily wants, until such time as he could repay him. 'I did thus when a young man,' said he, 'and it was the happiest time of my life.' The picture he drew of his peaceful and contented life, determined Stanilaus to take his advice.

The day of his departure drew near, and Stanilaus felt unwilling to go without having seen Beatrice, and bidding her farewell. He had no shame about calling for this purpose; and he wrote to say, that an old friend would come at a certain time to take leave of her before his departure from Paris. He found her in her room expecting him. She had prepared to meet him; and Stanilaus thought she had never looked handsomer than that evening.

'What ails you?' said Beatrice anxiously. 'You look pale—your face is thin.'

'I have had much to vex me of late,' replied Stanilaus.

'I know,' said Beatrice; 'but why should this vex you, when you could so easily repair everything?'

'I am not so sure of that as I was, Beatrice,' said he.

'And for that very reason you must succeed,' replied Beatrice.

Stanilaus shook his head. 'I am going now to retire to a great distance, and to give my talents one more trial.'

'It is a good thought,' said Beatrice. 'Paris is a bad place—you must live quietly, and be industrious.'

'This I will promise you,' replied Stanilaus.

'And keep your promise?' said Beatrice smiling; for she recollected how often he had broken such resolutions.

'I think so. I am a different man, I hope, from what I was. This failure, which I thought a misfortune, may turn out, as Engelhart says, a blessing. I was drunk with the praises of people, but the world has sobered me.'

'And now, while you think yourself furthest from fame, you are nearer to it than ever.'

'Do not talk of fame, Beatrice,' said he. 'I failed with my last work, because I was feverishly craving after applause. Now, I will work to please myself; and if what pleases me does not please others too, I must be content with obscurity.'

'Ah! you are indeed changed,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus was very loath to depart. Assuredly, if he had known the history of the bunch of dried flowers which caught his eye on the mantel-piece, he would not have left her so coldly. Before he went, she confessed to him the history of her putting him in prison, and how she had repented, and sought him everywhere on the night that he had left his room. She could not let him go away, she said, with the belief that she had been selfish.

Stanilaus was delighted with her simple and natural explanation of what had appeared to him so treacherous. 'I did not know you then, Beatrice,' said he. 'How could I?—we must be pure and good ourselves before we can understand the pure and good. I hope you have a better neighbour now.'

'Indeed, I have not,' replied Beatrice; 'for I have none at all. The room has been empty ever since you left it.'

Beatrice was happier that night than she had ever been in her life. This explanation was the utmost she had desired, and she had begun to fear that Stanilaus would never know how she had only wished to save him, after all. She was content to bid him farewell now, though they should be about to part for ever.

'I will come and visit you again the very day I return,' said Stanilaus. 'It may be months—perhaps years; but be sure that I shall not have been in Paris an hour, before I come to see my dear old friend, to whom I owe so much.'

A whole week had passed beyond the time the sculptor had fixed for his departure, and still he was not gone. Beatrice had calculated, and found that he should be now settled in his new home in the country. But Stanilaus repented of his determination, and would gladly have renounced it, but for his fear of degrading himself in the eyes of his friend Engelhart, who would think he had abandoned himself again to his old vacillating disposition. But at last he bethought him of a kind of middle course. He told Engelhart that he had changed his resolution only so far as regarded the place, but that he was still determined to retire altogether from society. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I shall have disappeared, and my old friends will see or hear nothing of me for a long time to come.'

That evening he visited Madame Benoit, and inquired if his old room were still unoccupied.

'You will find it exactly as you left it,' replied the portress, who was glad to see her lodger returned.

'Then,' said Stanilaus, 'I shall be glad to live there again, if you will accept a little higher rent.'

Madame Benoit objected.

'But I am going to ask a favour in return,' said Stanilaus—'that is, that you aid me in keeping my place of residence an entire secret. Do not think that there is any mystery in this: I am simply going to work, and I wish to be undisturbed.'

The portress promised to obey him implicitly; and the next afternoon he brought his tools and boxes there, and took up his abode again in his solitary room. The events of the last six months seemed to him like a story he had been reading—the impression of them was fast fading away.

He listened for Beatrice's footsteps till evening, but she did not come. He tapped at her door, and unlocked it, to peep into her room. He noticed her lamp and work-box on the table, and the order and neatness that reigned there, and shut the door again without locking it. Later, he heard her coming up the stairs: he knew her step well. She opened her door, and soon after he heard her moving about in her room. He hesitated with a kind of dread of seizing the happiness that awaited him. He was sitting in his chair by the fire, just as he had sat on the night when she parted with him, before the officers came to arrest him, and looking towards her room, when he heard the handle of the lock moved, and saw the door slowly open. Beatrice stood there, holding the lamp in her hand. She started, and stopped upon the threshold, staring at him in wonder.

'Do not be alarmed, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am no ghost.'

'You startled me!' said she, breathless. 'I thought you were a hundred leagues away. But I see now—you meant to surprise me.'

'No,' replied Stanilaus, taking her by both hands, and looking in her face; 'I really meant to go, but I found I could not. I loved you too much to leave you.'

Beatrice trembled visibly, and finally laid her face upon his shoulder, and burst into tears. She dreaded that he would change again.

But when she saw afterwards how closely he remained confined, how unceasingly he worked, and how cheerful and contented he had become, she knew how great a change his disappointment had wrought in him. She told him what she had not dared to tell him before—how unhappy his departure had made her; she shewed him the bunch of dried flowers, and he remembered them; and she confessed to him how she had never failed one evening to peep into his room, until the night when she was so astonished to find him there.

Stanilaus worked at small objects all that winter. He would never have thought of attempting a great statue again, had not Beatrice endeavoured to convince him that he was now far more certain of success than before. One day he issued from his place of concealment, and visited his friend Engelhart, who, though he had regularly received through Beatrice the fruits of his labours, had never known where he was. He shewed him a drawing of his design, and his friend approved it.

'You shall work upon it here,' said Engelhart; 'but as a previous failure is apt to hinder a man's success, you shall exhibit it anonymously.'

He took the same subject as before, but he treated it so differently, that none could have suspected it to be by the same artist. He had worked at it with nothing to disturb his thoughts, and he was well satisfied with it. Before it was exhibited, Engelhart had disposed of it for a considerable sum to a foreign nobleman, who was known throughout Europe for his taste in art. The rumour of this purchase insured it attention among the objects in the exhibition. The newspapers extolled it everywhere; and Stanilaus's old enemy pointed out its beauties in the *Débats*, and alluded to a young artist 'whose brief but brilliant fame in private circles must be still fresh in the memory of his friends.' He counselled that young artist, 'if he was still in existence,' to pay a visit to the exhibition, and see his own subject treated by one who had a true sense of art. One morning the baroness and her daughter, who was still unmarried, were astonished to read in the *Débats* an announcement of the marriage of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg with Mademoiselle Beatrice de Salins. A paragraph in the same paper mentioned the fact, that the statue lately purchased by the Duke de Téruel, and which had attracted so much attention at the late exhibition, was the work of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. The fame of Stanilaus increased rapidly; but he continued to live privately with Madame de Lemberg at Neuilly, near Paris, where his friend Engelhart visited him frequently. He had no leisure to devote to the frivolous society of his fashionable acquaintances; but when he went to Paris, he never failed to find time for a visit to his friend Madame Benoit.

THE BRITISH CONQUEST OF INDIA.

THE first nation of modern times to hold a commercial intercourse with India—that famous land of the East, regarding which such gorgeous accounts had come down from antiquity—was the Portuguese. To discover a short route to the celebrated countries where the gold and the diamonds and the rich spices were to be found, was the great object of European ambition in the fifteenth century; and as the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama was the first to solve the problem, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope (previously passed by his countryman Diaz), and sailing into the Indian Ocean in the year 1497, his countrymen, then celebrated among the nations of Europe for their enterprise and nautical skill, were the first to reap the advantages of a connection by sea with the East Indies. Nearly a whole century elapsed, 'during which,' to use the words of Mr Mill in his *History of British India*, 'the Portuguese, without a rival, enjoyed and abused the advantages of superior knowledge and art amid a feeble and half-civilised people.'

About the end of the sixteenth century, other nations, especially the English and the Dutch, began to compete with the Portuguese in the trade with the East Indies. Passing over various efforts made by English adventurers, supported by government, to establish a regular commerce with India, we come to the memorable attempt made under the auspices of a number of London merchants, who had been constituted into a Company for the purpose by a royal charter, dated the 31st of December 1600. 'This charter,' says Mr Mill, 'the origin of a power so anomalous and important as that which was afterwards accumulated in the hands of the East India Company, contained nothing which remarkably distinguished it from the other charters of incorporation so commonly in that age bestowed upon trading associations. It constituted the adventurers a body politic and corporate, by the name of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies," and vested them with the usual privileges and powers. According to the principle of the times, the charter was exclusive; prohibiting the rest of the community from trading within the limits assigned to the Company—that is, the space of land and ocean lying beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Strait of Magellan; but granting to the Company the power, whenever they pleased, of bestowing licenses for that purpose.' The charter was granted at first for a period of fifteen years, with the probability, however, of renewal.

Such was the foundation of the celebrated East India Company, whose power in the world's affairs was long so enormous. The first voyages of the ships belonging to the Company were not to the Indian continent, but to the islands of Java, Sumatra, &c., from which they brought home calicoes, raw silk, indigo, and spices. It was soon found desirable, however, to hold commercial intercourse with Hindustan itself; and accordingly, after some difficulties, leave was obtained from the native authorities, in the years 1611 and 1612, to establish factories or warehouses for the convenience of trade at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, on the west. Thus, when the British first planted their feet on the soil of India, they appeared as nothing more than the humble agents or servants of a company of merchants in a distant island, charged with the task of shipping and unshipping goods, and bound, as they valued their lives and liberties, to behave in a civil and even submissive manner to the natives. From such small beginnings did the empire of the British in India take its rise.

The original East India Company, with its charters at different times disputed and renewed, continued throughout the seventeenth century to carry on a more or less profitable traffic with the East. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Banda Islands, Celebes, Malacca, Siam, and the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. In 1640, the native authorities gave permission for the building of Fort St George at Madras; and in 1645 a factory was established on the banks of the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges near its mouth, which formed the foundation of Calcutta. The island of Bombay was also procured as a settlement in 1664-5, after a struggle with its Portuguese possessors. Three years before this, the Company received authority, for the first time, to make war and peace with the native princes; but its affairs were not in a prosperous state; and soon after the Revolution of 1688, the question of the validity of the old royal charter was started. The consequence followed of the Company not being able to perform its obligations, on account of losses occasioned by wars, infidelity of officers, extravagance, &c.; and parliament, in 1698, granted a charter to a new East India Company, on condition of a loan of £2,000,000 sterling to the state, and which was required to carry on King William's wars. But the great contentions between the two Companies soon made it necessary to unite them, and a union was finally effected in 1708, when an act of parliament was passed, establishing the conjoined association under the title of 'The United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies.'

The constitution adopted for managing the affairs of this great Company was as follows: The whole of the business was to be in the hands of two courts—a Court of Proprietors and a Court of Directors. The qualification for being a member of the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of at least £500 of the Company's stock; but the possession of more than that quantity of stock was not to give a proprietor more than a single vote. The directors were to be twenty-four in number, of whom one was to be chairman, and another deputy-chairman; they were to be chosen annually by the votes of the proprietors at a general meeting; and the qualification for being elected a director was to be the possession of at least £2000 of the Company's stock. Four general courts, or Courts of Proprietors, were to be held in the year—a court once a quarter; additional courts, however, might be held when circumstances required it. The Courts of Directors were to meet as often as the directors themselves saw fit, and at such times and places as they might appoint; the presence of thirteen directors to be necessary to constitute a court. 'According to this constitution,' says Mr Mill, 'the supreme power was vested in the Court of Proprietors. In the first place, they held the legislative power entire; all laws and regulations, all determinations of dividend, all grants of money, were made by the Court of Proprietors. To act under their ordinances, and manage the business of routine, was the department reserved for the Court of Directors. In the second place, the supreme power was secured to the Court of Proprietors by the important power of displacing annually the persons whom they chose to act in their behalf. In this constitution, if the Court of Proprietors be regarded as representing the general body of the people, the Court of Directors as representing an aristocratical senate, and the chairman as representing the sovereign, we have an image of the British constitution. In the constitution, however, of the East India Company, the power allotted to the democratical part was so great, that a small portion may seem to have been reserved to the other two. Yet the actual result has been extremely different. Notwithstanding the power which, by the theory of the constitution, was reserved to the popular part of the system, all power has centered in the Court of Directors; and the government of the Company has been an oligarchy. In fact, so far from meddling too much, the Court of Proprietors have not attended to the common affairs even sufficiently for the business of inspection.'

The Company, constituted on the footing here described, were as yet nothing more than an association of merchants exporting bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollen cloths, and hardware to India; and importing in return calicoes, raw silk, diamonds, tea (the first order for the importation of which was given in the year 1667), porcelain, pepper, drugs, and saltpetre. Their governmental establishments were Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; the last of which was only a short time previously a mere commercial agency dependent on Madras. Already, however, they had formed the design of obtaining an influence in India by other means than that of simple commerce; and the extension of the Company's settlements soon became the main object of those charged with the direction of the Company's affairs in India. The first notable advantage gained by the Company was in the year 1715. In that year, 'an embassy' being sent on a commercial commission to Delhi, it happened that a medical gentleman named Hamilton, who accompanied the factors, had the good fortune to cure the Emperor Feroksere of a severe illness, which could not be overcome by the ignorant native physicians. In gratitude for this important service, the emperor, at Hamilton's request, granted liberty to the Company to purchase in Bengal thirty-seven townships in addition to that of Calcutta; he also conferred upon them some important commercial privileges, which soon rendered Calcutta a flourishing settlement.

From this period the Company's power in India continued to increase. At home, however, they had to contend with a powerful opposition, the general verdict of public opinion even at that time being hostile to such a monopoly of trade as that vested in the East India Company. As the time for the renewal of the Company's charter came round, the most energetic efforts were employed to throw open the Indian trade to the general enterprise of the community; and it is probable that these efforts might have succeeded, had it not been for the influence which the Company obtained over the mind of government by means of loans of money to help government through cases of emergency. Thus, in the year 1744, the Company advanced to government a loan of £1,000,000 at three per cent., in consideration of which they obtained an extension of their monopoly till the year 1780.

It is at this period—about the middle of the last century—that the career of the Company begins to be most interesting to the historian. For a century and a half, an association of merchants and speculators had been in existence, carrying on a trade with India for the purposes of pecuniary profit. At one time the trade had been brisk, at another dull; and in no respect was it peculiarly distinguished from the various other trades in which people at that time engaged for the purpose of money-making. The name of India, it is true, had still a mysterious sound in the public ear; vague ideas were still entertained of its wealth; and on that account, perhaps, there was a greater ambition among speculators to be proprietors of East Indian than of other kinds of stock; but, upon the whole, the extent of trade carried on, and the rate of profits made by partners of the East India Company during the former half of the eighteenth century, were not nearly so large as, with our present notions of India, and the power of the East India Company, we are apt to imagine them to have been. It was about the middle of the century that that course of events began along which the East India Company, and with it the British nation, have marched to their world-envied supremacy over Central and Southern Asia. This course of events, striking in themselves, and deserving of attention, on account of their essential intertexture with the British history of the last century, we proceed to sketch. It will be necessary, before doing so, however, to give our readers some idea of the field into which, by means of the East India trade, British industry and enterprise had been introduced; in other words, to give them some account of the history and the internal condition of that portion of the earth's surface called India, previous to its invasion and conquest by us money-making and large-brained islanders.

INDIA PREVIOUS TO THE BRITISH CONQUEST.

Passing over the legendary chronologies of the Hindus themselves, the utility of which as materials for history may be judged of by the fact, that they speak of kings reigning for twenty-three thousand years each, and extend back to nearly four millions of years in all, the first historical notices we have of India are those given by the Greek writers, who narrate the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, in the year 327 before Christ. 'From these notices,' says Mr Mill, 'the conclusion has been drawn that the Hindus, at the time of Alexander's invasion, were in a state of manners, society, and knowledge exactly the same with that in which they were discovered by the nations of modern Europe: nor is there any reason for differing widely from this opinion. It is certain that the few features of which we have any description from the Greeks bear no inaccurate resemblance to those which are found to distinguish this people at the present day.'

About the beginning of the eleventh century, however, this Hindu population—who, it is probable, had till that time been the exclusive inhabitants of the country lying between the Himalaya Mountains and the Indian Ocean—were mixed with a new race, professing a different religion, and following different customs. These new competitors for the possession of Hindustan were Mohammedans, who invaded the country from its north-western frontier. From Arabia as a centre, the great empire which the prophet Mohammed had founded in the beginning of the seventh century had extended itself far and wide, east and west, so as to stretch from the Indus in the one direction almost to the Strait of Gibraltar in the other. The first Mohammedan invader of India was Mahmoud of Ghuznee, who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was sultan over that part of the disintegrated Arabic empire which lay to the west of the Indus. He commenced his successful expeditions into India about the year 1000, and continued them till 1024, making the destruction of Hindu idolatry and the plunder of its shrines more the object of his visits than the acquisition of territory. In this period of twenty-four years he prostrated, for the moment, a considerable number of the native princes, and exacted immense tributes in gold and every kind of valuable commodity. A successor of Mahmoud, named Mohammed, after carrying on war with the Indian princes for some time, at length, about the year 1193, entered Hindustan with an exceedingly large force, and bore down all opposition. The king of Delhi was slain in battle, and having advanced to that ancient capital, Mohammed there left a viceroy to maintain his authority. In this manner a Mohammedan dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India, and in one of its greatest cities; and thus commenced the first Afghan or Patan dynasty.

A second Afghan or Patan dynasty was established, by one of those revolutions so common in eastern states, in the year 1291. During the existence of this dynasty, which continued till towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Mohammedan power extended itself farther south in Hindustan, as far even as the Carnatic: so that before the beginning of the sixteenth century, Mohammedans must have been pretty thickly interspersed with the original Hindu population, throughout at least the north-western, the central, and the southern portions of Hindustan. The foundation of the famous Mogul dynasty by Baber, a descendant of the great Tamerlane, in the year 1525, may be considered as having completed the subjugation of India by the Mohammedans. Overpowering the Mohammedan chiefs among whom the country was divided, as well as conquering portions of territory which had not yet been thoroughly subjected to the Mohammedan yoke, Baber founded an empire in India which eclipsed that of his predecessors in respect both of extent and stability. From the foundation of the Mogul empire by Baber in 1525, a series of Mohammedan emperors, whose seat of authority was at Delhi, ruled the largest and finest portions of India. By them the country was in many places newly subdivided into provinces, and put under the government of tributary kings or nabobs, who superseded the Hindu rajahs or petty princes. One of the greatest of these Mogul emperors was Akbar, who flourished between the years 1556 and 1605. By his daring and judicious management, the central provinces were preserved in complete tranquillity, and Guzerat, Bengal, and part of the Deccan were added to his already extensive empire.

Akbar, at his death in 1605, left the Mohammedan empire in India divided into fifteen provinces or subahs, each of which was governed under the emperor by a viceroy styled subahdar. The names of the fifteen subahs were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmeer, Guzerat, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Cabool, Lahore, Multan, Malwa, Berar, Candeish, and Ahmednuggur. Jehongir, who succeeded his father Akbar, was able, although with considerable difficulty, to retain the imperial authority over all these provinces. It was in his reign, which extended from 1605 to 1628, that the English first began to plant factories on the north-western coast of Hindustan, in the manner already described; and it was by the favour of the emperors, his successors, and that of the subahdars or viceroys of the various maritime provinces, that the East India Company were able, during the seventeenth century, and half of the eighteenth, to carry on their trade, whether with the Hindus or Mohammedans of India. One of the most celebrated of the Mogul emperors was Aurungzebe, great-grandson of Akbar, who ruled from 1658 to 1707. Under this prince, the empire of the Moguls came to the height of its glory, and reached its largest extent. After Aurungzebe had added to it the kingdoms of the Deccan, it included nearly the whole of Hindustan, with the neighbouring regions of Cabool on the one hand, and Assam on the other. The revenues extorted from this populous and wealthy territory amounted to £32,000,000 sterling. During the reign of Aurungzebe, it was attacked by the Persians, and also by a growing nation called Mahrattas, consisting of a number of associated native Hindu tribes, whose country comprehended large portions of the provinces of Malwa, Candeish, Aurungabad, and Bejapore, in the Deccan.

After the death of Aurungzebe, none of his successors exhibiting equal abilities, the Mogul empire declined; and the great officers of the empire threw off the yoke of the imperial power, and became independent princes. It was from Feroksere, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, that the East India Company obtained, in the year 1715, the grant of thirty-seven townships in Bengal, and of additional commercial privileges, to which we have already alluded as marking so distinct an epoch in the Company's history. Not long after this event, the Persians, under the celebrated Nadir Shah, invaded Hindustan, adding another element of confusion to those which already existed.

Such is a summary view of the history of India previous to the time when the British began their career of conquest in that country. The proportion of Mohammedans to Hindus over the whole peninsula may have been as one to six; although in some districts the proportion was much larger. Upon the whole, the Mohammedans were still the dominant race, excelling the Hindus at least in strength and activity of character; but, as we have just seen, a reaction had begun, and the Hindus were in various parts of the peninsula regaining their supremacy. Into this mêlée of Hindus and Mohammedans, struggling among themselves and against each other, the ambition and enterprise of Europeans forced their way, and the whole aspect and destinies of India were changed. The manner and progress of this revolution we are now to describe.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN INDIA—WAR IN THE CARNATIC.

The death of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, in the year 1740, gave origin to a war in which several of the European nations engaged, but the principal burden of which came at length to be sustained by France on the one side and England on the other. The formal declaration of war between these two countries took place in the year 1744, and, as was natural, the enmity which existed between the two mother-countries affected the settlements of each in all parts of the world. In Hindustan, especially, the declaration of war was attended with important results.

The French had begun to trade with India towards the end of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of an East India Company established in the reign of Louis XIV., somewhat on the model of its British rival. Various attempts had been made by this Company to obtain settlements on the coast for the convenience of traffic, as the British had done. Most of these attempts, however, had failed; and at the breaking out of the war in 1744, the only French settlement of any consequence in India was Pondicherry, on the Coromandel Coast, about a hundred miles south of the British settlement of Madras. The town was strongly fortified, a considerable portion of territory was attached to it, and it was governed by a president and council, who had also under their charge three small establishments or factories, which the French possessed in other parts of Hindustan; namely, Carical on the Coromandel Coast, Mahé on the Malabar Coast, and Chandernagore in Bengal. The governor of Pondicherry, at the time of the declaration of hostilities between France and England, was Joseph Francis Dupleix, the son of a director of the Company, who, after giving proofs of his zeal and ability by a long course of arduous service, had been appointed to the office in 1742, and had already exerted himself so as to place the affairs of the French in Hindustan on a much more prosperous footing than they had attained under any former governor.

The possessions of the English in Hindustan at this time were, as our readers know, much more extensive than those of the French. Instead of one government or presidency, like the French, the English had three—the presidency of Bombay on the west coast, and that of Madras on the Coromandel Coast north of Pondicherry, and that of Calcutta in Bengal, which had been erected into a separate presidency so lately as the year 1707. Each of these presidencies had considerable territories depending on it for government and protection.

Besides Pondicherry and its dependencies on the coast of the Indian peninsula, the French East India Company possessed the two islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, situated in the Indian Ocean, east of the large island of Madagascar. These islands were governed by a president and council of their own, distinct from that of Pondicherry; and at the commencement of the war between England and France, the governor of the two was an officer named Labourdonnais, distinguished by his great abilities and his large experience in all colonial matters. Very rarely had two such men as Dupleix and Labourdonnais been found in such situations as those which they respectively occupied; and the fact that France had them to rely upon for the management of her affairs in the Indian Ocean, gave her an ominous preponderance over England, which, although her commerce with India was larger than that of France, could not at that time point to any man of hers in India capable of opposing the designs of the two French governors with sufficient genius.

Labourdonnais took the lead in the attempt to assist France by striking a blow at the Indian power of her rival, England. Great was the alarm of the British in Madras when, on the 14th of September 1746, a French fleet anchored within sight of the town, and it was known that the governor of Mauritius was on board. Madras was then the richest and most important of all the British settlements in India; and its entire population amounted to about 250,000, of whom, however, no more than 300 were English-born. After sustaining a bombardment of five days, Madras surrendered to Labourdonnais, and the French flag waved on the ramparts of Fort St George. Labourdonnais, however, had been instructed not to retain possession of Madras; and accordingly, one of the articles of capitulation agreed to between him and the English authorities was, that within a certain period the town should be restored, on the payment of a moderate ransom. Being a man of high honour and spirit, he would have punctually fulfilled this agreement had he been his own master; but Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who to unquestionable talents joined a great ambition of conquest, and a less scrupulous sense of honour than that which animated Labourdonnais, thwarted him so much in all his proceedings subsequent to the capture of Madras, that he at length found it necessary to return to Europe to defend his conduct.

The removal of Labourdonnais from India left Dupleix at liberty to follow out his own ideas, which aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a French empire in India. The necessary preliminary was the uprooting of the various settlements which the British had planted on the Coromandel Coast. To restore Madras, according to stipulation, would have been, in the eyes of Dupleix, a retrograde step; accordingly, acting professedly under the influence of the general voice of the inhabitants of Pondicherry, he not only retained the town, but even plundered it, and carried the English governor and a number of the principal inhabitants prisoners to Pondicherry.

About twelve miles south of Pondicherry was the settlement of Fort St David, belonging to the English. Hither many of the inhabitants of Madras had retired on the violation of the treaty made with Labourdonnais; and here, in the meantime, were centered all the functions of the Madras presidency. Dupleix resolved to attack this place, the capture of which would, it was probable, completely destroy the power of the English on the Coromandel Coast. Accordingly, on the 19th of December 1746, he appeared before it with a considerable force of Europeans and negroes. The siege continued long, and would probably have ended in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately, early in 1747 an English fleet arrived, the settlement was saved, and the fortunes of the parties reversed. As the French had laid siege to Fort St David, so the British determined to attack Pondicherry. The superiority, however, which the British possessed in numbers and in fresh supplies, was more than counterbalanced by the general ignorance of their officers in matters of Indian warfare, by the hardships of the climate, and by the great abilities of Dupleix. After a siege of thirty-one days, Pondicherry was abandoned by the British without any impression having been made upon it. Further hostilities were in the meantime prevented, by the arrival of the intelligence that a treaty had been agreed to between England and France, in terms of which Madras was to be restored, and the affairs of both countries on the Coromandel Coast placed on their former footing.

The cessation of hostilities was but temporary; a new path had been opened up for European ambition; and both French and English were eager to tread it. Dupleix especially was alive to all the opportunities which his position afforded him. In his eyes, that commerce with India which he had been appointed to superintend and control, sank into a very insignificant matter compared with the extension of the French power in Hindustan. He found himself planted on the sea-edge of a vast country, the wealth of which was enormous. He saw it overspread by millions of Hindus and Mohammedans, weak in themselves, and held together by the most wretched system of government. The great Mogul empire was no longer formidable; it was crumbling to pieces. What, then, was there to prevent him, an educated European, a native of *La belle France*, from playing a game among these tawny weaklings worthy of his race, his culture, his country? To plunge into the politics of

India—to intrigue with this nabob and that rajah, all the while keeping the extension of the French power in view as his main end—this was the plan proposed to himself by Dupleix.

The first operations of Dupleix were in the Carnatic—the name given to the tract of country on the Coromandel Coast between the Kistna and the Cavery. Under the Mogul empire, this large territory formed part of the subah of the Deccan, and was governed by an officer called a nabob, who, as well as the Subadhar of the Deccan, was nominated by the emperor. Latterly, however, both dignities had become in a manner independent, and open to competition. In 1749, the Nabob of the Carnatic was Anwar-u-Deen; the Subahdar of the Deccan at the same time was Nazir Jung. The titles of both were disputed; that of Anwar-u-Deen by Chunda Saheb, and that of Nazir Jung by Mirzapha Jung. The two claimants naturally made common cause with each other; and in order to increase their chances of success, they applied for assistance to Dupleix. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the scheming mind of Dupleix than this request; and the result was, that a joint army of 40,000 natives, and 2300 troops under French command, advanced against the Nabob Anwar-u-Deen. In the engagement with the nabob's forces which ensued, the French gained the victory for their allies. Anwar-u-Deen was killed at the great age of one hundred and seven years, and a rich booty fell into the hands of the conquerors. Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, surrendered immediately after, and the fortunes of the allies seemed to be in the ascendant.

These events took place in December 1749, after which, with much intriguing on all sides, parties arranged themselves thus: Dupleix, as before, took part with Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Saheb, although ready, as opportunity presented itself, to throw either of them off. The English, resolving to check the schemes of Dupleix, gave what assistance they could to Nazir Jung, the reigning Subahdar of the Deccan, and Mohammed Ali, who assumed to be the legitimate successor to the nabobship of the Carnatic. Dupleix, however, triumphed. Entering into a correspondence with Nazir Jung, with a view to detach him from the English, he at the same time, lest this negotiation should fail, opened another with certain of Nazir's officers who were disaffected to him, and ready for a revolution. Unfortunately for the subahdar, the negotiation with the disaffected portion of his followers came soonest to a conclusion. In October 1750, his camp, which the English had left, disgusted with his ambiguous behaviour, was attacked by the French; turning to encourage his men to defend it, he was shot through the heart by one of his traitor officers, and Mirzapha Jung was proclaimed Subahdar of the Deccan.

This was a great triumph for Dupleix. As it was by his means that Mirzapha Jung had attained the coveted dignity of Subahdar of the Deccan, the Frenchman was, out of gratitude, appointed governor of all the Mogul territory lying on the east coast, from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, Chunda Saheb acting as his deputy or nabob in the Carnatic. The fortunes of the British were now at a very low ebb. Their only Indian ally was Mohammed Ali, who retained possession of the town and district of Trichinopoly, but who was so far from being an enthusiastic friend of the English interests, that he appeared willing to listen to any proposals of reconciliation from the French. The French had gained a great reputation throughout all Southern Hindustan; and the English were regarded, both by Hindus and Mohammedans, as quite a second-rate people.

At this crisis there stepped forth a young man whose name was destined to be celebrated in the history of British India. In the year 1744 there had arrived at Madras a youth named Robert Clive, the son of a gentleman in Shropshire. He was destined to fill the situation of a writer in the Company's service; but he had not been long in India, before his unruly and obstinate disposition shewed itself in such a way as to prove that he was ill qualified to give satisfaction in a position where deference to superior authority was regarded as the principal human virtue. Escaping from Madras after its capture, he was permitted, fortunately both for himself and the British interests, to exchange his civil rank for an ensignship in the Company's army. From that time forward he had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and cool daring on several important occasions. Accordingly, when in the present emergency Clive, who had been just appointed a captain, to fill a vacant place, proposed the somewhat bold scheme of attacking Arcot, so as to create a diversion of the enemy's forces from Trichinopoly, the proposal was approved of by the presidency, and Clive, with a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys, was charged with its execution. Clive accomplished his design with the most brilliant success. Arcot was taken; and Clive returned victorious to Fort St David in December 1752.

Good fortune now again seemed to be on the side of the British. The French and their allies raised the siege of Trichinopoly, and took up their position in the fortified island of Seringham, on one of the branches of the Coleroon. They were not able, however, to resist the forces which attacked them in this position, but at length capitulated, and were carried away to the English settlements as prisoners of war.

There was no stability, however, in Indian affairs. A new shuffling of parties soon took place, to carry on the war in the Carnatic. In the beginning of 1753, by which time Clive had returned to England for the benefit of his health, the opposed parties were as follows: The French had drawn over Morari Rao, the Mahratta chief, and had likewise procured some assistance, in the shape of supplies, from another native dignitary, the governor of Vellore, whom Dupleix flattered with hopes of the nabobship of the Carnatic, in case Mohammed Ali were conquered. The English, on the other hand, had Mohammed Ali for their associate, and received some scanty and reluctant help from the Rajah of Tanjore, who did not yet see clearly which side was likely to prove the strongest. The struggle between the two armies was for the possession of Trichinopoly, the English being its actual occupants, and the French trying to dislodge them. For a year and a half—that is, from May 1753 to October 1754—the siege was continued, affording opportunities for the display of much bravery, and of much suppleness and dishonesty on both sides, still without any decisive advantage on either: the English doggedly maintaining a position which was conceived to be essential to the preservation of British influence in the Carnatic; and the French as resolutely bent on obtaining possession of a place, the occupation of which would enable them, according to the boast of Dupleix, to reduce Madras to a mere fishing-village.

Meanwhile, events favourable to the French were taking place in other parts of the Deccan. Mirzapha Jung having been slain by his subjects, his son Salabat was appointed by French influence to succeed him. Salabat, to shew his gratitude, yielded to the French that tract of country on the Coromandel Coast which includes the Northern Circars—thus making the whole territory ceded to the French in Hindustan extend from Cape Comorin to the pagoda of Juggernaut.

Such a cession of territory, however, was merely nominal, and was not destined ever to amount to a reality. While these wars, and conflicts, and intrigues had been going on in the Carnatic, the cool-headed people in England and France, in whose names the whole turmoil was conducted, had begun to think whether any real advantage was to be gained by permitting their servants to fight with each other, and set up and depose nabobs and subahdars in Indian swamps and jungles under a broiling sun. Upon the whole, they decided that the occupation was a waste of industry; the French government especially was displeased with the conquering policy of Dupleix. Commissioners, appointed by the French and by the English East India Companies, met in London to discuss their mutual differences; and the result was, that in the summer of 1754, M. Godhen was sent out on the part of the French, with authority to supersede Dupleix, and conclude an arrangement with the English. M. Godhen arrived in the Carnatic in the month of August; and in a short time a treaty was agreed to between him and the English governor, Mr Saunders, in terms of which the French resigned all their reputed acquisitions in India, both nations retaining only such settlements on the coast as were deemed necessary for the purposes of commerce, and Mohammed Ali, the protégé of the English, being allowed to remain undisputed Nabob of Arcot. Such was the impotent conclusion of all the ambitious schemes of

Dupleix; and sad must it have been to the daring and crafty mind of that governor to see his projects for the aggrandisement of France thus laid in the dust, and to be compelled to return to Europe to face the thankless men in whose interests he had so fruitlessly toiled, and so lavishly expended his sagacity, his moral principle, and his private wealth.

Messrs Godhen and Saunders returned to Europe, leaving the surface of affairs in India calm and smooth to appearance. But calmness and smoothness were not characteristics of Indian politics, and it was not long before new disturbances broke out. The English being left supreme, or at least possessed of great authority in the Carnatic, where the nabob was their creature, were soon involved in the disputes of that dignitary with the surrounding native princes —disputes in which they were the more interested, that it was only by extortion from these princes that they could obtain a tolerable quantity of money as a reward for their services to the nabob. So also the French, under Bussy, having been left in the confidence of the Subahdar of the Deccan, were mixed up with his affairs, and dependent on his purse. The working of these jarring influences kept the Deccan in a state of continued warfare and confusion till the year 1756, when war being again declared between Great Britain and France, the contest assumed a more regular character. In the meantime, let us quit the presidency of Madras, and turn our attention to another part of India, the presidency of Calcutta or Bengal.

ACQUISITION OF BENGAL BY THE BRITISH.

Bengal, one of the original subahs of the Mogul empire in India, had hitherto been regarded by the English as of inferior importance to the Carnatic; but circumstances were about to change their views on this point. In April 1756, Aliverdy Khan, a chief of Afghan extraction, who had governed Bengal for many years in the capacity of subahdar, died, leaving his nephew, Surajah Dowla, his successor. Surajah Dowla is described as a dissolute prince, and a hater of the British; and one of his first resolutions, on assuming his honours as subahdar, was to expel them from his territories, or, at all events, to reduce their power, and spoil them of part of their wealth, which he conceived to be much greater than it was. With this view he took the field in May 1756, with an army of 40,000 foot, 30,000 horse, and 400 elephants; and after some preliminaries, advanced against Calcutta, and invested it on the 18th of June. Unprepared to resist such a force, the governor and council thought it the safest policy to embark the European inhabitants and their property on board ships, and seek refuge in the other settlements. By some strange mismanagement, however, for which the governor, Mr Drake, was blamed, a number of persons were left behind, who, finding themselves deserted, chose Mr Holwell as their commander. The little band held out against the subahdar and his army, in hopes to obtain terms; but at length the place was taken by storm, and all were captured. Although it does not appear to have been the intention of the subahdar to treat his prisoners with cruelty, the scene which followed is one of the most horrible on record. When the evening came on, it became necessary to secure the prisoners in some place of safety; and a small damp dungeon, named the Black Hole, which the English had themselves used as a prison, was chosen for the purpose. Into this horrible place one hundred and forty-six human beings were forced, of whom only twenty-three came out alive in the morning, the remainder having perished of suffocation from the want of fresh air, the guards without listening to their groans and shrieks, and yet refusing to waken the subahdar to announce to him the situation of his prisoners.

The news of this catastrophe, and of the ruin, as it seemed, of the British establishment in Bengal, reached Madras in August; and it was immediately determined that Clive, who had now returned to Madras with the rank of colonel in the army, and deputy-governor of Fort St David, should proceed to Bengal to punish the subahdar. Arriving in the Ganges in the month of December with five ships of war and five transports, having 900 European troops and 1500 sepoys on board, Clive speedily retrieved the losses of the British; and after retaking Calcutta, with almost all the merchandise which had been left in it, and inflicting no small damage on the subahdar's forces, compelled that potentate to sue for peace, and to conclude a treaty of submission, compensation, and friendship with the British. The subahdar having thus been reduced to terms, Clive, in March 1757, attacked and took Chandernagore, the principal French establishment in Bengal. According to his instructions, Clive ought now to have returned without delay to Madras, where, in consequence of the outbreak of the war between England and France, a French fleet was every day expected to arrive. This of itself is evidence of the absence of any great designs of conquest on the part of the British. Bengal, however, appeared a nobler field to Clive, and he resolved to disobey his orders, and remain there. To forward his further designs relative to the extension and consolidation of the British power in that part of India, it was necessary to have, as subahdar or nabob of the province, a man who would co-operate with him, or over whom he could exert an influence; and as Surajah Dowla was not such a person, he did not hesitate to set on foot a deep intrigue for deposing Surajah, and elevating Meer Jaffier, a relation by marriage of the late Aliverdy Khan, in his room. The intrigue, aided by a battle fought on the 23d of June 1757, succeeded satisfactorily; Surajah Dowla was slain by Meer Jaffier's son, and Meer Jaffier became Subahdar or Nabob of Bengal. The honour, however, was an expensive one, for he had agreed to pay the following sums in return for the help which he had received from the

British: 10,000,000 rupees to the East India Company; 5,000,000 rupees to the English inhabitants of Calcutta; 2,000,000 rupees to the Indians; 700,000 rupees to the Armenians; 2,500,000 rupees to the fleet; 2,500,000 rupees to the army; 280,000 rupees each to Mr Drake and Colonel Clive; and 240,000 rupees each to three other gentlemen—the gross amount of these sums in English money being £2,697,750. The demand for such a sum, however, had been founded on a miscalculation of the resources at the disposal of a Subahdar of Bengal; and ultimately the parties interested were obliged to be content with half of what had been asked, and one-third of that half was paid in goods and jewels.

Meer Jaffier, who had thus purchased the throne of Bengal, did not give satisfaction to his new subjects. The necessity of supplying the British with money compelled him to have recourse to such exactions and cruelties as rendered him odious. Nor were the other native powers of Hindustan inattentive to the revolution which had been effected in Bengal, or unwilling to make an attempt to prevent the English from gaining more power in India. Accordingly, the Sharada, or eldest son of the Mogul Emperor Aulumgee II., having been invested by his father with the dignity of Subahdar of Bengal, which Meer Jaffier held by English patronage, he formed an alliance with two powerful native princes, the Subahdar of Allahabad and the Nabob of Oude, and invaded Bengal in the end of 1758. Jaffier could not have opposed this invasion alone; but Clive, seeing the British prospects to be dependent on his retaining the influence he had acquired in Bengal, did not hesitate to march against the invaders, although in doing so he was actually declaring himself an enemy of the Great Mogul, under whose auspices the invasion had taken place. Without the expense of a battle, Clive was able to quash the invasion, and disperse the enemy's force; a result which so delighted Jaffier, that he conferred on him, under the title of jaghire, the whole of the rents which the East India Company paid to the Bengal government for their territories round Calcutta—a sum amounting to £30,000 per annum. Shortly afterwards, having done everything in his power to make the British influence paramount in Bengal, Clive returned a second time to England. Before proceeding with the narrative of events on his return, let us cast a glance at the position of affairs in the Carnatic, which, it will be remembered, Clive left in 1756, in daily expectation of being visited by a French fleet.

The expected fleet did not arrive till April 1758. The forces on board of it, intended to prosecute the war against the English in the Carnatic, were commanded by the Count de Lally, an officer of Irish extraction in the French service. Lally lost no time in obeying his instructions by attacking Fort St David, which he did with so much vigour, that on the 1st of June the British surrendered. Retiring to Pondicherry, Lally then matured the plan of his future proceedings, the grand objects of which were, first the reduction of Madras, and then the destruction of the rising power of the British in Bengal. Lally's measures, and his wilful conduct, displeased many on whose co-operation the success of his views depended. Nevertheless, he laid siege to Madras, and had proceeded some way towards the reduction of the place, when an English fleet hove in sight, and the circumstances of the parties were reversed. With the reinforcements brought by this fleet, and some vessels which came immediately after, the English under Colonel Coote retrieved all their losses, beat the enemy at every point, and at last, in the end of 1760, laid siege to Pondicherry. In January 1761, this town, the chief French settlement in the Carnatic, surrendered; after which it was impossible for the one or two French factories which remained to hold out; and by the month of April 1761, the French had not a single foot of ground in the whole of India. The unfortunate Lally, on his return to France, was impeached with the crime of want of success; and although his services in the cause of France for forty-five years, and even his conduct in the very expedition which afforded the articles of his impeachment, deserved a better reward, he was condemned to death, and executed, a victim of the national vanity.

The British were now without European rivals in India. They had established a firm footing in the Deccan and in Bengal; in the latter, especially, their power was almost paramount, and the whole of India lay invitingly before them. From this moment, therefore, the struggle of the British for ascendency in Hindustan lay not with the French or any other European nation, for these had been virtually cleared out of the country, but with the native Hindu-Mohammedan people.

After Clive's departure for England, Bengal became the scene of fresh confusion, owing to the extortions of the Company's servants, and the incapacity of Meer Jaffier. The latter cause, or at least Meer Jaffier's incapacity to raise money sufficient to supply the demands made upon him by the English, induced Mr Vansittart, and the council who managed the Company's affairs, to depose him, and set up in his stead his son-in-law, Meer Cossim. If, however, Meer Jaffier had proved too weak a man for the purposes of the Company's representatives, Meer Cossim, on the other hand, proved too firm and able; for he made it his endeavour to govern Bengal with some degree of justice and impartiality, both as regarded the natives and the European settlers. He soon came into conflict with the Company's servants, by refusing to be a party to their unjust and cruel methods of acquiring wealth. The principal of these unjust methods was the monopoly of internal trade. Under cover of the old privilege granted by the Mogul to the East India Company to export and import goods, and to carry them overland without payment of customs or tolls—the principal source of revenue with the native princes—the Company's servants carried on a trade of their own in those articles which constituted the main items of native consumption; thus making enormous profits by avoiding the payment of tolls, and at the same time ruining the native dealers, who were obliged to pay all the toll-dues before they could bring their goods to market. This state of things had become intolerable; the natives were groaning under the tyranny; and Meer Cossim, who was a man of just disposition, remonstrated with the European authorities against the iniquitous practice of private trade. As almost every person in authority was an interested party, no heed was paid to these remonstrances, and Meer Cossim's attempt to enforce the payment of even a moderate duty by the English dealers was treated with scorn. In this emergency, Meer Cossim took an extraordinary and really noble step: he abolished all duties whatever, and left the internal traffic of Bengal perfectly open. The amazed Englishmen thus outwitted, were now clamorous for the restoration of those very duties, for the abolition of which, in their own case, they had been contending. A decided rupture was the consequence; hostilities were begun between the English and Meer Cossim, which terminated in the defeat of the latter, and his flight into Oude, by the nabob of which he was received with kindness. Meer Cossim, the Nabob of Oude, and the Sharada, who, since his last appearance, had by his father's death succeeded to the somewhat empty title of Emperor or Great Mogul, were now the allied antagonists of the English. A regular war commenced between their forces and the British troops commanded by Major, afterwards Sir Hector Munro; which, after some severe fighting, ended most fortunately for the British in May 1765, Meer Cossim having fled into the interior, and the Nabob of Oude and the Great Mogul having submitted in the most humble manner. The death of Meer Jaffier was also a piece of good fortune.

At this moment Clive returned to India. Although there had been great differences between him and the East India Company, and he had even commenced a lawsuit against them for the proceeds of his jaghire, his acceptance of which from Meer Jaffier was one of the principal causes of their dissatisfaction with him, his abilities were yet in such estimation, that when alarmed by the intelligence of the state of affairs in Bengal, the directors found it necessary to send out some one to assume the chief direction, they were obliged to select him, and even to comply with his conditions, which were, that he should be invested with the powers of commander-in-chief, president, and governor of Bengal, and be at liberty to act, by the advice of a select committee of four, independently of the council. With such powers from the Company, and with the new title of Lord Clive, conferred on him by His Majesty, he arrived for the third time in India. His first occupation was to arrange the treaty which was on foot with the vanquished Mogul and Nabob of Oude. The nabob was to retain all his territories, with the exception of Allahabad and Cerah, which were to be given to the Mogul; and he was to pay fifty lacs of rupees to the English towards defraying their expenses in the war. The Mogul, on the other hand, receiving Allahabad and Cerah, was to grant to the East India Company the duanee, or right of collecting the revenues in the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa—a privilege equivalent, according to Indian ideas, to the sovereignty over those provinces ; in return for which the Company were to continue to pay him the twenty-six lacs of rupees of annual revenue which he was entitled to as emperor. Shortly after these arrangements, which were completed on the 12th of August 1765, Nugein-ul-Dowlah, the young son of Meer Jaffier, and whom the English had appointed nabob in the room of his father, was pensioned off, and the English were left virtually the sole masters of one of the finest portions of Hindustan—that watered by the Lower Ganges and its many mouths.

ADMINISTRATION OF WARREN HASTINGS—EXTENSION OF THE BRITISH POWER—WAR IN MYSORE.

After establishing, with considerable difficulty, a system of government in Bengal, Lord Clive returned to England in the beginning of 1767, leaving the management of affairs in the hands of a select committee. For several years the condition of matters was one of comparative tranquillity, although whether the administration of the English was just and beneficial, the following sentences from Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, referring to the state of Bengal, and the conduct of the English there, under the system which Lord Clive had established, will indicate : 'There were two governments,' says Macaulay, 'in Bengal—the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was, in truth, the most despotic that can be conceived. But, though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the Mogul ; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission ; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles ; and their mint struck only the imperial coin. Against misgovernment, such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves—of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square.'

In the meantime, while the Company's servants were accumulating fortunes in Bengal, the affairs of the Company itself were by no means so flourishing as people had expected. 'The most absurd notions,' says Macaulay, 'were then entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business.' When, therefore, it became known in England that, so far from having large surplus revenues from Bengal, the Company was in such embarrassments as to be obliged to borrow first the sum of £400,000, and afterwards the sum of £300,000 from the Bank, the public began to clamour for an investigation into the conduct of the Company's servants, to whose malpractices the defalcation was attributed, and to demand a reform in the constitution of the Company. The Company's administration of their Indian territories consequently became a subject of long and eager parliamentary discussion, which terminated in July 1773 in a complete remodelling of the Company, and the establishment of a new system for the British administration of India. The principal features of this important change were as follows: The qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of £1000 of the Company's stock, instead of £500 as before; the possession of £3000 was to entitle to two votes, of £6000 to three votes, of £10,000 to four votes; whereas, formerly, no proprietor, whatever his amount of stock, had more than a single vote: and out of the twenty-four directors, only six were to be elected annually, instead of the whole number, as had hitherto been the case. Further, the presidency of Bengal was to be erected into a superiority over the other presidencies, and was to be administered in future by a governor-general, with a salary of £25,000, who would therefore be in reality the supreme British ruler in India. The appointment of the first governor-general, with four counsellors at a salary of £8000 each, was to be in the hands of the crown; but after five years, the patronage was to revert into the Company's hands, the appointments made by the Company, however, to be subject to the approbation of the crown. In pursuance of the plan of centering the administration of India in Calcutta, a supreme court of judicature was to be erected there, the judges to be appointed by the crown.

This sweeping revolution in the constitution of the Company having been carried, notwithstanding all the opposition offered to it, the crown appointed, as the first governor-general of India, Mr Warren Hastings, a gentleman who, born in 1732, the member of an old but reduced English family, had gone out as a writer to Bengal in the year 1750, had acted a busy part in the contest of which that province had been the scene, had returned to England in 1764, but had again gone out in 1769 in the capacity of a member of the council in Madras, where his services were so efficient, that, in 1772, he had been appointed at the head of the government of Bengal. It was to this man, whose name is now so celebrated, that the great business of consolidating the British power in India was intrusted; and in his hands it remained for upwards of ten years—that is, to his resignation of the governor-generalship in 1785. A full history of these ten years would include three chapters, or rather would consist of three inter-wrought narratives: the first devoted to a detail of the personal history of Mr Hastings during his residence in India; the second giving a view of Mr Hastings' system of administration in the territories over which the Company's sway already extended; and the third exhibiting the progress of Indian conquest under his rule, and in consequence of his policy. The last, of course, is what alone falls to be treated by us in the present place; and as the enlargement of the British power in India under Mr Hastings' administration consisted rather in the extension of British political influence over native principalities, than in actual acquisition of new territories by force of arms, our account may be all the more brief.

At the date of the appointment of Mr Hastings to be governor-general, Hindustan may be considered as having been divided as follows. Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa were under the sovereignty of the British, on the footing already described, and constituted the presidency of Calcutta. Turning, then, to the Deccan, or triangular extremity of the country (the subahdarship of which had been held, since the extinction of French influence, by Nizam Ali, who had murdered his brother Salabat Jung, the subahdar set up by Bussy), we find the English paramount in the Carnatic, the nabob of which, independent now of the subahdar, was Mohammed Ali, their creature. To the British territory in the Deccan was also added about this time the long strip of coast-land called the Northern Circars, lying between the Carnatic and Orissa. This territory had been ceded by the Mogul to the British, being detached from the subahdarship of the Deccan, and annexed to the nabobship of the Carnatic; and the two provinces together, the Carnatic and the Northern Circars, constituted the Madras presidency. Thus the two presidencies of Calcutta and Madras included the whole eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Ganges. On the west coast, again, the British possessions consisted of the presidency of Bombay, the territorial extent of which was quite inconsiderable. The rest of India—that is, all the interior, and, with the exception of Bombay and its dependencies, the whole range of the west coast —was still in the hands of native powers. Nominally, the Mogul was sovereign of the whole, as indeed he was of the entire extent of Hindustan; but, in reality, he was a mere phantom; and his reputed empire, once actually ruled over by his ancestors, was split into numerous principalities, governed by whatsoever authority, Hindu or Mohammedan, was strong enough to maintain itself. The Deccan, Oude, the Rohilla States, and the Mahratta States, were specially instances in point.

Such, as briefly described as is consistent with clearness, was the condition of Hindustan when Warren Hastings commenced his administration. There was no regularity, no fixedness, no constitution. Into no fitter hands could a commission for extending British influence in India have been placed. To keep a vigilant eye over the whole of Hindustan; to watch the outbreak of a war between any two contiguous native powers, or of a difference between a native prince and his subjects; instantly to interfere, and either foment the dispute, or help to decide it, making the end in every case the acquisition of some advantage to the British, whether in present cash or in forthcoming profits—such was the habitual policy of Mr Hastings.

It was in the neighbourhood of the Bengal presidency, where he himself resided, that Hastings was able to pursue this policy most steadily. He was able not only to free Bengal from the obligation of paying a revenue to the Mogul, but also to establish such a political influence over Oude, as to derive from it extraordinary supplies of money, and to exercise an irresistible control over the conduct of its nabob. But it was not only from the Bengal presidency that encroachments were made upon the native territories. In the year 1774, the Company's officers of the Bombay presidency made an attempt to get possession of the two small islands of Bassein and Salsette. This involved the British of Bombay in a war with the Mahratta powers, who held that part of India. But it was in the Deccan, and under the immediate auspices of the Madras presidency, that the most important struggle between the British and an Indian power took place.

One of the finest portions of the Deccan was the kingdom of Mysore, an inland territory between the Carnatic and Malabar Coasts. To the throne of this kingdom there had raised himself, by a course of audacity and duplicity, Hyder Ali, a Mohammedan adventurer of northern origin, who, though of poor birth, and totally without education, was possessed of the greatest natural abilities. Mysore had become, under his government, a prosperous and formidable kingdom, compact in the midst of anarchy; and the English, after experiencing several defeats at his hands, had been glad to conclude a treaty of alliance with him, by which they bound themselves to support and maintain his authority against all enemies. This treaty had been concluded in 1769; and since that time, Hyder and the English had been on terms of amity, although he complained bitterly of their unfaithfulness as allies, because they would not assist him against the Mahrattas.

When, on the commencement of war between Great Britain and France in 1778, the Madras presidency, after reducing Pondicherry, seized on the fort of Mahé, on the Malabar Coast, Hyder Ali resolved to aid the French. In June 1780, 'an army of 90,000 men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the great table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe. Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some in despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the governor-general had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power: to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St George; to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the expected French armament arrived in the Indian seas. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms.'* Hyder Ali died in 1782; and his son, Tippoo Saib, made peace with England after some more fighting.

CONQUESTS UNDER THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS AND THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

Meanwhile the maladministration of India was a constant subject of discussion in England, both in and out of parliament. Bills were proposed, both by Mr Fox and Mr Pitt, for a further modification and limitation of the powers of the East India Company. Mr Pitt's bill was carried, by which the Court of Directors was thenceforth to act in conjunction with, and be kept in check by, a Board of Control, consisting of six members of the privy-council chosen by the king; there was also a diminution of the power of the Court of Proprietors, and a provision for making the Company's servants in future disclose the amount of fortune brought home with them from India.

These new arrangements were completed in 1786. Mr Hastings having resigned the office of governor-general, returned to England, where his impeachment and trial occupied for a long time the whole attention of the country; and there went out as his successor Lord Cornwallis. The administration of the internal affairs of the British dominion in India under this governor-general was characterised by stricter attention to just dealing than had yet been manifested in the Indian colonies; but with all his pacific dispositions, it was not long before he was involved in a war, having for its end the further extension of the Company's territories. Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore, had become as formidable in Southern India as his father Hyder Ali had been; and an occasion of dispute having been easily found, the peaceful relations between Tippoo and the British were terminated, and the war in Mysore again began. In 1792, Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, was besieged by the Marquis Cornwallis with a strong British army; and after some show of resistance, Tippoo was fain to offer terms of surrender. He agreed to give up half of his dominions, and pay £3,500,000 in bullion. For the fulfilment of the treaty, he was under the necessity of giving up two of his sons as hostages. Having fulfilled his engagement, these young princes were returned in 1794. But after this, he again commenced hostilities; and in 1799, the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, having in the meantime superseded Lord Cornwallis as governor-general, the British forces under General Baird once more attacked, and now captured, Seringapatam. In the general slaughter which ensued in entering this strongly fortified place, Tippoo was shot. The kingdom of Mysore was forthwith divided among the conquerors—that is, among the English and their native allies in the war; a part, however, being erected into a separate Hindu state.

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* Macaulay's article, *Warren Hastings.*

Scarcely was the war with Tippoo Saib at an end, when a struggle began between the British and a new enemy—the Mahrattas, already spoken of in connection with the preceding events. These Mahrattas, occupying a large portion of the west coast of Hindustan, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India; and the Marquis Wellesley began to be of opinion that it would be necessary, for the preservation of the British power in Southern India, to come to some distinct and specific understanding with them. Accordingly, he offered them a share of the partitioned Mysore kingdom, on condition that they should form what was called 'a subsidiary alliance' with the British; that is, to receive and maintain in their territories a British force, according to the custom of other dependent states. This offer was rejected; and the consequence was, a war between the British and the Mahrattas, which was carried on till the year 1805. This was the war in which the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, gave the first distinguished proofs of that military genius which was afterwards to display itself on the theatre of Europe. The skilful management of internal differences among the Mahrattas by the Marquis Wellesley, and the soldierly ability by which his views were seconded in the field by his brother Sir Arthur, by General Lake, and by other British officers, carried the British triumphantly through the contest. By the year 1805, treaties had been concluded with the Peishwa, the Rajah of Berar, and Sindia, by which parts of their territories were ceded to the British, and the British authority more or less stringently established in the rest; and only Holkar remained unsubdued. This Mahratta chief was also, in the course of the same year, reduced to such extremities as to be forced to flee; when unexpectedly the Marquis Cornwallis arrived in India a second time, commissioned to supersede the Marquis Wellesley, whose extremely military administration had not given satisfaction to the nation and the East India Company at home. The new governor-general, however, had hardly announced his intention of pursuing a line of policy directly opposed to that of his predecessor, when he died in October 1805, worn out by age and infirmities. Sir George Barlow, however, who acted as his successor until a new governor-general should be sent out, acted entirely on the views of the deceased governor; and under his administration a treaty was concluded with Holkar, restoring that fallen potentate to his former position, and a revision took place of the relations in which the other native states in India stood to the British power.

The successor of Lord Cornwallis in the governor-generalship was Lord Minto, who held the office from 1807 to 1813. During Lord Minto's government, little was done to extend the British dominion within the limits of India itself, there being a strong desire on the part of the directors at home to avoid the establishment of political connections with the native states in addition to those which already existed. By the Marquis of Hastings, the successor of Lord Minto, a war with the Nepaulese and Pindarees of the Mahratta countries was brought to a successful termination; new territory was acquired, and a British resident imposed (1816–17).

It was intended that Mr Canning should succeed the Marquis of Hastings as governor-general of India. He had been unanimously appointed to the office by the Court of Directors, and was on the point of sailing for India, when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the Foreign Secretary of State, opened up for him a more congenial political career in Europe. He accordingly resigned his appointment, which was conferred on Earl Amherst, whose claims were deemed preferable to those of Lord William Bentinck—a nobleman who had acted as governor of Madras from 1804 to 1807, and who, having in the latter year been recalled in a hasty and somewhat angry manner, in consequence of some occurrences in his presidency, of which he had unjustly received the blame, was naturally anxious to return to India in a capacity which would enable him to vindicate his character in that part of the world where it had been injured. His wish was not gratified till the year 1828, when he arrived in India as successor to Lord Amherst, whose government had been signalised by a war against the Burmese of the eastern peninsula, carried on at great expense, but concluded in 1826 on terms favourable to the British, who obtained by it a considerable portion of additional territory on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and by the abolition, in 1827, of the former vassalage for the Indian possessions which the British had till then acknowledged to the king of Delhi.

WARS IN AFGHANISTAN, THE PUNJAB, AND SINDE.

We now enter upon an extraordinary period in the history of India. True, it began in peace, but its general characteristics were —gigantic conquests, a fearful revolt, and an extinction of the once great East India Company. Lord William Bentinck's seven years of administration (1828 to 1835) were marked by many improvements in the internal government of India. The Company, dismayed at the enormous cost of the Burmese war, sought to improve their financial position by retrenchment in expenditure; and the duty of enforcing this retrenchment brought the governor-general into much disfavour among the pampered officials in India. When, however, he had surmounted the preliminary difficulties, he began a system of amelioration in many matters connected with the welfare of that great country. He abolished the sacrifice of the *suttee*, the horrid practice of immolating Hindu widows on the funeral-piles of their husbands. He effected a change in the system of public instruction, whereby he facilitated the study of European science and literature, and especially the English language, by the natives. He established a medical college, for the instruction of natives in medicine and surgery. He was the first governor-general who received native gentlemen on a footing of equality with Europeans at his public receptions; and broke down the ungenerous system previously acted on, which had galled the spirit of the natives by insults wholly unjustifiable. He was the first, too, who gave the native judges adequate salaries, held out to them a hope of higher professional position, and thereby lessened the scandals of a corrupt administration of justice. Happily for India and for the governor-general, no extensive wars were engaged in during Lord William Bentinck's seven years of service. One year, however, was marked by an event of considerable importance to India and to English commerce. In 1833 the Company's charter was renewed for a further term of twenty years (1834 to 1853); but with a condition, among other provisoes, that the monopoly of trade to and from India and China should be abolished—all merchants being declared free to trade or not in these parts, without asking permission of the Company.

The next governor-generalship, that of Lord Auckland, was a disastrous one. This nobleman went out to India in 1836. In 1838, Dost Mohammed Khan, chief of Cabool, entered into intrigues which set the whole of Afghanistan in a ferment. His abettors were Persia and (as is believed) Russia; his opponents were his own brothers, who competed with him for the throne of Cabool, and other chieftains in Afghanistan and the Punjab. Possibly Lord Auckland would have left those chieftains to settle their own quarrrel, had it not been for fear of Russia. For more than a hundred years past, the czars and czarinas of Russia have had an eye upon the rich possessions of the English in the East, and have, by conquest and intrigue, gradually acquired power over Asiatic tribes who command some of the inland routes to India. The British government, dreading the spread of this power, resolved on an attempt to obtain control in Afghanistan, as one of the gates of India. They declared war against Dost Mohammed, and supported certain claims of Shah Soojah to the throne of Cabool. This policy was followed by very humiliating consequences, brightened by a few gleams of victory. On the 23d of June 1839, Sir John Keane captured Ghizni, one of the strongholds of Afghanistan. Dost Mohammed soon afterwards fled into hiding; and Shah Soojah was installed by the British as Khan of Cabool. The British were in reality the masters during 1840; for they retained a large army in Afghanistan to support Shah Soojah. Much intriguing, however, was going on among the several Afghan chieftains opposed to the newly-made khan; and in November 1841 began a terrible series of woes. There was a general rising against the British at Cabool. Sir Alexander Burnes, Sir William Macnaghten, and many other officers were assassinated; and Major Pottinger, political chief at that time and place, deemed it necessary to make a convention with the Afghans for the evacuation of Cabool by the British. History has scarcely placed upon record a more terrible and humiliating retreat. On the 6th of January 1842, the hapless Anglo-Indian army, with an immense train of camp-followers, set forth; and in the course of two or three days, scarcely a human being belonging to it was left alive. The Afghans attacked them in the Khoord Cabool Pass, and slaughtered all, men, women, and children, with a very few exceptions: the number was little short of 26,000.

Public feeling in England was painfully excited by this tragic occurrence. It was felt that, whether the Auckland policy had been good or bad, a punishment of the Afghans for their treachery was imperative. The Earl of Ellenborough was sent out as governor-general. The year 1842 was mostly spent in avenging the above disasters by a series of brilliant achievements at Candahar, Jelalabad, the Khyber Pass, Ghizni, Cabool, and Quettah, conducted by Generals Nott, Sale, Pollock, and England. In 1843, a war with the Ameers of Sinde, near the Lower Indus, under Sir Charles James

Napier, led to the annexation of that large province. In 1844, Sir Henry (afterwards Lord) Hardinge succeeded Lord Ellenborough as governor-general, the last-named nobleman being unable to work in harmony with the officials of the East India Company. During 1845 and 1846, took place a war with the formidable and daring Sikhs of the Punjab; in which Sir Henry Hardinge (as a volunteer, so far as concerned military operations), Sir Harry Smith, Sir Hugh Gough, and other officers greatly distinguished themselves at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon. The chief result of the war was, not the annexation of the Punjab, but the appointment of a particular chieftain to the maharajahship of the Sikhs, under conditions that would give the British great influence in the Punjab. This maharajah, however, being a boy only seven years old, was soon involved in difficulties with other chieftains; and the British hastened to support their youthful protégé. Hence arose the second Sikh war, which lasted from the spring of 1848 to that of 1849. The names of Edwardes, Gough, Whish, Thackwell, Lawrence, Gilbert, and other able officers, are associated with brilliant achievements at Mooltan, Ramnuggur, Vizierabad, Chillianwallah, and Gujerat, which led to the utter defeat of the Sikhs. The British, in a summary way, which has been very customary in India, although not quite in accordance with English ideas at home, ignored all the chieftains alike, and annexed the Punjab to British India.

THE DALHOUSIE AND CANNING ADMINISTRATIONS—THE ANNEXATIONS AND THE REVOLT.

The Marquis of Dalhousie's career as governor-general of India, from 1848 to 1856, was marked by an enormous amount of annexation, or addition, to British territorial power in that region. He asserted, after his term of office had expired, that all these annexations were justifiable, each on its own grounds; but the opinion is now pretty general, in India as well as in England, that he carried the system to too great an extent, in some instances disregarding the rightful claims of native princes. The second war with the Sikhs, as we have just seen, led to the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. A second war with the Burmese led, in 1852, to the annexation of Pegu. The kingdom of Nagpore was annexed because there was a failure of native male heirs. The kingdom of Oude was annexed on the ground of the utter faithlessness of the native princes. Sattara, Jhansi, Berar, Ungool, Sikkim, Khyrpore, and the Carnatic, all were annexed on some grounds or other. These augmentations of territory would, it was estimated, add four or five millions sterling to the revenues of India; but the terrible year 1857 had not yet arrived to disturb all such calculations.

It would be unjust, however, to withhold praise from the Dalhousie administration for the numerous improvements effected in the internal government of India. The Punjab, under the two estimable brothers, Sirs Henry and John Lawrence, received a form of government superior to anything which had been before known in India. A kind of parliament was established at Calcutta, under the name of the 'Legislative Council'—a very humble attempt, but still an attempt to imitate English institutions. The Indian Civil Service was thrown open to all British subjects, under a system of competitive examination. The officers were restricted as to certain modes of enriching themselves, which had been allowed with too great laxity under former administrations. Education, courts of justice, and prison discipline, all underwent improvement. A system of education for Hindu women and girls was organised. Railways were commenced in 1849, and many great contracts were made and works executed by 1856. An excellent postal system was established on the basis of the penny post in Great Britain. Electric telegraphs were first set up in 1852, and were rapidly extended. The coasting-trade of India was set free to all nations. The growing of cotton in Central India, and of tea in Assam and the North-west Provinces, was much encouraged; and so were the branches of culture relating to flax, silk, wool, and timber trees. Irrigation canals of gigantic extent were opened, and inland navigation improved in many parts of India. Many thousand miles of new road were opened. *Thuggee*, or systematic assassination, female infanticide, and the Meriah sacrifice—all repulsive features of Hindu society—were either suppressed or greatly lessened in intensity.

The above furnishes a goodly list of benefits conferred on India by the Marquis of Dalhousie, even if his policy of annexation be disapproved. But the marquis could little foresee the terrible occurrences which his successor would have to contend against. In the spring of 1856, Viscount Canning arrived in India as governor-general. In the interval from that year to 1862, he was called upon to assist in the absolute reconstruction of a vast empire and a vast army. The native soldiers forming the bulk of the Company's army, had, with a few exceptions, remained faithful to the flag they served; but in 1857 their fidelity broke down. A revolt, one of the most stupendous and critical ever recorded, burst forth; and the suppression of that revolt in 1858, was followed by the cessation of the East India Company's rule in the East. It is the object of a separate sheet of the *Miscellany** to trace the eventful history of this revolt. What we have here to do is, to notice its effect upon India generally.

A vast increase in British troops being needed to suppress the revolt, and an enormous outlay of capital incurred, the desirability became apparent of making British India an *imperial* possession, instead of continuing the strange anomaly of the Company's government. An act had been passed in 1853 to continue the powers of the Company till 1873; but the revolt led to a disturbance of this arrangement. During nearly the whole of 1858, the government, the two Houses of Parliament, and the Company, were engaged on this great subject. At length the royal assent was given to one of the most important acts ever passed by the British parliament. The Company's powers were by this act brought to an end. The Queen became, in name as well as in fact, Queen of British India. A 'Secretary of State for India' was appointed, assisted by a Council of fifteen. All the members chosen for this Council were men experienced in the affairs of India, and nearly the whole of them had been directors of the Company. The Council was intrusted with certain powers as advisers; but the real power was mostly vested in the Secretary of State.

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* *Story of the Indian Mutiny*, No. 19, vol. 3.

INDIA UNDER THE CROWN.

No great wars have occurred to distract the government of India since 1858; none, at least, relating immediately to India itself. During 1859 and 1860, much discussion arose on the question, whether there should thenceforth be a British-Indian army distinct from the Queen's general army. It was at length decided that there should be no such distinction; that all the British troops should form one army, to serve in England, or in India, or in any other part of the British dominions, as the sovereign might direct. A later resolution, promulgated in 1861, settled the constitution of the Queen's *native* army in India. The arrangement was to the effect that, in time of peace, there should be 155 regiments of native troops, each regiment to consist of about 600 privates and 90 non-commissioned officers, together with about 20 British commissioned officers to each regiment.

In November 1861 took place, by the Queen at Windsor Castle, the first investiture of knights of 'The Exalted Order of the Star of India'—an order established with special relation to services rendered in and to India. The native princes who have been thus invested place much value on this honour, because of the limited and select number of persons who receive it. Early in the following year, the Earl of Elgin went out to India as governor-general, to succeed Viscount Canning, whose term of office expired, and whose constitution was so worn down by the pressure of the anxious duties which had weighed upon him, that he died soon after his return to England. The earl, who had seen much diplomatic service in China, entered upon his new duties with great energy; but he, too, succumbed when his term of office had scarcely reached a year and a half. To him succeeded Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, the great statesman who had passed nearly his whole life in India, and who had rendered such valuable services in reorganising the Punjab, and afterwards in aiding to suppress the revolt. In 1864, a Royal Commission, after long inquiry, presented an elaborate Report on the health and organisation of the army of India, both native and British, but especially the former: this Report has been the groundwork of many improvements introduced by degrees. It was a small event when, in 1867, a vessel not larger than a Thames steamer worked its way from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, along the unfinished Suez Canal; a small event in itself, but a sign of a great change which was in store, in shortening by many thousands of miles the maritime distance from Europe to the East. Great cyclones, or devastating storms, a rebellion of the Santhals, a frightful famine in Orissa, a few disputes with dependent princes on matters of revenue and dignity, a little turbulence among the hill-tribes on the Afghan frontier, and the proceedings of Russia in those parts of Central Asia which approach India, in turn occupied the attention of the India government. In 1867, India was called upon to bear a share in the cost and operations of the Abyssinian war (an account of which is given in No. 3 of this *Miscellany*). In 1869, Sir John Lawrence's term of office expired, and he was succeeded by the Earl of Mayo, who soon afterwards held a meeting, attended with much oriental pomp, with the Ameer of Afghanistan at Umballa; the object being, not conquest or annexation, but to improve the relations between the two governments. November in the same year witnessed the complete opening of the Suez Canal; and the year 1870 afforded sufficient proof that the nations of Europe are willing to avail themselves of this short route to India, as a means of enlarging their trade. The home government, whether in the hands of the Conservatives or the Liberals, have in recent years adopted the policy of opening various sources of honourable employment to the natives of India, instead of confining the appointments almost exclusively to Englishmen. Sir Charles Wood, Lord Cranbourne, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Duke of Argyll, who in succession filled the office of Secretary of State for India from 1865 to 1870, favoured this policy, and were assisted in adopting it by the viceroys and other governing authorities in India.

A FEW STATISTICS.

The whole of India—British, Protected States, and Independent States—comprises nearly 1,470,000 square miles, with a population little short of 200,000,000. The Hindus are thirteen times as numerous as the Mohammedans and all the other religionists combined. The Queen of England reigns over 988,000 square miles of this area, having a population of about 160,000,000. The native princes govern all the rest, except two or three small settlements owned by the French and Portuguese; but even the so-called Independent States are in few cases really independent, most of them being either tributary to, or in some way controlled by, the British. In every part of India the males exceed in number the females—one significant testimony to the prevalence of infanticide. The whole of British India, for administrative purposes, is divided into about 180 districts, each on an average larger than any county in England except Yorkshire. The public revenue varies from £42,000,000 to £48,000,000 annually—a great sum, certainly, to be raised by taxation; the land-tax is by far the largest item. Great as it is, the revenue barely equals the expenditure, so large is the outlay for armies and public works. It is believed, however, that almost every pound spent under the last-named heading will be reproductive eventually, in developing roads, railways, postal communications, telegraphs, irrigation, and improved culture. One dark tint in the picture is the existence of an Indian debt of more than £100,000,000; the interest of which must be paid wholly out of Indian revenues, the home revenues being shielded from the responsibility. The vessels that enter and leave India ports with cargoes exceed 4,000,000 tons annually; denoting a large import and export trade: more than three-fourths of these belong to the United Kingdom. The imports now far exceed £50,000,000 annually; while the exports in some years (especially during what was called the 'Cotton Famine,' due to the Civil War in America) reached nearly £70,000,000. In such years the settlement of the balance requires a large shipment of bullion and specie from England to India. The total exports to the United Kingdom are twice as great in amount as those to all other countries combined; and about the same ratio is observable in the imports: shewing how vast is the trade always going on between England and India. If India sells to England a large quantity of raw cotton (£16,000,000 even in the year after the Cotton Famine had ceased), she, on the other hand, buys of us enormously in cotton yarn and manufactured goods (£14,000,000 in that same year). Opium is the next article in value among the exports from India, generally exceeding £10,000,000 per annum. Nearly the whole of this goes to China; the merchants derive so much profit from it, and the government so much revenue, that this trade is fostered in every way—whether or not it leads to 'opium wars' between England and China.

THE OLD WITCHCRAFTS

IN the present day, we look back with a degree of wonder on the belief in witchcraft, which may be said to have formed an article of religious faith in every European country throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A notion was universally entertained, that the devil and subordinate evil spirits, in pursuance of their malevolent ends, went about, sometimes in visible shape, seducing poor human nature. To gain their wicked designs, they were supposed to tempt men, but more particularly aged women, by conferring on them supernatural powers; as, for example, that of riding through the air, and operating vengefully and secretly on the health and happiness of those against whom they had any real or imaginary cause of offence. Such 'trafficking with the powers of darkness,' as it was technically called, was witchcraft, and, according both to the letter of Scripture and of the civil law, was a crime punishable with death. Like all popular manias, the witchcraft delusion had its paroxysms.

It rose, existed for a time with great energy, then declined into insignificance. What was exceedingly remarkable, the frenzy never lacked victims: it followed the well-known law of supply and demand. As soon as witches were in request, they made their appearance. Any severe denunciation, followed by a rigorous scrutiny, brought them prominently into notice. Nor, what was still more curious, did the newly discovered witches in all cases deny the accusations against them. Many acknowledged, with a species of pride, that they had entered into a compact with the devil. They seem, on occasions, to have gloried in being the objects of so much interest, and hastened to confess, although death at the stake or on the gallows was the consequence. It must be considered as in some degree explanatory of this self-condemnation, that torture was always at hand to enforce confession; and as there was little chance, therefore, of escape after accusation, the wish to die on the speediest terms had probably no small share in inducing the alleged witches to boast of their mysterious crimes. In the majority of cases, however, there was stout denial; but this generally served no good purpose, and we are painfully assured, that many thousands of individuals, in almost every country, were sacrificed as victims to the petty spite and vengeance of accusers. At the height of the successive paroxysms, no one, whatever his rank or character, was safe from an accusation of trafficking with evil spirits. If he lived a profligate life, he was of course chargeable with the offence; if he lived quietly and unobtrusively, and was seemingly pious in character, he was only hypocritically concealing his diabolical practices; if he had acquired wealth somewhat rapidly, that was a sure sign of his guilt; and if he was poor, there was the greater reason for believing that he was in league with the devil to become rich. There was only one means of escaping suspicion, and that was to become an accuser. The choice was before every man and woman, of acting the part of accusers, or of being themselves accused. The result may be anticipated. Perceiving the tremendous danger of affecting to disbelieve witchcraft, people readily assumed the proper degree of credulity; and to mark their detestation of the crime, as well as secure themselves from attack, they hastened to denounce acquaintances and neighbours. Nothing could be more easy than to do so in a manner perfectly satisfactory. Pretending to fall sick, or to go into convulsions, or to have a strange pain in some part of the body or limbs, people were doubtless bewitched! Any sudden storm at sea, causing the wreck of vessels, was another evidence that witches were concerned; and so far did these allegations descend, that even so small a matter as a failure in churning milk for butter, was a sure sign of diabolical agency. On the occasion of every unforeseen catastrophe, therefore, or the occurrence of any unaccountable malady, the question was immediately agitated: Who was the witch? Then was the time for querulous old men or women in the neighbourhood to tremble. Long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with demons, they were seized and brought to trial. The accusations, as is now clearly understood, were for the most part spiteful, or wantonly mischievous. In making these charges and testifying to them, children and young women appear to have in many places excelled; the probability being that, besides a mere spirit of mischief, they enjoyed amusement from the consternation they were able to produce.

Strange how all this prejudice, imposture, and cruelty should have received the solemn sanction of the most learned and devout men: clergymen of every degree, from popes to presbyters; kings, legislators, and judges; and private citizens of every quality and profession! The folly, while it lasted, was complete.

It only excites the greater horror to know, that the belief in witchcraft—essentially mean and vulgar in all its details—has been a reproach to religious profession; and that, while seemingly founded on scriptural authority, it really rested, in its main features, on the visionary superstitions of the pagan world. Historians make it clear to the understanding, that the popular fancy respecting the bodily aspect of the great Spirit of Evil is drawn from the description of satyrs in the heathen mythology—a malicious monster, with the hide, horns, tail, and cloven feet of a beast of the field, which roamed about in the dark or in retired places, performing idle and wicked tricks, and undoing schemes of benevolence. Sometimes, as was alleged, this great enemy of man assumed disguises that were exceedingly difficult to penetrate. It is recorded by an author of talent, that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig. Even Luther entertained similar notions about the fiend; and in fact thought so meanly of him, as to believe that he could come by night and steal nuts, and that he cracked them against the bedposts, for the solacement of his monkey-like appetite.

That the delusion originated, to a great degree, in a misconception of the real purport of allusions to the so-called witchcraft in various parts of the Old Testament, is now universally acknowledged. By biblical critics, as we understand, the term translated *witch*, properly signifies a person who by vile deceptions practised on popular credulity, and by means of poisoning, accomplished certain wicked designs. 'Leaving,' as Sir Walter Scott remarks, 'the further discussion of this dark and difficult question to those whose studies have qualified them to give judgment on so obscure a subject, it so far appears clear, that the Witch of Endor was not a being such as those believed in by our ancestors, who could transform themselves and others into the appearance of the lower animals, raise and allay tempests, frequent the company and join the revels of evil spirits, and, by their counsel and assistance, destroy human lives, and waste the fruits of the earth, or perform feats of such magnitude as to alter the face of nature. The Witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate king of Israel had recourse in his despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed deservedly, to the punishment of death, for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was in that time regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment, for a very different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved possible before they can be received as a criminal charge.'*

Originating in ignorance, a love of the marvellous, along with the religious misconceptions to which we have referred, a belief in witchcraft may be traced through the early ages of Christianity; but the modern prevalence of the delusion may be said to date from the promulgation of an edict of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, declaring witchcraft to be a crime punishable with death. This fixed the subject deeply in the public mind, and the effect was deepened by the prosecution of witches which followed. It is a curious law of human nature, of which we have seen many modern illustrations, that even crimes, real or imputed, when they excite much public attention, tend to produce repetitions of themselves. In this way, offences sometimes assume a character approaching that of epidemical diseases. It was found, as has been remarked, that the more energy there was displayed in seeking out and prosecuting witches, the more apparent occasion for such prosecutions was presented. In 1515, during the space of three months, 500 witches were burned in Geneva; in a single year, in the diocese of Como, in the north of Italy, 1000 were executed; and it is related that, altogether, more than 100,000 individuals perished in Germany before the general mania terminated. In France, the belief in witchcraft led to a remarkable variety of superstition, known in French law as *lycanthropy*, or the transformation of a witch into a wolf. It was currently believed by all classes, that witches assumed at pleasure the wolfish form in order to work mischief—by ravaging flocks of sheep. Many unfortunate persons, the victims of petty prejudice, were tried and executed for this imaginary crime. At length, by an edict of Louis XIV., all future proceedings on the score of witchcraft were prohibited; and from that time no more was heard of village dames assuming the forms and habits of wolves.

In England, to which we now turn, a belief in witchcraft was of as respectable antiquity as on the continent of Europe, and, as elsewhere, drew particular attention in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period the public mind was deeply affected with religious distractions. Witchcraft, though always penal, now became the subject of the express statutes of Henry VII., 1541, Elizabeth, 1562, and also of James I. This last monarch, who, we shall afterwards see, was a great witch-fancier while in Scotland, brought with him to England a keen sense of the duty of finding out and punishing all sorts of diablery. The act passed in the first year of his reign in England defines the crime with a degree of minuteness worthy of the adept from whose pen it undoubtedly proceeded. 'Any one that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward any evil or wicked spirit, *to or for* ANY *purpose;* or take up any dead man, &c. &c. &c.; such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death.' We have here witchcraft first distinctly made, of itself, a *capital* crime. Many years had not passed away after the passing of this statute, ere the delusion, which had heretofore committed but occasional and local mischief, became an epidemical frenzy, devastating every corner of England. Leaving out of sight single executions, we find such wholesale murders as the following in abundance on the record: In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the 'Lancashire witches;' in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at the same time in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The poor creatures who usually composed these ill-fated bands are thus described by an able observer: 'An old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work'—such were the poor unfortunates selected to undergo the last tests and tortures sanctioned by the laws, and which tests were of a nature so severe, that no one would have dreamed of inflicting them on the vilest of murderers. They were administered by a class of wretches, who, with one Matthew Hopkins at their head, sprung up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and took the professional name of *witch-finders.* The practices of the monster Hopkins, who, with his assistants, moved from place to place in the regular and authorised pursuit of his trade, will give a full idea of the tests referred to, as well as of the horrible fruits of the witchcraft frenzy in general. From each town which he visited, Hopkins exacted the stated fee of twenty shillings, and in consideration thereof, he cleared the locality of all suspected persons, bringing them to confession and the stake in the following manner: He stripped them naked, shaved them, and thrust pins into their bodies, to discover the witch's mark; he wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared; but if they floated, as they usually would do for a time, they were then set down as guilty, and doomed. He kept them fasting and awake, and sometimes incessantly walking, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as an inducement to confession; and, in short, practised on the accused such abominable cruelties, that they were glad to escape from life by confession. If a witch could not shed tears at command, said the further items of this wretch's creed, or if she hesitated at a single word in repeating the Lord's Prayer, she was in league with the Evil One. The results of these and such-like tests were actually and universally admitted as evidence by the administrators of the law, who, acting upon them, condemned all such as had the amazing constancy to hold out against the tortures inflicted. Few gave the courts that trouble. Butler has described Hopkins in his *Hudibras* as one

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* *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.*

'Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out.
And has he not, within this year,
Hanged *threescore* of them in *one* shire?
Some only for *not* being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground.'

After he had murdered hundreds, and pursued his trade for many years (from 1644 downwards), the tide of popular opinion finally turned against Hopkins, and he was subjected, by a party of indignant experimenters, to his own favourite test of swimming. It is said that he escaped with life, but from that time forth, he was never heard of again.

A belief in witchcraft, however, still continued virulent in England, and was argumentatively supported by grave and pious men. The grounds of credibility do not seem to have been earnestly investigated. Richard Baxter, who wrote in 1651, founds his opinion of the truth of witchcraft on the fact, that many persons had been tried and put to death for the crime. It did not occur to him to inquire whether the imputed crime were well or ill founded. Such was the loose reasoning that prevailed in England and elsewhere in the seventeenth century. Witchcraft was a truth, because everybody had acted upon the conviction of its being a truth! How has the progress of society, with the reign of peace and good-will on earth, been retarded by this accommodating method of argument!

It is an undoubted fact, however to be accounted for or palliated, that during the troublous seventeenth century, prosecutions for witchcraft were prominent in some proportion to the ascendency of the Puritanic cause. While, as during the time of the Civil War and Commonwealth, the ruling powers acted under strong religious impulses, the scriptural maxim of 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' had the force of a commandment. In a time of indifference, as in the reign of Charles II., rulers were disposed, so far as popular prepossessions would permit, to let these poor old creatures cheaply off. The era of the Long Parliament was that during which the witch-mania attained its growth. *Three thousand persons* are said to have perished during the continuance of the sittings of that body, by legal executions, independently of summary deaths at the hands of the mob. With the Restoration came a relaxation, but not a cessation, of this severity. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at Bury St Edmunds, for bewitching children, and other similar offences. Some of the items of the charge may be mentioned. Being capriciously refused some herrings, which they desired to purchase, the two old women expressed themselves in impatient language, and a child of the herring-dealer soon afterwards fell ill—in consequence. A carter drove his wagon against the cottage of Amy Dunny, and drew from her some not unnatural objurgations; immediately after which, the vehicle of the man stuck fast in a gate, without its wheels being impeded by either of the *posts*, and the unfortunate Amy was credited with the accident. Such accusations formed the burden of the ditty, in addition to the bewitching of the children. These young accusers were produced in court, and, on being touched by the old women, fell into fits. But on their eyes being covered, they were thrown into the same convulsions by *other* persons, precisely in the same way. In the face of this palpable proof of imposture, and despite the general absurdity of the charges, Sir Matthew Hale committed Amy Dunny and Rose Callender to the tender mercies of the hangman. It is stated that the opinion of the learned Sir Thomas Browne, who was accidentally present, had great weight against the prisoners. He declared his belief that the children were truly bewitched, and supported the possibility of such possessions by long and learned arguments, theological and metaphysical. Yet Sir Matthew Hale was one of the wisest and best men of his time, and Sir Thomas Browne had written an able work in exposition of popular fallacies!

It was during the reign of Charles II. that many persons in high station were found to express a doubt of the reality of witchcraft. The first book treating the subject rationally, and trying to disprove that the Scripture warranted either the crime or its punishment, was that of Webster, published in 1677. It is amusing to observe in this treatise the anxiety of the author to vindicate himself from the charge of irreligion, which he foresaw would be brought against him, for 'crossing the common stream of vulgar opinion.' Chief-justices North and Holt, to their lasting credit, were the first individuals occupying the high places of the law who had at once the good sense and the courage to set their faces against the continuance of this murderous delusion. In one case, by detecting a piece of gross imposture, Chief-justice North threw into disrepute, once for all, the trick of *pin-vomiting*, one of the most striking and convincing practices of the possessed. A male sorcerer stood at the bar, and his supposed victim was in court, vomiting pins in profusion. These pins were straight, a circumstance which made the greater impression, as those commonly ejected in such cases were bent, engendering frequently the suspicion of their having been previously and purposely placed in the mouth. The chief-justice was led to suspect something in this case by certain movements of the bewitched woman; and by closely cross-questioning one of her own witnesses, he brought it fully out, that the woman placed pins in her stomacher, and, by a dexterous dropping of her head in her simulated fits, picked up the articles for each successive ejection. The man was found not guilty. The acquittal called forth such pointed benedictions on the judge from a very old woman present, that he was induced to ask the cause. 'O my lord,' said she, 'twenty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch if they could; and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son.'

The detected imposture in this case saved the accused. It was under Holt's justiceship, however, that the first acquittal is supposed to have taken place, in *despite* of all evidence, and upon the fair ground of the general absurdity of such a charge. In the case of Mother Munnings, tried in 1694, the unfortunate prisoner would assuredly have perished, had not Chief-justice Holt summed up in a tone so decidedly adverse to the prosecution, that the verdict of Not Guilty was called forth from the jury. In about ten other trials before Holt, between the years 1694 and 1701, the result was the same, through the same influences. It must be remembered, however, that these were merely noted cases, in which the parties withstood all preliminary inducements to confession, and came to the bar with the plea of not guilty. About the same period—that is, during the latter years of the seventeenth century—summary executions were still common, in consequence of confessions extracted after the Hopkins fashion, still too much in favour with the lower classes. The acquittals mentioned only prove that the regular ministers of the law were becoming too enlightened to countenance such barbarities. Cases of possession, too, were latterly overlooked by the law, which would have brought the parties concerned to a speedy end in earlier days, even though they had done no injury to other people, and were simply unfortunate enough to have made compacts with the demon for the attainment of some purely personal advantages. For example, in 1689, there occurred the famous case of a youth, named Richard Dugdale, who sacrificed himself to the devil, on condition of being made the best dancer in Lancashire. The dissenting clergy took this youth under their charge, and a committee of them fasted and prayed, publicly and almost incessantly, for a whole year, in order to expel the dancing demon. The idea of this impostor leaping for a twelvemonth, and playing fantastic tricks before these grave divines, is extremely ludicrous. But the divines played tricks not less fantastic. They became so contemptuously intimate with the demon as to mock him on account of saltatory deficiencies. A portion of their addresses to him on this score has been preserved, but of too ridiculous a nature for quotation in these pages. If anything else than a mere impostor, it is probable that Dugdale was affected with St Vitus's Dance; and this is the more likely, as it was after all a regular physician who brought his dancing to a close. But the divines took care to claim the merit of the cure.

After the time of Holt, the ministers of the law went a step farther in their course of improvement, and spared the accused in spite of condemnatory verdicts. In 1711, Chief-justice Powell presided at a trial where an old woman was pronounced guilty. The judge, who had sneered openly at the whole proceedings, asked the jury if they found the woman 'guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat.' The reply was: 'We do find her guilty of that;' but the question of the judge produced its intended effect in casting ridicule on the whole charge, and the woman was pardoned. An able writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks, after noticing this case: 'Yet, frightful to think, after all this, in 1716, Mrs Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes.' And a long and a black catalogue it was. 'Barrington, in his observations on the statute of Henry VI., does not hesitate to estimate the numbers of those put to death in England on this charge at THIRTY THOUSAND!'

Notwithstanding that condemnations were no longer obtainable after 1716, popular outrages on supposed witches continued to take place in England for many years afterwards. On an occasion of this kind, an aged female pauper was killed by a mob near Tring, in Staffordshire; and for the murder, one of the perpetrators was tried and executed. The occurrence of such outrages having been traced to the unrepealed statute of James I. against witchcraft, an act was passed, in 1736 (10th George II. cap. 55), discharging all legal proceedings on the ground of sorcery or witchcraft; and since this period, prosecutions for following hidden arts have had no higher aim than the punishing of a pretended skill in fortune-telling and other forms of practical knavery.

It has been said that James I. brought with him from Scotland strong impressions on the subject of witchcraft, and, accordingly, we now refer to the history of the delusion in that country. In the reign of Queen Mary, the contemporary of Elizabeth, the public mind in Scotland fell into the common frenzy, and an act was passed by the Scottish parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft. In virtue of this law, great numbers were tried and executed. At this time, and subsequently, the Scottish witches were nearly all aged women; only a few men figured in the prosecutions. On coming to exercise the functions of majesty, James made numerous judicial investigations into alleged cases of witchcraft, and derived a pleasure in questioning old women respecting their dealings with Satan. The depositions made at these formal inquests are still preserved, and are among the most curious memorials of the sixteenth century.

The witch mania in Scotland was, through these prosecutions, brought to an extravagant height in the year 1591, when a large number of unhappy beings were cruelly burned to death on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh. About this period, some cases occurred to shew that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catherine Ross, Lady Fowlis, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry, it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavoured, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowlis possessor of the property of Fowlis, and to marry her to the Laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowlis had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balnagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowlis began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf arrow-heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others, who accidentally tasted them, lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowlis were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependants acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave, on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of nine rigs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch which she chose should live, Hector or George. She answered: 'Hector.' George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way—tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalzean was 'burnt in ashes, *quick*, to the death.' This was a doom not assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (already quoted) in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* remarks: 'In the trials of Bessie Roy, of James Reid, of Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson, and of Grizel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking and theft by means of enchantments; and so on. South-running water, salt, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf arrowheads), and doggerel verses, generally a translation of the Creed or Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure.' Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits in any shape being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things averred. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his that the witches were 'all extreme lyars.' Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises; and before the close of James's reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and burnings that took place almost *every day*, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (between 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of 'Dæmonologie' laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast; and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and thenceforward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, '43, '44, '45, and '49; and with every successive act, the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. 'The old impossible and abominable fancies,' says the *Review* formerly quoted, 'of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which seems to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime.' But it must be remembered that the phrase, 'on the record,' alludes only to justiciary trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The justiciary lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the Privy-council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Justiciary Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II.'s reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations, signalising the whole course of Scottish witchcraft, took place in that county. The details, though occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

On the new government becoming thoroughly fixed in power, this form of religious persecution—for in some degree such it was—abated. From 1662, there is an interval of six years without a single Justiciary trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1678, several women were condemned, 'on their own confession,' says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century—such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, evidence did present itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr Shaw of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learned some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skilfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on of late years in that department. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication in her youth of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last Justiciary trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and banished. A belief in the crime was evidently expiring in the minds of the Scottish law authorities; and the Lord Advocate, or public prosecutor, endeavoured to prevent the county courts from taking cognisance of the subject. Notwithstanding his remonstrances, however, a case of trial and execution for witchcraft was conducted by Captain David Ross of Littledean, sheriff-depute of Sutherlandshire, in 1722. 'The victim,' observes Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology*, 'was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless.' The execution took place at Dornoch, and was the last that was inflicted for witchcraft in Great Britain. Here may be said to end the tragical annals of witchcraft in Scotland. The number of its victims, from first to last, it would be difficult accurately to compute; but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND persons!

Having thus presented a historical sketch of witchcraft in England and Scotland, we proceed to give an account of the mania as it occurred in the North American colonies.

Carrying their religious opinions to an excess, and generally ignorant of the economy of nature, the inhabitants of New England yielded a remarkable credence to the popular superstition, and carried it as far, in the way of judicial punishment, as it had gone in any European nation. Their situation, perhaps, as colonists in a pagan region helped to fan the flame of their fury against witches. They regarded the Indians as worshippers of the devil, and practisers of incantations; they therefore felt it to be necessary to be doubly on their guard, and to watch the first appearances of witchcraft within the settlements. We learn from a respectable authority—Chandler's *Criminal Trials*—to which we are indebted for many subsequent particulars, that the first suspicion of witchcraft among the English in America was about the year 1645.

'At Springfield, on the Connecticut river, several persons were supposed to be under an evil hand; but no one was convicted until 1650, when a poor wretch, Mary Oliver, after a long examination, was brought to a confession of her guilt, but it does not appear that she was executed. About the same time, three persons were executed near Boston, all of whom at their death asserted their innocence. In 1655, Anne Hibbins, the widow of a magistrate and a man of note in Boston, was tried for this offence before the Court of Assistants. The jury found her guilty, but the magistrates refused to accept the verdict. The case was carried up to the General Court, where the popular voice prevailed, and the prisoner was executed. In 1662, at Hartford, Connecticut, a woman named Greensmith confessed that she had been grossly familiar with a demon, and she was executed. In 1669, Susanna Martin of Salisbury was bound over to the court upon suspicion of witchcraft, but escaped. She suffered death in 1692. In 1671, Elizabeth Knap, who possessed ventriloquial powers, alarmed the people of Groton; but as her demon railed at the minister of the town, and other persons of good character, the people would not believe him.

Her fraud and imposture were soon discovered. In 1694, Philip Smith, a judge of the court, a military officer, and a representative of the town of Hadley, fancied himself under an evil hand, and suspected an old woman, one of his neighbours, as the cause of his sickness. She was dragged from her house by some young men, who hung her up until she was nearly dead, then rolled her in the snow, and at last buried her in it; but it happened that she survived, and the melancholy man died. Trials for witchcraft out of New England were not common. In 1665, Ralph Hall and his wife were tried for the offence in New York, and acquitted. In 1660, in Queen's County, Long Island, Mary Wright was suspected of corresponding with the Author of Evil. She was arraigned, and it was finally concluded to transport her to the General Court of Massachusetts, "where charges of this kind were more common, and the proofs necessary to support them better understood." She was accordingly arraigned there, and acquitted of witchcraft, but was convicted of being a Quaker, and banished out of the jurisdiction. In Pennsylvania, when William Penn officiated as judge in his new colony, two women, accused of witchcraft, were presented by the grand-jury. Without treating the charge with contempt, which the public mind would not have borne, he charged the jury to bring them in guilty of being suspected of witchcraft, which was not a crime that exposed them to the penalty of the law. Notwithstanding the frequent instances of supposed witchcraft in Massachusetts, no person had suffered death there on that account for nearly thirty years after the execution of Anne Hibbins. The sentence of this woman was disapproved of by many influential men, and her fate probably prevented further prosecutions. But in 1685, a very circumstantial account of most of the cases above mentioned was published, and many arguments were brought to convince the country that they were no delusions or impostures, but the effects of a familiarity between the devil and such as he found fit for his instruments.'

Before going further with our account of these strange doings, it is necessary to introduce to the reader a person who made himself exceedingly prominent in exciting and keeping up the witchcraft mania. This individual was the Rev. Cotton Mather—a noted character in American biography.

Cotton Mather was descended from a respectable English family. His grandfather and father were ministers of the Congregational body, in which he also was destined to perform a distinguished part. He was born at Boston in 1662; and his mother being a daughter of John Cotton, an eminent nonconformist divine, he received from him the name of Cotton. In his youth, he was considered a prodigy of piety and devotion to study, and at an early age he was raised to the ministry as assistant to his father. Later in life, he did good service to the colony, as a zealous advocate of popular rights during the struggles with the Stuarts and the establishment of the revolution of 1688. Cotton Mather, however, is chiefly remembered for his indefatigable zeal in seeking out and getting witches tried and executed. This great work he felt to be his mission: his mind was full of it. He seems to have considered that in nothing could he do the commonwealth such good service as in ridding it of traffickers with every order of demons. In order to make known his opinion on the subject, he wrote various treatises, expounding the nature of the invisible world, and all breathing an earnest belief in the constant personal interference of Satan with his ministerial prelections. Among his manuscripts, which have been collected by the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a paper on which is endorsed the following curious record in his handwriting: '*November* 29, 1692.—While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for a possessed young woman), on Mark ix. 28, 29, the devil in the damsel flew upon me, and tore the leaf, as it is now torn, over against the text.' For a fac-simile of this strange record, we refer to Jared Sparks's Life of Mather, from which we derive the present account of this credulous and meddlesome personage.

Several instances of alleged witchcraft, as has been seen, prepared the way for the great Salem tragedy, and these doubtless stimulated the zeal of Cotton Mather. In 1688, a case occurred which, being under his own eye, afforded materials for minute investigation. The family of John Goodwin, a respectable and devout man, living in the northern part of Boston, began to be troubled with supernatural visitations. The children had all been religiously educated, and were thought to be without guile. The eldest was a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She had a quarrel with a laundress, whom she had charged with taking away some of the family linen. The mother of the laundress was an Irishwoman, who, resenting the imputations on her daughter's character, gave the girl harsh language. Shortly afterwards, the girl, her sister, and two brothers, complained of being tormented with strange pains in different parts of their bodies, and these affections were pronounced to be diabolical by the physicians who happened to be consulted. 'One or two things were said to be very remarkable: all their complaints were in the daytime, and they slept comfortably all night; they were struck dead at the sight of the *Assembly's Catechism*, Cotton's *Milk for Babes*, and some other good books; but could read in Oxford jests, Popish and Quaker books, and the Common Prayer, without any difficulty. Sometimes they would be deaf, then dumb, then blind; and sometimes all these disorders together would come upon them. Their tongues would be drawn down their throats, then pulled out upon their chins. Their jaws, necks, shoulders, elbows, and all their joints, would appear to be dislocated; and they would make most piteous outcries of burnings, of being cut with knifes, beat, &c., and the marks of wounds were afterwards to be seen. The ministers of Boston and Charlestown kept a day of fasting and prayer at the troubled house; after which, the youngest child made no more complaints. The others continuing to be afflicted, the magistrates interposed, and the old woman was apprehended; but upon examination, would neither confess nor deny, and appeared to be disordered in her senses.' In order to satisfy themselves on this latter point, the magistrates appointed several physicians 'to examine her very strictly, whether she was no way crazed in her intellectuals.' These sage inquisitors do not appear to have been acquainted with the fact, that a person may be deranged on one subject, and yet sane on all others. They conversed with the woman a good deal, and, finding that she gave connected replies, agreed that she was in full possession of her mind. She was then found guilty of witchcraft, and sentenced to die. Cotton Mather eagerly seized on this admirable opportunity of conversing with a legally condemned witch. He paid many visits to the poor woman while she was in prison, and was vastly edified with her communications. She described her interviews with the Prince of Darkness, and her attendance upon his meetings, with a clearness that seems to have filled him with perfect delight. No sentiments of compassion appear to have been excited in his mind towards this unfortunate woman. He accompanied her to the scaffold, and rejoiced in seeing what he considered justice done upon her. To the moment of her death, she continued to declare that the children should not be relieved—an unequivocal proof of disordered intellect.

Sure enough, the execution did not stay the disorder. The children complained of suffering as much as before. Some of these facts are amusing. Mather, in his simplicity, says: '"They were often near drowning or burning themselves, and they often strangled themselves with their neckcloths; but the providence of God still ordered the seasonable succours of them that looked after them." On the least reproof of their parents, "they would roar excessively." It usually took abundance of time to dress or undress them, through the strange postures into which they would be twisted on purpose to hinder it. "If they were bidden to do a needless thing, such as to rub a clean table, they were able to do it unmolested; but if to do a useful thing, as to rub a dirty table, they would presently, with many torments, be made incapable." Such a choice opportunity as this family afforded for inquiry into the physiology of witchcraft, was not to be lost. In order to inspect the specimen more at leisure, he had the eldest daughter brought to his own house. He wished "to confute the Sadducism of that debauched age," and the girl took care that the materials should not be wanting.'

A number of cunningly devised tricks were performed by this artful young creature, all of which imposed on Cotton, who resolved to give an account of her case in a sermon. This publicity, however, was by no means pleasing to the victim of witchcraft. She made many attempts to prevent the preaching of the sermon, threatening Mather with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of patience, and exorcised them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. All these were perfectly intelligible to them; 'but the Indian languages they did not seem so well to understand.'

The whole particulars of this amusing case were published in a regular form, and afterwards reprinted in London, by Richard Baxter, who confidingly says in the preface: 'This great instance comes with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee that will not believe it.' We may here explain, that, during the seventeenth century, 'Sadducee' was the term usually employed to denote any one who did not come up to a certain standard of belief, and was employed often towards persons of high ecclesiastical position.

That it was feasible to doubt the validity of the pretended complaints of Goodwin's children, and yet not be a Sadducee, was afterwards manifest. These young persons had, from first to last, carried on a system of imposture; and the idea of doing so had been suggested by the relation of tales of English witchcraft. 'Glanvil,' observes Mr Chandler, 'not many years before, published his witch stories in England; Perkins and other nonconformists were earlier; but the great authority was that of Sir Matthew Hale, revered in New England, not only for his knowledge in the law, but for his gravity and piety. The trial of the witches in Suffolk was published in 1684. All these books were in New England; and the conformity between the behaviour of Goodwin's children, and most of the supposed bewitched at Salem, and the behaviour of those in England, is so exact, as to leave no room to doubt the stories had been read by the New England persons themselves, or had been told to them by others who had read them.'

We now come to the great witch-battue at Salem, a village in Massachusetts, which at present forms a part of the town of Danvers. The commencement of the Salem witchcraft was in February 1692, and broke out in the family of Samuel Parris, the minister of the village. There had been a bitter strife between Mr Parris and a portion of his people; and the 'very active part he took in the prosecutions for witchcraft, has been justly attributed, not less to motives of revenge, than to a blind zeal in the performance of what he considered his duty. A daughter of Mr Parris, nine years of age, his niece, a girl of less than twelve, and two other girls in the neighbourhood, began to make the same sort of complaints that Goodwin's children had made two or three years before. The physicians, having no other way of accounting for their disorder, pronounced them bewitched. An Indian woman, who had been brought into the country from New Spain, and then lived with Mr

Parris, tried some experiments, which she pretended to have been used to in her own country, in order to find out the witch. This coming to the children's knowledge, they cried out upon the poor Indian as appearing to them, pinching, pricking, and tormenting them; and they fell into fits. Tituba, the Indian, acknowledged that she had learned how to find out a witch, but denied that she was one herself. Several private fasts were kept at the minister's house, and several, more public, by the whole village; and then a general fast through the colony, to implore God to rebuke Satan. The great notice taken of the children, together with the pity and compassion of the persons by whom they were visited, not only tended to confirm them in their conduct, but to draw others into the like. Accordingly, the number of the sufferers soon increased; and among them, there were two or three women, and some girls old enough for witnesses. These, too, had their fits, and, when in them, cried out, not only against Tituba, but against Sarah Osburn, a melancholy, distracted old woman, and Sarah Good, another old woman, who was bedrid. Tituba having, as it is alleged, been scourged by her master, at length confessed herself a witch, and that the two old women were her confederates. The three were then committed to prison; and Tituba, upon search, was found to have scars upon her back, which were called the devil's marks. This took place on the 1st of March. About three weeks afterwards, two other women, of good character, and church members, Corey and Nurse, were complained of, and brought to an examination; on which these children fell into fits, and the mother of one of them, the wife of Thomas Putman, joined with the children, and complained of Nurse as tormenting her: she made most terrible shrieks, to the amazement of all the neighbourhood. The women, notwithstanding they denied everything, were sent to prison; and such was the infatuation, that a child of Sarah Good, about four or five years old, was also committed, being charged with biting some of the afflicted, who shewed the print of small teeth on their arms. On April 3d, Mr Parris took for his text: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." Sarah Cloyse, supposing it to be occasioned by Nurse's case, who was her sister, went out of meeting, and she was thereupon complained of for a witch, examined, and committed. Elizabeth Proctor was charged about the same time; her husband accompanied her to her examination, but it cost him his life. Some of the afflicted cried out upon him also, and they were both committed to prison.

'The subject acquired new interest; and, to examine Sarah Cloyse and Elizabeth Proctor, the deputy-governor and five other magistrates came to Salem. It was a great day; several ministers were present. Parris officiated, and, by his own record, it is plain that he himself elicited every accusation. His first witness, John, the Indian servant, husband to Tituba, was rebuked by Sarah

Cloyse, as a grievous liar. Abigail Williams, the niece of Parris, was also at hand with her tales: the prisoner had been at the witches' sacrament. Struck with horror, Sarah Cloyse asked for water, and sank down "in a dying fainting-fit." "Her spirit," shouted the band of the afflicted, "is gone to prison to her sister Nurse." Against Elizabeth Proctor, the niece of Parris told stories yet more foolish than false: the prisoner had invited her to sign the devil's book. "Dear child," exclaimed the accused in her agony, "it is not so. There is another judgment, dear child;" and her accusers, turning towards her husband, declared that he too was a wizard. All three were committed.

'No wonder that the whole country was in a consternation, when persons of sober lives and unblemished characters were committed to prison upon such evidence. Nobody was safe. The most effectual way to prevent an accusation was to become an accuser; and, accordingly, the number of the afflicted increased every day, and the number of the accused in proportion. As yet no one had confessed; but at length Deliverance Hobbs owned everything that was asked of her, and was left unharmed. Then it was that the monstrous doctrine seems to have been first thought of, that "the gallows was to be set up, not for those who professed themselves witches, but for those who rebuked the delusion;" not for the guilty, but for the unbelieving. As might be expected, confessions rose in importance. They were the avenue of safety. Examinations and commitments were of daily occurrence, and the whole community was in a state of terror and alarm, which can more easily be imagined than described. The purest life, the strictest integrity, the most solemn asseverations of innocence, were of no avail. Husband was torn from wife, parents from children, brother from sister, and, in some cases, the unhappy victims saw in their accusers their nearest and dearest friends: in one instance, a wife and a daughter accused the husband and father to save themselves; and, in another, a daughter seven years old testified against her mother.

'The manner in which the examinations were conducted was eminently calculated to increase the number of the accused and of the accusers. Mr Parris was present at all of them, and was over-officious, putting leading questions, and artfully entrapping the witnesses into contradictions, by which they became confused, and were eagerly cried out upon as guilty of the offence. The appearance of the persons accused was also carefully noted by the magistrates, and was used in evidence against them at their trials. "As to the method which the Salem justices do take," says a contemporary writer, "it is truly this: A warrant being issued out to apprehend the persons that are charged and complained of by the afflicted children, as they are called; said persons are brought before the justices, the afflicted being present. The justices ask the apprehended why they afflict these poor children, to which the apprehended answer, they do not afflict them. The justices order the apprehended to look upon the said children, which accordingly they do; and at the time of that look (I dare not say *by* that look, as the Salem gentlemen do), the afflicted are cast into a fit. The apprehended are then blinded, and ordered to touch the afflicted; and at that touch, though not *by* that touch (as above), the afflicted do ordinarily come out of their fits. The afflicted persons then declare and affirm that the apprehended have afflicted them; upon which the apprehended persons, though of never so good repute, are forthwith committed to prison, on suspicion of witchcraft."'

Cotton Mather was in his element during these transactions. He recommended the magistrates to study his works on Witchcraft, and to use all the enginery in their power to purify the land from the wicked practices of necromancy. The authorities scarcely needed these incitements. They carried on their examinations with much vigour, and the manner in which they did so affords one a melancholy insight into the minutiæ of the delusion.

While various preliminary examinations had been made by the authorities, the jails were gradually filling with persons awaiting the commencement of the trials, which could not take place for several months, in consequence of there being a kind of suspension of the chartered rights of the colony. In May, a new royal charter arrived, along with Sir William Phipps as governor—a person, as it would appear, unfitted for this important trust; he was a protégé of the Mathers, inclined to walk by their counsel, and a firm believer in witchcraft. Finding on his arrival that the prisons were full of victims charged with this offence, and urged on by the seeming urgency of the occasion, he took it upon him to issue a special commission, constituting the persons named in it a court to act in and for the counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex. This court, beyond all question an illegal tribunal, because the governor had no shadow of authority to constitute it, consisted of seven judges. 'At the opening of the court at Salem, on the 2d of June 1692, the commission of the governor was published, and the oath of office was administered to Thomas Newton as attorney-general, and to Stephen Sewall as clerk. The general course of proceedings at these trials was entirely consistent with the character of the court and the nature of their business. After pleading to the indictment, if the prisoner denied his guilt, the afflicted persons were first brought into court and sworn as to who afflicted them. Then the confessors, that is, those who had voluntarily acknowledged themselves witches, were called upon to tell what they knew of the accused. Proclamation was then made for all who could give any testimony, however foreign to the charge, to come into court, and whatever any one volunteered to tell, was admitted as evidence. The next process was to search for "witch-marks," the doctrine being, that the devil affixed his mark to those in alliance with him, and that this point on the body became callous and dead. This duty was performed by a jury of the same sex, who made a particular return of the appearance of the body, and whether there was any preternatural excrescence. A wart or a mole on the body of a prisoner was often conclusive against him, when the evidence was otherwise doubtful. These examinations in the case of women were made by a jury of matrons, aided by a medical man as foreman. They were very minute, and, in some respects, the most cruel and disgusting part of the proceedings. The unhappy prisoners were not only subjected to the mortification of a gross exposure before the jury of examination, but when any witch-mark was found, it was punctured with pins, to ascertain whether there was any feeling. There were usually several examinations of the same individual. In one instance, a woman was examined at ten o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the jury certified that they had again examined her, and that her breast, which "in the morning search appeared to us very full, the nibblis fresh and starting, now at this search all lancke and pendent." Of the nine women who were on this jury, but one could write her name; the remainder made their marks.

'Evidence was also received respecting the appearance of the accused at the preliminary examinations; and the various signs of witchcraft which then appeared were detailed with much particularity. It was a great sign of witchcraft to make an error in the Lord's Prayer, which the accused on those occasions were required to repeat, and if they made a single error, it was brought up at their trial as evidence against them. Thus, one repeated the prayer correctly in every particular, excepting that she said "deliver us from *all* evil," "which was looked upon as if she prayed against what she was now justly under." Upon making another attempt, she said "h*o*llowed be thy name," instead of "h*a*llowed be thy name;" and this "was counted a depraving the words, as signifying to make void, and so a curse, rather than a prayer." The appearance of the accused, and of those supposed to be bewitched, also had an effect against the prisoner. Sometimes the witnesses were struck dumb for a long time; at others, they would fall into terrible fits, and were insensible to the touch of all but the accused, who, they declared, tormented them. Sometimes the accused were ordered to look on the afflicted, when the latter would be immediately thrown into fits. It was thought that an invisible and impalpable fluid darted from the eyes of the witch, and penetrated the brain of the bewitched. A touch by the witch attracted back the malignant fluid, and the sufferers recovered their senses. Another sign of witchcraft, of great consideration, was an inability of the accused to shed tears.

'There was one species of evidence which was of great effect in these prosecutions, and which it was impossible to rebut. Witnesses were allowed to testify to certain acts of the accused, when the latter were not present in the body; that they were tormented by apparitions or spectres of the accused, which pinched them, robbed them of their goods, caused them to languish and pine away, pricked them; and they produced the identical pins which were used for this purpose.'

The first session of the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer was held in June 1692, and at this time one trial only took place. 'The victim selected for this occasion was Bridget Bishop or Oliver, a poor and friendless old woman, who had been charged with witchcraft twenty years before. The indictment against her set forth, that on the 19th day of April, and at divers other days and times, as well before as after, she used, practised, and exercised certain detestable arts, called witchcrafts and sorceries, at and within the township of Salem, in, upon, and against one Mercy Lewis, of Salem village; by which wicked arts, the said Mercy Lewis "was hurt, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided." There were four other indictments against the prisoner for the same crime in afflicting other persons. On her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty.

'The fact that the crime had been committed, or that certain persons were bewitched by some one, was considered too notorious to require much proof; and to fix the crime on the prisoner, the first testimony adduced was that of the persons supposed to be bewitched. Several of them testified, that the shape of the prisoner sometimes very grievously pinched, choked, bit, and afflicted them, urging them to write their names in a book, which the said spectre called "ours." One of them further testified, that the shape of the prisoner, with another, one day took her from her wheel, and, carrying her to the river-side, threatened there to drown her, if she did not sign the book. Others testified that the said shape did in her threats brag to them that she had been the death of sundry persons, then by her named. Another testified to the apparition of ghosts to the spectre of the prisoner, crying out: "You murdered us." "About the truth whereof," adds the reporter of this trial, "there was, in the matter of fact, but too much suspicion."'

The evidence given by John Louder on this ridiculous trial may be taken as a fair sample of the nonsense which was uttered on the occasion. 'John Louder testified, that, upon some little controversy with Bishop about her fowls, going well to bed, he awoke in the night by moonlight, and saw clearly the likeness of this woman grievously oppressing him; in which miserable condition she held him, unable to help himself, till near day. He told Bishop of this; but she utterly denied it, and threatened him very much. Quickly after this, being at home on a Lord's-day, with the doors shut about him, he saw a black pig approach him, which endeavouring to kick, it vanished away. Immediately after, sitting down, he saw a black thing jump in at the window, and come and stand before him. The body was like that of a monkey, the feet like a cock's, but the face much like a man's. He being so extremely affrighted that he could not speak, this monster spoke to him, and said: "I am a messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some trouble of mind; and if you will be ruled by me, you shall want for nothing in this world." Whereupon he endeavoured to clap his hands upon it, but he could feel no substance, and it jumped out of the window again, but immediately came in by the porch, though the doors were shut, and said: "You had better take my counsel." He then struck at it with a stick, but struck only the groundsel, and broke the stick. The arm with which he struck was presently disabled, and it vanished away. He presently went out at the back-door, and spied this Bishop, in her orchard, going toward her house: but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the house, he was immediately accosted by the monster he had seen before, which goblin was going to fly at him; whereat he cried out: "The whole armour of God be between me and you!" So it sprung back, and flew over the apple-tree, shaking many apples off the tree in its flying over. At its leap, it flung dirt with its feet against the stomach of the man; whereon he was then struck dumb, and so continued for three days together. "Upon the producing of this testimony," says Cotton Mather, "Bishop denied that she knew this deponent. Yet their two orchards joined, and they had often had their little quarrels for some years together."'

All this trash being gravely listened to and approved of by the court, it was resolved, as a final step in the procedure, to have the prisoner examined by a jury of women. This was accordingly done; the matrons reported that they found a preternatural 'tet' upon her body, and on making a second examination within three or four hours, there was no such thing to be seen.

'The poor woman undertook to explain the circumstances which had been related against her, but she was constantly harassed; and becoming confused, she apparently prevaricated somewhat, and all she said made against her. She seems to have been a woman of violent temper, who had lived on ill terms with her neighbours for many years, and who had long had the reputation of being a witch. Those of her neighbours who had suffered from her uncomfortable disposition, were nothing loath to attribute all their misfortunes to her; and she thus stood little chance of a fair trial.

'She was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, and was remanded to prison to await her doom. "As she was under a guard, passing by the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem"—Cotton Mather relates this—"she gave a look towards the house; and immediately a demon, invisibly entering the meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that though there were no person to be seen there, yet the people at the noise running in found a board, which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported unto another quarter of the house." She was executed on the 10th of June, solemnly protesting her innocence to the last.

'After the trial and condemnation of Bridget Bishop, the court adjourned to the 30th of June; and the governor and council thought proper, in the meantime, to take the opinion of several ministers upon the state of things as they then stood. Their return, understood to have been drawn up by Cotton Mather, was as follows:

"1. The afflicted state of our poor neighbours, that are now suffering by molestations from the invisible world, we apprehend so deplorable, that we think their condition calls for the utmost help of all persons in their several capacities.

"2. We cannot but with all thankfulness acknowledge the success which the merciful God has given to the sedulous and assiduous endeavours of our honourable rulers, to defeat the abominable witchcrafts which have been committed in the country; humbly praying, that the discovery of those mysterious and mischievous wickednesses may be perfected.

"3. We judge that in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts, there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received only upon the devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices.

"4. As in complaints upon witchcrafts there may be matters of inquiry which do not amount unto matters of presumption, and there may be matters of presumption which yet may not be matters of conviction, so it is necessary that all proceedings thereabout be managed with an exceeding tenderness towards those that may be complained of, especially if they have been persons formerly of an unblemished reputation.

"5. When the first inquiry is made into the circumstances of such as may lie under the just suspicion of witchcrafts, we could wish that there may be admitted as little as possible of such noise, company, and openness, as may too hastily expose them that are examined; and that there may be nothing used as a test for the trial of the suspected, the lawfulness whereof may be doubted by the people of God; but that the directions given by such judicious writers as Perkins and Bernard may be observed.

"6. Presumptions whereupon persons may be committed, and, much more, convictions whereupon persons may be condemned as guilty of witchcrafts, ought certainly to be more considerable than barely the accused person's being represented by a spectre unto the afflicted; inasmuch as it is an undoubted and a notorious thing, that a demon may, by God's permission, appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man. Nor can we esteem alterations made in the sufferers, by a look or touch of the accused, to be an infallible evidence of guilt, but frequently liable to be abused by the devil's legerdemain.

"7. We know not whether some remarkable affronts given the devils, by our disbelieving those testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period unto the progress of the dreadful calamity begun upon us, in the accusation of so many persons, whereof some, we hope, are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge.

"8. Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government, the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the laws of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation, for the detection of witchcrafts."'

These suggestions met with due attention. Accordingly, when the court again met on the 30th of June, five women were brought to trial—namely, Sarah Good and Rebecca Nurse, of Salem village, Susannah Martin of Amesbury, Elizabeth How of Ipswich, and Sarah Wildes of Topsfield. They were condemned, and executed on the 19th of July. There was no difficulty with any but Rebecca Nurse. She was a member of the Church, and of a good character; as to her, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The accusers made a great clamour, and the court expressed much dissatisfaction. The jury again retired, and this time brought in a verdict of guilty. On the next communion-day, the poor woman, declaring her innocence, was taken in chains to the meeting-house, to be formally excommunicated. She was hanged with the rest on the 19th of July. In August, six persons were tried, and condemned to be executed; one of the unhappy prisoners on this occasion being a person named Willard, who had formerly been employed to detect witchcraft, but had latterly revolted at the office, and expressed a disbelief of the crime.

The next trial was that of George Burroughs, a person of education, who had formerly been a minister in Salem village. 'His trial and condemnation form one of the darkest transactions which the annals of crime in America present. There were at the time vague hints, which became at length positive assertions, of difficulties between him and Parris, which render his fate a terrible commentary on the power thrown into the hands of a few designing men, by the excited state of public feeling. Moreover, he boldly denied that there was or could be such a thing as witchcraft in the current sense of the term. He was among the first who were accused, and, after lying in jail several months, he was brought to trial on the 5th of August. The indictment set forth that the prisoner, on the 9th day of May, and divers other days, as well before as after, "certain detestable arts, called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practised, and exercised, at and within the township of Salem, in the county of Essex aforesaid, in, upon, and against one Anne Putnam, single woman, by which said wicked arts, the said Anne Putnam, the 9th day of May, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was and is tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our sovereign lord and lady, the king and queen, and against the form of the statute in that case made and provided."'

There were three other indictments against the prisoner, to all of which, on his arraignment, he pleaded not guilty. The evidence against him was of a very loose and general nature, consisting, in a great measure, of things said and done by his shape or apparition, when he was not present as to the body. The following is a condensation of the absurd evidence of two of the witnesses :

Anne Putnam said : 'On the 9th of May 1692, in the evening, I saw the apparition of George Burroughs, who grievously tortured me, and urged me to write in his book ; which I refused. He then told me that his two first wives would appear to me presently, and tell me a great many lies ; but I should not believe them. Immediately there appeared to me the forms of two women in winding-sheets, and napkins about their heads, at which I was greatly affrighted. They turned their faces towards Mr Burroughs, and looked very red and angry at him, telling him that he had been a cruel man to them, and that their blood cried for vengeance against him. They also told him they should be clothed with white robes in heaven, when he should be cast into hell. Immediately he vanished away ; and as soon as he was gone, the two women turned their faces towards me, looking as pale as a white wall. They said they were Mr Burroughs' first wives, and that he had murdered them. One of them said she was his first wife, and he stabbed her under the left arm, and put a piece of sealing-wax on the wound ; and she pulled aside the winding-sheet, and shewed me the place ; and also told me that she was in the house where Mr Parris now lives, when it was done. The other told me that Mr Burroughs and his present wife killed her in the vessel as she was coming to see her friends, because they would have one another ; and they both charged me that I should tell these things to the magistrates before Mr Burroughs' face, and, if he did not own them, they did not know but they should appear there this morning. Mrs Lawson and her daughter also appeared to me, and told me that Mr Burroughs murdered them. This morning there also appeared to me another woman in a winding-sheet, and told me that she was goodman Fuller's first wife, and that Mr Burroughs killed her, because of some difference between her husband and himself. The prisoner, on the 9th of May, also, at his first examination, most grievously tormented and afflicted Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Abigail Williams, by pinching, pricking, and choking them.'

Elizabeth Hubbard said : 'One night there appeared to me a little black-bearded man, in dark apparel, who told me his name was

Burroughs. He took a book out of his pocket, and bade me set my hand to it. I refused. The lines in the book were as red as blood. He then pinched me, and went away. He has often appeared to me since, and threatened to kill me if I would not sign the book. He tortured me very much by biting, pinching, and squeezing my body, and running pins into me. At his first examination on 9th May, he did most grievously afflict and torment the bodies of Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Anne Putnam, and Abigail Williams. If he did but look upon them, he would strike them down, or almost choke them to death. I believe in my heart that Mr George Burroughs is a dreadful wizard.'

Other witnesses told similar stories, all so ridiculous, that it is amazing how they should have been listened to by a court of justice. The unfortunate prisoner said but little at his trial. He made some attempt to explain away the testimony against him, but became confused, and made contradictory statements. He also handed in a paper to the jury, in which he utterly denied that there was any truth in the received notions of witchcraft. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to die.

On the 19th of August, he was carried in a cart through the streets of Salem with the others who were to die. Upon the ladder he made a calm and powerful address to the multitude, in which he asserted his innocence 'with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present.' He then made a prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated in a clear, sonorous tone, with entire exactness, and with a fervency that astonished. Many were affected to tears, and it seemed as if the spectators would hinder the execution. But the accusers cried that the devil assisted him. The execution proceeded, and the husband, the father, and the minister of God was violently sent to his long home. Cotton Mather, on horseback in the crowd, addressed the people, declaring that Burroughs was no ordained minister, insisted on his guilt, and asserted that the devil had often been transformed into an angel of light. When the body was cut down, it was dragged by the halter to a hole, and there interred with every mark of indignity.

A few weeks afterwards, fourteen persons of both sexes were tried, condemned, and executed. One of these, Samuel Wardwell, had confessed, and was safe; but he retracted his confession, and was executed—not for witchcraft, but for denying witchcraft. Another victim, Martha Cory, protested her innocence to the last, and concluded her life with a prayer on the ladder. Her husband, Giles Cory, an octogenarian, seeing that no one escaped—knowing that a trial was but the form of convicting him of a felony, by which his estate would be forfeited, refused to plead, and was condemned to be pressed to death; the only instance in which the horrible death by the common-law judgment, for standing mute on arraignment, has been inflicted in America. As the aged frame of the dying man yielded to the dreadful pressure, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the sheriff thrust it back again with the point of his cane!

The parting scene between Mary Easty and her husband, children, and friends, is described as having been as serious, religious, distinct, and affectionate as could well be expressed, drawing tears from the eyes of almost all present. She was hanged with the others. 'There hang eight firebrands of hell,' said Noyes, the minister of Salem, pointing to the bodies hanging on the gallows.

Although satisfactory to the malignant bigoted, these executions did not meet with universal approbation. The atrocities were too great to be endured, and served to raise a reaction against the witchcraft delusion. 'The common mind of Massachusetts,' observes Chandler, 'more wise than those in authority and influence, became concentrated against such monstrous proceedings, and jurors refused to convict while the judicial power was yet unsatisfied with victims. Already twenty persons had suffered death; more than fifty had been tortured or terrified into confession; the jails were full, and hundreds were under suspicion. Where was this to end? Moreover, the frauds and imposture attending these scenes began to be apparent. It was observed, that no one of the condemned confessing witchcraft had been hanged; no one who confessed and retracted a confession escaped either hanging or imprisonment for trial. Favouritism had been shewn in refusing to listen to accusations which were directed against friends or partisans. Corrupt means had been used to tempt people to become accusers, and accusations began to be made against the most respectable inhabitants of the province and some ministers. It was also observed that the trials were not fairly conducted: they were but a form to condemn the accused. No one brought to the bar escaped, and all who were cried out upon expected death. The wife of the wealthiest person in Salem, a merchant, and a man of the highest respectability, being accused, the warrant was read to her in the evening in her bed-chamber, and guards were placed round the house. In the morning, she attended the devotions of her family, gave instructions for the education of her children, kissed them, commended them to God, bade them farewell, and committed herself to the sheriff, declaring her readiness to die. Such a state of things could not continue long in any age, whilst the essential elements of human nature remain the same. No wonder the miserable creatures who endured these sufferings felt that New England was indeed deserted by God.'

The court made several attempts to go on with its trials, but the grand-juries dismissed the cases, and the executions were accordingly stopped. 'The causes of this change in public opinion,' proceeds our authority, 'are variously stated. Some attribute it to the fact, that the wife of the minister of Beverly being accused, he immediately changed his mind in regard to the propriety of the prosecutions, and thenceforward opposed, as zealously as he had previously encouraged them. Others relate that the wife of a gentleman in Boston being accused, he brought an action for slander, claiming a thousand pounds damages; and that this turned back the current of accusations. But such causes were inadequate to the effect. These incidental facts were rather the result of the change that was taking place, than the cause of it. The force of public sentiment, which had hanged one minister, could scarcely have been resisted by the efforts of another. An action at law, sounding in damages, would hardly stop the mouths of accusing witnesses, who professed to have given themselves to the powers of darkness. The cause of the change is rather to be sought in the principles of our nature, and is to be found partly in that instinctive effort for self-preservation, which, in communities of individuals, unites the weak against oppression, and gives courage to the feeble and unprotected. A belief in witchcraft was one of the superstitions of the age; and the change of public sentiment, which now took place, was not so much a loss of faith in its reality, as a conviction of the uselessness and danger of punishing it by human laws. Of the causes of the transient delusion, which rose so high, and terminated so fatally, among the sober and godly people of New England, no definite explanation can, at this distance of time, be given; but their descendants may be allowed, in the same spirit of trust in Providence which distinguished them, to cherish the belief, that it was permitted for purposes of wisdom and benevolence, which could not otherwise have been accomplished. When its work was done, it properly ceased. Such moral desolations often pass over the face of society: the thunder-storm does its work—the atmosphere becomes clear—the sun shines forth, and reveals to all the work of death.

'The change in the public mind was complete and universal. Bitter was the lamentation of the whole community for the sad consequences of their rashness and delusion; contrite the repentance of all who had been actors in the tragedy. The indignation of the people, not loud, but deep and strong, was directed with resistless force against those who had been particularly active in these insane enormities. Parris, the minister who had been the chief agent in these acts of frenzy and folly, and who, beyond all question, made use of the popular feeling to gratify his own malignant feelings of revenge against obnoxious individuals, was compelled to leave his people. No entreaties were of any avail; the humblest confession could not save him; it was not fitting that he should minister at the altar of a merciful God, within sight of the graves of those whose entreaties for mercy he had despised. Noyes, the minister of Salem, consecrated his life to deeds of mercy; made a full confession; loved and blessed the survivors whom he had injured; asked forgiveness of all, and was by all forgiven. Cotton Mather, by artful appeals and publications, in which he wilfully suppressed the truth, succeeded for a while in deceiving the public, and perhaps himself, as to the encouragement he had given to the proceedings at Salem. Still eager "to lift up a standard against the infernal enemy," he got up a case of witchcraft in his own parish; but the imposture was promptly exposed to ridicule, and came to nothing. Mather died in 1727; his latter years being imbittered by the contempt of many persons for his frenzied zeal in the witch prosecutions; and it would appear that, before his death, he had occasional doubtings and qualms of conscience on the same grave subject.'

The belief in witchcraft gradually died out in America, as it has done in this country, and only lingered a clandestine existence among the most ignorant in the community. Whether in England, Wales, and Scotland, the belief is yet utterly gone, may perhaps be doubted; for paragraphs occasionally appear in the newspapers descriptive of outrages committed on old women, who are supposed by the ignorant to practise diabolical incantations. Within our own recollection, which extends to the first decade of the present century, a belief in witchcraft was to a certain degree entertained in a small country town in Scotland. It was whispered about among children, that a certain old woman was a witch, and in passing the thatched cottage of this poor creature, we were instructed by companions to put our thumb across one of our fingers, as a preservative from harm—a curious relic of the old usage of making the figure of the cross.

As a crime recognised and punishable by law, witchcraft was protracted till comparatively recent times in certain continental countries. So lately as 1780, a woman was condemned and executed for witchcraft in the Swiss canton of Glarus. In January 1853, an account appeared in a foreign journal, significant of the superstitious belief which still maintains its hold among the less-instructed classes in the north of Italy; and with this strange record of witchcraft in the nineteenth century, we may appropriately dismiss the subject:

'A very singular case was a short time ago submitted to the Court of Justice of Rovigo, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Several of the inhabitants of the island of Cherso had constructed a lime-kiln; but the fire, after burning constantly for twelve days, and thereby giving a promise that the operation would be a successful one, became suddenly extinguished, and all attempts to relight it failed. An old woman, named Anna Gurlan, who was considered a sorceress, was immediately suspected of having, by her charms, extinguished the fire, and it was stated that she had been seen walking in a mysterious way round the kiln, and had passed a night in an adjacent house. On this the people to whom the kiln belonged resolved that they would make the old woman undo her charm and relight the fire. In compliance with the request of one of them, Giuseppe Micich, she one morning went to the kiln, carrying with her a bottle of holy water. She then began blessing the kiln and reciting litanies. While so engaged, a priest went to her, and told her that if she would remain until the fire should spring up again, he would pay her well. She asked if he thought she was a sorceress, or possessed of heavenly powers; and he answered, that she might probably be more favoured by grace than he was. He then left her, and she continued her incantations. But as the fire did not return, Micich and his companions swore that they would kill and burn her if she did not succeed; and they assured her that they had an axe and a furnace ready. At the same time, they heaped maledictions on her for having, by her infernal arts, extinguished the fire. Greatly terrified, she implored them to have pity on her, and, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, she took to flight. The house to which she went was closed against her, and Micich and his companions, having gone in pursuit, seized her with great brutality, and threatened more violently than before to kill her if she would not put an end to the charm. She then began reciting prayers, but as no effect was produced, the men deliberated as to what they should do. They at length resolved to consult a retired sea-captain, called the "American," from his having been to America, who possessed a great reputation in the neighbourhood as an authority in matters of witchcraft. He refused to go, lest, as he said, the sorceress should bewitch his children, but he directed what should be done. In execution of his instructions, the old woman was placed on a chair close to the kiln; Micich then cut off a piece of her garments and a lock of her hair, and threw them both in the kiln, retaining, however, a portion of the hair, which he placed in his pocket; half an hour was then allowed to elapse; Micich then took his knife and made three cuts on her forehead, causing blood to flow abundantly; then another half-hour elapsed, and he made three cuts in the back part of the head; then another half-hour was suffered to pass, and he made three cuts in the cartilage of her left ear. While all this was going on, she begged them, in the name of God, to kill her at once, sooner than subject her to such torture. At length, when they had, as she supposed, executed to the letter all the instructions of the American, they ceased to hold her, and she fled to a wood, where she wandered about all night. The next morning she went home; but the injuries she had sustained were such, that she was obliged to keep her bed for twenty-six days. After the facts had been proved, Micich, being called on by the court for his defence, gravely asserted that the kiln had been burning well enough until the old woman had been seen hanging about it; and he brought witnesses to prove that she was fond of talking in a mysterious way, and of meddling in her neighbours' affairs; that when she could not get what she wished for, she was accustomed to make threats of death against adults and children; and that more than once, chance apparently caused her menaces to be fulfilled. The court condemned Micich to three months' imprisonment, and to pay an indemnity to the old woman.'

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THE portion of the New World earliest colonised by the Spaniards was the island of St Domingo, Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage in the year 1492. For nearly twenty years this island was the only colony of importance held by the Spaniards in the New World; here alone did they occupy lands, build towns, and found a regular commonwealth. Cuba, although the second of the islands discovered by Columbus, remained long uncolonised; indeed it was not till the year 1509 that it was circumnavigated, and ascertained to be an island. At length, in 1511, Don Diego Columbus, the great admiral's son, governor of Hispaniola, despatched a force of three hundred men, under Don Diego Velasquez, to take possession of the island. Velasquez soon subdued the island, the natives of which offered but little resistance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed governor, subordinate to the governor of Hispaniola. Ambitious of sharing in the glory to be derived from the discovery of new countries, Velasquez fitted out one or two expeditions, which he despatched westward, to explore the seas in that direction. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1517, commanded by a rich colonist called Cordova, the peninsula of Yucatan was discovered, and the existence of a large and rich country called Culua or Mexico ascertained. Elated with this discovery, Velasquez fitted out another expedition under his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, who, leaving Cuba in April 1518, spent five months in cruising along the newly discovered coast, and trafficking with the natives for gold trinkets and cotton cloths, very skilfully manufactured. The result of this expedition was the importation to Cuba of gold and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pesos, or upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

EXPEDITION OF HERNANDO CORTES.

Delighted with his success, Velasquez wrote home to Spain announcing his discovery, and petitioning for authority from the king to conquer and colonise the country which his subordinates, Cordova and Grijalva, had discovered. Without waiting, however, for a reply to his petition, he commenced fitting out a much larger squadron than either of the former two; and this he placed under the command of Hernando Cortes, a respectable Spanish hidalgo, or gentleman, residing in the island, and who was at this time thirty-three years of age.

Cortes proceeded with the greatest activity in making his preparations. 'Borrowing money for the purpose,' says Bernal Diaz, the gossiping chronicler of the Conquest, 'he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto, the meaning of which was, "Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for under it we shall conquer." It was proclaimed by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that all such as entered the service in the present expedition should have their shares of what gold was obtained, and grants of land, as soon as the conquest was effected. The proclamation was no sooner made than, by general inclination as well as the private influence of Cortes, volunteers offered themselves everywhere. Nothing was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork for sea-store. Above three hundred of us assembled in the town of St Jago.' These preparations were likely to be interrupted. Velasquez, ruminating the probable consequences of the expedition, had begun to repent of having appointed Cortes to the command, and was secretly plotting his removal. Cortes, perceiving these symptoms, determined to outwit his patron. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of November 1518—having warned all the captains, masters, pilots, and soldiers to be on board, and having shipped all the stores that had been collected—Cortes set sail from the port of St Jago without announcing his intention to Velasquez, resolving to stop at some of the more westerly ports of the island for the purpose of completing his preparations, where he would be beyond the reach of the governor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Velasquez at the sudden departure of Cortes. He wrote to the commandants of two towns at which he learned that the fleet had put in for recruits and provisions, to seize Cortes, and send him back; but such was the popularity of Cortes, that both were afraid to make the attempt.

At last all was ready, and Cortes finally set sail from Cuba on the 18th of February 1519. The expedition, which consisted of eleven vessels, most of them small, and without decks, met with no disaster at sea, but arrived safely at the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, after a few days' sail. Here Cortes landed to review his troops. They consisted of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not including the mariners, who amounted to one hundred and ten. They possessed sixteen horses, some of them not very serviceable, ten brass field-pieces, four smaller pieces called falconets, and thirty-two cross-bows; the majority of the soldiers being armed with ordinary steel weapons. Attending on the army were about two hundred Cuba Indians and some Indian women. And as religion in those days sanctioned military conquest, there were in addition two clergymen—Juan Diaz and Bartholomew de Olmedo.

For nine or ten days the Spaniards remained at Cozumel, making acquaintance with the natives, who were very friendly. Here Cortes, whose zeal for the Catholic religion was one of the strongest of his feelings, made it one of his first concerns to argue with the natives, through an interpreter, on the point of their religion. He even went so far as to demolish their idols before their eyes, and erect an altar to the Virgin on the spot where they had stood. The natives were horror-struck, and seemed at first ready to fall upon the Spaniards, but at length they acquiesced.

While at Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to pick up a Spaniard, who, having been wrecked in his passage from Darien to Hispaniola in the year 1511, had for seven years been detained as a slave among the Indians of Yucatan. The name of this poor man was Jeronimo de Aguilar; he had been educated for the church; and as he could speak the language of Yucatan, his services as an interpreter were likely to be very valuable. On the 4th of March 1519, the fleet, consisting of eleven vessels, commanded respectively by Cortes, Pedro de Alvarado, Alonzo Puerto Carrero, Francisco de Montejo, Christoval de Olid, Diego de Ordaz, Velasquez de Leon, Juan de Escalante, Francisco de Morla, Escobar, and Gines Nortes, set sail from Cozumel, and on the 13th it anchored at the mouth of the river Tabasco or Grijalva, flowing into the south of the Bay of Campeachy.

The expedition had now reached the scene of active operations; it had arrived on the coast of the American continent. Cortes does not appear to have been naturally a bloodily disposed man. He was only what a perverted education and the vices of his times had made him—a man full of mighty notions of the Spanish authority; of its right to take, by foul or by fair means, any country it liked; and not without an excuse from religion to rob and kill the unfortunate natives who dared to defend their territories.

We have now, therefore, to record the beginning of a most unjust and merciless war of aggression. As Cortes, with his followers, sailed up the river as far as Tabasco, he everywhere observed the natives preparing to repel his attack, and at length he was brought into collision with them—of course overpowering them by the force of arms, with immense slaughter. On reaching Tabasco, his soldiers fought their way through dense masses of Indians, who discharged among them perfect clouds of arrows and stones. Pushing through the streets, which were lined with houses, some of mud and some of stone, the victors reached a large open square in the centre, where temples of large size were erected. Here the troops were drawn up; and Cortes, advancing to a large ceiba-tree which grew in the middle, gave it three slashes with his sword, and took possession of the city and country in the name of his royal master, Don Carlos, king of Castile.

Next day another great battle was fought between the Spaniards and the Tabascans on the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. For an hour the Spanish infantry fought in the midst of an ocean of enemies, battling on all sides, beating one wave back, only that another might advance—a little islet encircled by the savage breakers. At length, with the assistance of their horse—a terrible sight to the Indians—the Spaniards were victorious. The spirit of the Tabascans was now completely subdued. Their chiefs came to the camp of Cortes with faces and gestures expressive of contrition, and brought him presents of fowls, fish, maize, and numerous gold toys representing many kinds of animals in miniature. For the horses, they brought a feast of turkeys and roses! They also gave Cortes twenty Indian girls to attend the army. To his inquiries respecting the country whence they obtained the gold, they replied by repetitions of the words 'Culua' and 'Mexico,' and pointing to the west. Having obtained all the information the Tabascans could give him, Cortes resolved to proceed on his voyage. Accordingly, after a solemn mass, which the Indians attended, the armament left Tabasco, and after a short sail, arrived off the coast of San Juan de Ulloa, the site of the modern Vera Cruz. It was on Holy Thursday (April 20), in the year 1519, that they arrived at the port of San Juan de Ulloa, the extreme eastern province of the Mexican dominions properly so called. The royal flag was floating from the mast of Cortes's ship. The Spaniards could see the beach crowded with natives, who had come down to gaze at the strange 'water-houses,' of which they had formerly seen specimens. At length a light pirogue, filled with natives, some of them evidently men of rank, pushed off from the shore, and steered for the ship of Cortes. The Indians went on board without any symptoms of fear, and, what was more striking, with an air of ease and perfect good-breeding. They spoke a different language from that of the inhabitants of Cozumel or the Tabascans—a language, too, which Aguilar did not understand. Fortunately, one of the twenty Indian girls presented by the Tabascans to the Spaniards was a Mexican by birth. This girl, whose Spanish name of Donna Marina is imperishably associated with the history of the conquest of Mexico, was the daughter of a chief, but, by a singular course of events, had become a slave in Tabasco. She had already attracted attention by her beauty, sweetness, and gentleness, and she had been mentioned to Cortes. Her services now became valuable. The Mexican was her native language; but, by her residence in Tabasco, she had acquired the Tabascan, which language was also familiar to Aguilar. Interpreting, therefore, what the Mexicans said into Tabascan to Aguilar, Aguilar in turn interpreted the Tabascan into Spanish; and thus, though somewhat circuitously, Cortes could hold communication with his visitors.

The Aztec visitors who came on board the ship of Cortes informed him that they were instructed by the governor of the province to ask what he wanted on their coasts, and to promise that whatever he required should be supplied. Cortes replied that his object was to make the acquaintance of the people of those countries, and that he would do them no injury. He then presented them with some beads of cut glass; and after an entertainment of wine, they took their departure, promising that Teuthlille, the governor of the province under their great emperor, should visit him the next day.

Next day, Friday the 21st of April 1519, Cortes landed with his troops, and had an interview with Teuthlille, who received the visitors with suspicion; and this feeling was not lessened by the parade of mounted dragoons and firing of guns, with which the Spanish commander thought fit to astonish him and the other natives. Sketches were taken of the appearance of the strangers, in order to be sent to Montezuma, the king of the country, who was likewise to be informed that the white men who had arrived on his coast desired to be allowed to come and see him in his capital.

Here we pause to present a short account of the Mexican empire, in which Cortes had landed; also of the character and government of this monarch, Montezuma, whom the Spaniards expected soon to be permitted to visit.

THE MEXICANS—THEIR ORIGIN AND CIVILISATION.

If a traveller, landing on that part of the coast of the Mexican Gulf where Cortes and his Spaniards landed more than three hundred and fifty years ago, were to proceed westward across the continent, he would pass successively through three regions or climates. First, through the *Tierra Caliente*, or hot region, distinguished by all the features of the tropics—their luxuriant vegetation, their occasional sandy deserts, and their unhealthiness at particular seasons. After sixty miles of travel through this Tierra Caliente, he would enter the *Tierra Templada*, or temperate region, where the products of the soil are such as belong to the most genial European countries. Ascending through it, the traveller at last leaves wheat-fields beneath him, and plunges into forests of pine, indicating his entrance into the *Tierra Fria*, or cold region, where the sleety blasts from the mountains penetrate the very bones. This Tierra Fria constitutes the summits of part of the great mountain-range of the Andes, which traverses the whole American continent. Fortunately, however, at this point the Andes do not attain their greatest elevation. Instead of rising, as in some other parts of their range, in a huge perpendicular wall or ridge, they here flatten and widen out, so as to constitute a vast *plateau*, or table-land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this immense sheet of table-land, stretching for hundreds of miles, the inhabitants, though living within the tropics, enjoy a climate equal to that of the south of Italy; while their proximity to the extremes both of heat and cold enables them to procure, without much labour, the luxuries of many lands. Across the table-land there stretches from east to west a chain of volcanic peaks, some of which are of immense height, and covered perpetually with snow.

This table-land was known in the Mexican language by the name of the plain of Anahuac. Near its centre is a valley of an oval form, about two hundred miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart of porphyritic rock, and overspread for about a tenth part of its surface by five distinct lakes or sheets of water. This is the celebrated valley of Mexico—called a valley only by comparison with the mountains which surround it, for it is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Round the margins of the five lakes once stood numerous cities, the relics of which are yet visible; and on an islet in the middle of the largest lake stood the great city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the capital of the empire which the Spaniards were now invading, and the residence of the Mexican emperor, Montezuma.

The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity—a part of the more extensive question of the manner in which America was peopled. According to Mr Prescott, the latest, and one of the best authorities on the subject, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the north-west of the continent where it approaches Asia. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the great table-land of Central America was inhabited by a number of races and sub-races, all originally of the same stock, but differing from each other greatly in character and degree of civilisation, and engaged in mutual hostilities. The cities of these different races were scattered over the plateau, principally in the neighbourhood of the five lakes. Tezcuco, on the eastern bank of the greatest of the lakes, was the capital of the Acolhuans; and Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, founded in 1325, on an island in the same lake, was the capital of the Aztecs.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the dominant race in the plains of Anahuac was the Acolhuans, or Tezcucans, represented as a people of mild and polished manners, skilled in the elegant arts, and possessing literary habits and tastes—the Athenians, if we may so call them, of the New World. The most celebrated of the Tezcucan sovereigns was Nezahualcoyotl, who reigned early in the fifteenth century. By this prince a revolution was effected in the political state of the valley of Anahuac. He procured the formation of a confederacy between Tezcuco and the two neighbouring friendly cities of Mexico and Tlacopan, by which they bound themselves severally to assist each other when attacked, and to carry on wars conjointly. In this strange alliance, Tezcuco was the principal member, as being confessedly the most powerful state; Mexico stood next; and lastly Tlacopan, as being inferior to the other two.

Nezahualcoyotl died in 1470, and was succeeded on the Tezcucan throne by his son Nezahualpilli. During his reign, the Tezcucans fell from their position as the first member of the triple confederacy which his father had formed, and gave place to the Aztecs or Mexicans. These Aztecs had been gradually growing in consequence since their first arrival in the valley. Decidedly inferior to the Tezcucans in culture, and professing a much more bloody and impure worship, they excelled them in certain qualities, and possessed, on the whole, a firmer and more compact character. If the Tezcucans were the Greeks, the Aztecs were the Romans of the New World. Under a series of able princes, they had increased in importance, till now, in the reign of Nezahualpilli, they were the rivals of their allies, the Tezcucans, for the sovereignty of Anahuac.

In the year 1502 a vacancy occurred in the throne of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. The election fell on Montezuma II., the nephew of the deceased monarch, a young man, who had already distinguished himself as a soldier and a priest or sage, and who was noted, as his name—Montezuma (sorrowful man)—implied, for a certain gravity and sad severity of manner. The first years of Montezuma's reign were spent in war. Carrying his victorious arms as far as Nicaragua and Honduras in the south, and to the shores of the Mexican Gulf in the east, he extended the sovereignty of the triple confederacy of which he was a member over an immense extent of territory. Distant provinces he compelled to pay him tribute; and the wealth of Anahuac flowed from all directions towards the valley of Mexico. Haughty and severe in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes, he ruled like an oriental despot over the provinces which he had conquered; and the least attempt at rebellion was fearfully punished, captives being dragged in hundreds to the capital to be slaughtered on the stone of human sacrifice in the great war-temple. Nor did Montezuma's own natural-born subjects stand less in dread of him. Wise, liberal, and even generous in his government, his inflexible and relentless justice, and his lordly notions of his own dignity, made him an object less of affection than of awe and reverence. In his presence his nobles spoke in whispers; in his palace he was served with a slavish homage; and when he appeared in public, his subjects veiled their faces, as unworthy to gaze upon his person. The death of Nezahualpilli, in 1516, made him absolute sovereign in Anahuac. On the death of that king, two of his sons, Cacama and Ixtlilxochitl, contended for the throne of Tezcuco. Montezuma sided with Cacama; and the dispute was at length ended by a compromise between the two brothers, by which the kingdom was divided into two parts—Cacama obtaining the southern half with the city of Tezcuco, and Ixtlilxochitl the northern half.

Thus, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, Montezuma was absolute sovereign of nearly the whole of that portion of Central America which lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—the kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan being nominally his confederates and counsellors, according to the ancient treaty of alliance between the three states, but in reality his dependants. The spot where Cortes had landed was in one of the maritime provinces of Montezuma's dominion.

It is a singular but well-authenticated fact, that at the time the Spaniards landed in America, a general expectation prevailed among the natives of the arrival of a mysterious race of white men from the East, who were to conquer the country. This was especially the case in Mexico. There was a tradition among the Mexicans that, some ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, and while yet the Aztec empire was in its infancy, there appeared in Anahuac a divine personage called Quetzalcoatl. He was a man of benevolent aspect, tall in stature, with a white complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard; and he came from the East. He resided in Anahuac for many years, teaching the Mexicans numerous arts and sciences, and reforming their manners; and under his care the country flourished and became happy. At length some difference arose between him and the Mexicans, and they no longer paid respect to the words of the good Quetzalcoatl. He then announced to them that he was going to depart from their country. Proceeding eastward, delaying a little while at Cholula, a city which ever after was regarded as sacred, he arrived at the sea-shore. Embarking on board a little skiff made of serpents' skins, he pushed out to sea, and as the Mexicans strained their eyes after him, he disappeared in the distance, going, as it seemed, to the East. Before he departed, however, he delivered a prophecy, that at some future time people of his race, with white complexions like his, would come from the East to conquer and possess the country.

The tradition of Quetzalcoatl's prophecy was rife among the natives of Anahuac when Cortes arrived, and it was with a kind of religious awe that Montezuma and his people heard of the arrival of the white men in their 'water-houses.' Cortes and his men constituted, as we have seen, this body. Teuthlille's messengers, announcing their arrival, had already reached Montezuma; and he was now deliberating in what manner he should receive the strangers. In order to learn his decision, let us return to the Spaniards on the sea-coast.

THE SPANIARDS FOUND A COLONY—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Spaniards, supplied by the natives with plenty of everything which they required, were waiting the return of the messengers to Montezuma. After six days they returned, accompanied by Teuthlille. They bore with them a splendid present from Montezuma to the Spanish emperor. It consisted of loads of finely-wrought cotton, ornamented with featherwork; and a miscellaneous collection of jewels and articles of gold and silver, richly carved, of which the most attractive were two circular plates as large as carriage-wheels, one of gold, valued at more than fifty thousand pounds, and intended to represent the sun; the other of silver, and representing the moon. As they gazed on the kingly present, the Spaniards could scarcely contain their raptures. The message which accompanied it, however, was less satisfactory. Montezuma was happy to hear of the existence of his brother, the king of Spain, and wished him to consider him as his friend; he could not, however, come to see the Spaniards, and it was too far for them to come and visit him. He therefore hoped they would depart, and carry his respects to his brother, their monarch.

To this Cortes, thanking Montezuma for his present, replied that he could not leave the country without being able to say to his king that he had seen Montezuma with his own eyes; and the ambassadors again departed, carrying a sorry present from Cortes to Montezuma. After another interval of six days they returned, with another gift little inferior in value to the former, and informed Cortes that the great Montezuma had received his present with satisfaction, but that, as to the interview, he could not permit any more to be said on the subject. Cortes, though greatly mortified, thanked them politely, and returned to Montezuma a second message to the same effect as the former, but couched in more decided language. The Mexicans withdrew in distrust, and ceased to barter with the Spaniards, or to bring them supplies.

Meanwhile differences had been springing up among the Spaniards themselves, the partisans of Velasquez insisting that they ought now to return to Cuba, and that it was folly to think of founding a settlement. Pretending to yield to the clamours of these persons, Cortes issued orders for embarkation on the following day. Immediately the other party, consisting of the friends of Cortes, flocked to his tent, and implored him not to give up the enterprise which had been so successfully begun. This was precisely what Cortes wished. Accordingly, after some delay, he seemed to yield; and revoking the order for embarkation, he announced his willingness to found a settlement in the name of the Spanish sovereign. Forthwith the new city, although not a stone of it had yet been raised, and the site had alone been determined on, was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz—'The Rich Town of the True Cross.' Magistrates were immediately appointed in the king's name; the two captains Puerto Carrero and Montejo, the latter a friend of Velasquez, being nominated *alcaldes*, and others to different offices. 'Thus,' says Mr Prescott, 'by a single stroke of the pen the camp was transformed into a civil community.'

At the first sitting of the new magistracy, Cortes appeared before it, with his cap doffed, and formally resigned his commission from Velasquez into its hands. He then withdrew; but after a short time was recalled, and informed that he had been unanimously appointed by them, in the king's name, 'Captain-general and Chief-justice of the colony.' Thus, by a clever stroke of policy, had Cortes shaken off all connection with Velasquez. He held his command now directly from the king, and could be superseded only by royal authority. The friends of Velasquez were at first furious with rage; but Cortes at length soothed them into acquiescence.

A little before the conclusion of these proceedings, an event of some consequence happened. This was the arrival in the Spanish camp of five Indians, differing in dress and language from the Mexicans. They informed Cortes that they were a deputation sent by the cacique of Cempoalla, a city at a little distance on the sea-coast, the capital of the Totonacs, a nation which had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was now groaning under his yoke. They were sent by their cacique to beg a visit of the Spaniards to Cempoalla. A light instantly flashed upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that Montezuma's empire was not so firmly compacted as he had supposed, and that it might be possible to divide it against itself, and so overthrow it. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors kindly, and promised a speedy visit to Cempoalla.

Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance which had arisen among his men was quashed, Cortes marched to Cempoalla, a city not rich, but prettily built, and containing a population, as it appeared, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was cordially received by the cacique, a large and very corpulent man. Remaining some time in Cempoalla and its neighbourhood, while the city of Villa Rica was being built, the Spaniards soon gained the reverence and good-will of the inhabitants, the Totonacs, who willingly submitted themselves to the dominion of the distant monarch Don Carlos, of whom the Spaniards told them. Here the Spaniards were horrified by the symptoms of human sacrifice which were perpetually visible in the temples—the blood-stained walls, and the fragments of human flesh which lay about; and, fired with religious enthusiasm, they resolved to put a stop to such practices by tearing down the idols. Cortes informed the cacique of his intention; but although the announcement filled him with speechless dismay, no opposition was offered, and the idols were broken in pieces, and burned before the eyes of the Totonacs, while the priests went about shrieking like demons. 'These priests,' we are told, 'were dressed in long black mantles, like sheets with hoods: their robes reached to their feet. Their long hair was matted together with clotted blood; with some it reached to the waist, and with others to the feet: their ears were torn and cut, and they smelt horribly, as it were of sulphur and putrid flesh.'

The destruction of their idols did not alienate the Totonacs from the Spaniards; on the contrary, it raised their opinion of them, inasmuch as they saw the gods patient under the indignity. The intercourse of the two parties therefore continued; and, by his frequent conversations with the cacique, Cortes gained greater insight every day into the condition of Montezuma's empire.

By this time the town of Villa Rica had been nearly finished, and nothing remained to prevent the Spaniards from commencing their march into the interior. Before beginning it, however, Cortes deemed it advisable to send a report of his proceedings to Spain, to be laid before the king, knowing that Velasquez must have represented his conduct in very disadvantageous terms to the home government. Accordingly, Cortes drew up one letter, and the magistrates of the new colony another, detailing the whole of the incidents of the expedition down to the foundation of Villa Rica, and announcing that they were on the point of commencing their march into the heart of the country. To increase the effect of the letters, they were accompanied by nearly all the gold that had been collected, together with the splendid gifts of Montezuma, and such curiosities as might interest the learned of Spain. The business of carrying these letters to the king was intrusted to Montejo and Puerto Carrero, and they were instructed, above all, to endeavour to secure the appointment of Cortes as captain-general of the colony. On the 26th of July 1519, the little ship set sail, freighted with a more precious cargo than had ever yet been packed within the timbers of a vessel from the New World. The pilot was instructed to make direct for Spain, landing at no intermediate station, and especially avoiding Cuba.

The departure of this vessel seems to have raised thoughts of home in the minds of some of those who were left behind. A conspiracy was formed by some of the soldiers and sailors, along with the clergyman Diaz, to seize a vessel, and return to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered; two of the ringleaders were hanged, and the rest whipped or confined. Foreseeing, however, that such conspiracies would be constantly occurring, unless effectual means were taken to prevent them, Cortes came to the resolution, almost unparalleled in the annals of heroism, of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he procured a report from the pilots that the vessels were not seaworthy, and caused them to be broken in pieces and sunk, before the majority were aware of his design. When the Spaniards thus saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, their first impulse was one of rage and despair, and Cortes had nearly fallen a sacrifice. As he foresaw, however, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Besides, by the destruction of the fleet, he obtained a reinforcement of a hundred and ten men—the mariners formerly employed in the ships being now converted into soldiers, and very good ones, as it afterwards proved.

All being now ready, Cortes, leaving a considerable force as a garrison to the new settlement of Villa Rica, under the command of Juan de Escalante, set out from the territory of the Totonacs, on his march inland, on the 16th of August 1519. His army consisted of four hundred Spaniards on foot, and fifteen horse, accompanied by thirteen hundred Cempoallan warriors, and a thousand *tamanes*, or Indian body-slaves, furnished by the cacique of Cempoalla, who were to carry the heavy burdens, and perform other laborious offices. Advancing through the Tierra Caliente, they began to ascend the mountains which separate it from the vast table-land of Anahuac. A few days' march across the Tierra Templada and the Tierra Fria brought the Spaniards to the small mountain province of Tlascala, situated about half-way between the sea-coast and the Mexican valley. The Tlascalans were a brave and high-spirited people, of the same race as the Aztecs. They had refused, however, to submit to the empire of Montezuma, and were the only people in Anahuac who bade defiance to his power, preferring poverty and hardship in their mountain home to the loss of independence. The government of Tlascala was a kind of feudalism. Four lords or caciques held their courts in different quarters of the same city, independently of each other, and yet mutually allied; and under these four chieftains the Tlascalan population, nobles and commons, was ranged as subjects. On the approach of the Spaniards, a consultation was held among the Tlascalan lords and their counsellors as to how the strangers should be received; some being inclined to welcome them, in hopes of being able, by their assistance, to cope with Montezuma; others maintaining that the Spaniards were enemies, who ought to be repulsed by all means. The latter opinion prevailed; and three desperate battles were fought between the Tlascalans—under the command of Xicotencatl, a brave and able young chief, the son of one of the four caciques—and the Spanish invaders. These engagements were far more serious than the battles which the Spaniards had fought with the Tabascans; and it required the utmost exertion of Castilian valour, directed by all the ability of Cortes, to gain the victory. But Indian courage against the flower of European chivalry—the *maquahuitl*, or war-club, dreadful instrument as it was, with its sharp flinty blades, against muskets and artillery—coatings of war-paint, or doublets of featherwork, against Spanish mail—were a very unequal contest; and, as usual, the losses of the Spaniards were as nothing compared with the apparent fierceness of the struggle. But how could the little army hope to advance through a country where such battles had to be fought at every step? If such were their reception by the Tlascalans, what might they not expect from the richer and more powerful Mexicans? Such were the reflections of the Spanish soldiery. The idea of their ever reaching Mexico, says Bernal Diaz, was treated as a jest by the whole army. Fortunately, when these murmurs were reaching their height, the Tlascalans submitted, and sent ambassadors to beg the friendship of the Spaniards; and on the 23d of September 1519 the Spaniards entered the city of Tlascala, a large and populous town, which Cortes compared to Granada in Spain. Here they were cordially received by the four caciques, and especially by the elder Xicotencatl; and in a short time an intimacy sprang up between the Tlascalans and the invaders, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Tlascalans bound themselves to assist the Spaniards throughout the rest of the expedition. Here, as elsewhere, Cortes shewed his zeal for the Catholic faith by endeavouring to convert the natives; and it is probable that the same scenes of violence would have taken place at Tlascala as at Cempoalla, had not the judicious Father Olmedo interfered to temper the more headlong fanaticism of the general.

While in Tlascala, Cortes received various embassies from provinces in the neighbourhood anxious to secure his good-will. About the same time an embassy was received from Montezuma himself, entreating Cortes not to place any reliance upon the Tlascalans, whom he represented as treacherous barbarians; and now inviting him, in cordial terms, to visit his capital, pointing out the route through the city of Cholula as the most convenient. This route was accordingly adopted, and the Spaniards, accompanied by an army of six thousand Tlascalan warriors, advanced by it towards Mexico. Their approach gave great alarm, and Montezuma set on foot a scheme for their massacre at Cholula, which, however, was discovered by Cortes, who took a terrible vengeance on the sacred city. Montezuma, overawed, again made overtures of reconciliation, and promised the Spaniards an immense quantity of gold if they would advance no farther. This Cortes refused; and the Spanish army, with the Tlascalan warriors, left Cholula, and proceeded on their march, met everywhere by deputations from neighbouring towns, many of which were disaffected to the government of Montezuma. The route of the army lay between two gigantic volcanic mountains, and the march, for a day or two, was toilsome, and bitterly cold. At last, 'turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated their toils. It was that of the valley of Mexico, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."'*

Descending into the valley, the Spaniards halted at Ajotzinco, a town on the banks of the southernmost of the five lakes. Meanwhile, Montezuma was in an agony of indecision. When intelligence reached him that the Spaniards had actually descended into the valley, he saw that he must either face the strangers in the field of battle, or admit them into his capital. His brother, Cuitlahua, advised the former; but his nephew, Cacama, the young lord of Tezcuco, was of the contrary opinion, and Montezuma at length sent him to meet the Spaniards, and welcome them to his dominions. Cacama accordingly set out in state, and arrived at Ajotzinco just as the Spaniards were about to leave it. When he came into the presence of Cortes, he said to him: 'Malintzin, here am I and these lords come to attend you to your residence in our city, by order of the great Montezuma.' Cortes embraced the prince, and presented him with some jewels. After a little while, Cacama took his leave, and the Spaniards resumed their march. Travelling along the southern and western banks of Lake Chalco, they crossed the causeway which divides it from Lake Xochichalco, and advanced along the margin of the latter to the royal city of Iztapalapan, situated on the banks of the great Tezcucan lake over against Mexico. To the eyes of the Spaniards, all that they saw in their journey seemed fairyland.

ENTRY INTO MEXICO—RESIDENCE THERE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

It was on the 7th of November 1519 that the Spaniards arrived at Iztapalapan; and here they spent the night, lodged in magnificent palaces built of stone, and the timber of which was cedar.

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* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. ii. p. 47.

From this position the eye could sweep over the whole expanse of the Tezcucan lake. Canoes of all sizes might be seen skimming along its surface, either near the middle or close to the banks, where the thick woods came down to the water's edge. Here also, moving slowly along the margin of the lake, might be seen a still stranger sight—the *chinampas*, or floating-gardens—little islands consisting of earth laid on rafts, planted with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees, and containing a small hut or cottage in the centre, occupied by the proprietor, who, by means of a long pole, which he pushed against the bottom, could shift his little domain from place to place. But what fixed the eyes of the Spaniards above all else was the glittering spectacle which rose from the centre of the lake—the queenly city of Mexico, the goal of their hopes and wishes for many months past. In a few hours they would be within its precincts—a few hundred men shut up in the very heart of the great Mexican empire! What might be their fate there!

The islet on which Mexico was built was connected with the mainland by three distinct causeways of stone, constructed with incredible labour and skill across the lake, and intersected at intervals by drawbridges, through which canoes might pass and repass with ease. The causeway by which the Spaniards must pass connected the island with the southern bank of the lake, about half-way across to which it branched off into two lines, one leading to the city of Cojohuacan, the other meeting the mainland at a point not far from Iztapalapan, where the Spaniards were quartered. This causeway was about eight yards wide, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve horsemen riding abreast. It was divided, as before mentioned, by several drawbridges; a circumstance which the Spaniards observed with no small alarm, for they saw that, by means of these drawbridges, their communication with the mainland could be completely cut off by the Mexicans.

On the morning of the 8th of November 1519, the army left Iztapalapan, and advanced along the causeway towards the capital. First went Cortes, with his small body of horse; next came the Spanish foot, amounting to not more than four hundred men; after them came the Indian *tamanes*, carrying the baggage; and last of all came the Tlascalan warriors, to the number of about five thousand. As they moved along the causeway, the inhabitants of the city crowded in myriads to gaze at them, some finding standing-room on the causeway itself, others skimming along the lake in canoes, and clambering up the sides of the causeway. A little more than half-way across, and at a distance of a mile and a half from the city, the branch of the causeway on which the Spaniards were marching was joined by the other branch; and here the causeway widened for a small space, and a fort or gateway was erected, called the Fort of Xoloc. On arriving at the gateway, the army was met by a long procession of Aztec nobles, richly clad, who came to announce the approach of the emperor himself to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. Accordingly, when the remainder of the causeway had been almost traversed, and the van of the army was near the threshold of the city, a train was seen advancing along the great avenue. 'Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, the Spaniards saw the royal palanquin of Montezuma, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy featherwork, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted; and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan—the one his nephew, the other his brother. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him.'*

Cortes and the Mexican emperor now stood before each other. When Cortes was told that the great Montezuma approached, he dismounted from his horse, and advanced towards him with much respect. Montezuma bade him welcome, and Cortes replied with a suitable compliment. After some ceremonies, and the exchange of presents, Montezuma and his courtiers withdrew, the Spaniards following. Advancing into the city, wondering at all they saw—the long streets, the houses which, in the line along which they passed, belonged mostly to the noble and wealthy Mexicans, built of red stone, and surmounted with parapets or battlements; the canals which here and there intersected the streets, crossed by bridges; and the large open squares which occurred at intervals—the Spaniards were conducted to their quarters, situated in an immense square in the centre of the city, adjoining the temple of the great Mexican war-god. Montezuma was waiting to receive them; and the Spaniards were surprised and delighted with the princely generosity with which he supplied their wants.

Next day, Cortes paid a visit to Montezuma in his palace, attended by some of his principal officers. In the conversation which ensued, Cortes broached the topic of religion, and informed Montezuma 'that we were all brothers, the children of Adam and Eve, and that as such, our emperor, lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by the Mexican idols into everlasting flames, had sent us to apply a remedy thereto by putting an end to the worship of these false gods.' These remarks seemed to displease Montezuma, who, however, made a polite reply.

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* Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. ii. p. 67.

Day after day the intercourse between Cortes and Montezuma was renewed; the Spanish soldiers also became gradually familiar with the Mexicans. Bernal Diaz, the old soldier of Cortes, to whom we are indebted for the most minute and interesting account of the Conquest, thus describes Montezuma and his household. 'The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well-proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin, and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenace, and good eyes; gravity and good-humour were blended together when he spoke. He was very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives. He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three inclinations of the body as they approached him. In addressing him, they said: "Lord; my lord; great lord." His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meat, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep it always hot. For the table of Montezuma himself above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. It is said that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted; and, that they might not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands. Then two other women brought small cakes of bread; and when the king began to eat, a large screen of wood gilt was placed before him, so that people should not, during that time, see him. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little; but from time to time a liquor, prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. At different intervals during the time of dinner there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery; and others who, they said, were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes with eggs, and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white; and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call *tobacco;* and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded.'

After describing other parts of Montezuma's household, including a great aviary or collection of birds, and a menagerie, the chronicler gives us an account of Cortes's first tour through the city, accompanied by Montezuma. They first visited the great bazaar or market, held in the western part of the city. 'When we arrived there, we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise, which those who attended us were assiduous in pointing out. Each kind had its particular place of sale, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibres of nequen, and great numbers of male and female slaves, some of whom were fastened by the neck in collars to long poles. The meat-market was stocked with fowls, game, and dogs. Vegetables, fruits, articles of food ready dressed, salt, bread, honey, and sweet pastry made in various ways, were also sold here. Other places in the square were appropriated to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper, sweet canes filled with tobacco, mixed with liquid amber, copper axes and working-tools, and wooden vessels highly painted. Numbers of women sold fish, and little loaves made of a certain mud which they find in the lake, and which resembles cheese. The makers of stone blades were busily employed shaping them out of the rough material; and the merchants who dealt in gold had the metal in grains, as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned; and the gold was valued at so many mantles, or so many xiquipils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills. The entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which great quantities of grain were stored, and where were also shops for various kinds of goods. Courts of justice, where three judges sat to settle disputes which might arise in the market, occupied a part of the square, their under-officers, or policemen, being in the market inspecting the merchandise.'

Proceeding from the market-place through various parts of the city, the Spaniards came to the great *teocalli*, or temple, in the neighbourhood of their own quarters. It was a huge pyramidal structure, consisting of five stories, narrowing above each other like the tubes of an extended spy-glass (only square in shape), so as to leave a clear pathway round the margin of each story. The ascent was by means of a stone stair, of a hundred and fourteen steps. Arrived at the summit, Cortes and his companions found it to be a large flat area, laid with stone; at one end of which they shuddered as they saw a block of jasper, which they were told was the stone on which the human victims were laid when the priests tore out their hearts to offer to their idols: at the other end was a tower of three stories, in which were the images of the two great Mexican deities Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, and a variety of articles pertaining to their worship. 'From the top of the temple,' says Bernal Diaz, 'we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of the neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like.' At the request of Cortes, Montezuma, though with apparent reluctance, led the Spaniards into the sanctuary or tower where the gods were. 'Here,' says Diaz, 'were two altars, highly adorned with richly-wrought timbers on the roof, and over the altars gigantic figures resembling very fat men. The one on the right was their war-god, with a great face and terrible eyes. This figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle of arrows. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity as to cause a very offensive smell. On the left was the other great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes of the polished substance whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. An offering lay before him of five human hearts. In this place was a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents: this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions.'

This state of things could not last. Cortes, of course, had no intention of leaving Mexico, now that he had made good his quarters in it; but as it was not to be expected that Montezuma and his subjects would continue their friendly intercourse with him if they supposed that he purposed to remain, he saw the necessity of taking some decided step to secure himself and his men against any outbreak which might occur. The step which he resolved upon in his own mind was the seizure of Montezuma. By having him in their power, he would be able, he imagined, to maintain a control over the whole population of the city—amounting, it is believed, to nearly three hundred thousand. Nor was a pretext wanting to give an appearance of justice to the daring act which they contemplated. Cortes had just received intelligence that a battle had been fought between the garrison which he had left at Villa Rica, and a body of Mexicans under the command of the Mexican governor of a province adjacent to the Spanish settlement. Although Cortes cared little for this occurrence, he resolved to avail himself of it for his purpose; so, after a night spent in prayer for the blessing of God on what he was about to do, he proceeded with five of his officers and the two interpreters, Donna Marina and Aguilar, to Montezuma's palace. The monarch, as usual, received him kindly; but when Cortes, after upbraiding him with being the cause of the attack made on the Spanish garrison of Villa Rica, as well as with the attempt made by the Cholulans to arrest his own progress towards Mexico, informed him that he had come to make him prisoner, he could no longer contain himself, but gave full vent to his rage and astonishment. But the rage of an Indian prince was impotent against the stern resolution of the European general; and as the helpless monarch gazed on the unyielding countenances of his visitors, whose fingers were playing with the hilts of their swords, his anger changed into terror: he was seized with a fit of trembling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. Without any resistance, he was removed in his royal litter to the Spanish quarters, giving it out to his nobles and subjects that he went voluntarily, on a visit to Cortes, and desiring them to remain quiet.

Another degradation awaited the unhappy monarch. He was obliged to surrender the governor and three other chiefs who had led the attack on the garrison of Villa Rica; and these were burned alive, by the orders of Cortes, in front of Montezuma's palace, the emperor himself being kept in irons while the execution was going on.

All this took place within ten days of the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico; and for three or four months Montezuma continued a prisoner in the Spanish quarters. Here he was attended with the most profound respect, Cortes himself never approaching him without taking off his cap, and punishing severely every attempt on the part of any of his soldiers to insult the royal captive. Such instances, however, were very rare; for the kindly demeanour of Montezuma, his gentleness under his misfortunes, and, above all, his liberality to those about him, won the hearts of the Spaniards, and made him a general favourite. Nor did Montezuma make any attempt to regain his liberty. Attended by his officers as usual, he received deputations, and transacted business; amused himself by various Mexican games, and appeared to delight in the society of some of the Spaniards, for whom he had contracted a particular partiality.

The Spanish general was now absolute in Anahuac; Montezuma acted under his instructions; and officers were sent out in different directions to survey the country, and ascertain the situation and extent of the gold and silver mines, as if all belonged to the king of Spain. Nor was the formal cession of the kingdom by Montezuma long delayed. Assembling all his nobles at the instigation of Cortes, the Indian monarch addressed them, desiring them to concur with him in surrendering their empire to the Spaniards, who were to come from the rising sun. '"For eighteen years," he said, "that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, and you have been faithful subjects to me; indulge me, then, with this last act of obedience." The princes, with many sighs and tears, promised Montezuma, who was still more affected, that they would do whatever he desired. He then sent a message to Cortes, telling him that, on the ensuing day, he and his princes would tender their allegiance to his majesty, our emperor. This they accordingly did at the time appointed, in the presence of all our officers and many of our soldiers, not one of whom could refrain from weeping on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma.'

Montezuma accompanied the surrender of his kingdom with the gift of an immense treasure, which he had concealed in an apartment within their quarters, desiring it to be sent to Spain, as tribute-money to King Charles from his vassal Montezuma. The sight of this treasure roused the avaricious passions of the Spanish soldiers, and they clamoured for a division of the wealth which had been collected since their entrance into Mexico. Cortes was obliged to yield to their demand. The whole wealth amassed during their residence in Mexico amounted, according to Mr Prescott's calculation, to about one million four hundred thousand pounds of our money, including not only the gold cast into ingots, but also the various articles of jewellery, which were of too fine workmanship to be melted down. The mode of division was this: First, his majesty's fifth was set aside; next, a fifth of the remainder was set aside for Cortes; after that, all the debts of the expedition were to be discharged, including the amount vested in the expedition by Velasquez, the payment of agents in Spain, &c.; then the losses incurred in the expedition were to be made good, including the expense of the ships sunk off Villa Rica, the price of the horses killed, &c.; and lastly, certain individuals in the army, as the clergymen and the captains, were to receive larger allowances than the rest. 'By the time all these drafts were made,' says Bernal Diaz, 'what remained for each soldier was hardly worth stooping for;' in other words, instead of amounting to two or three thousand pounds, as they had expected, each soldier's share came only to about three hundred pounds. Many refused to take their shares, complaining of injustice in the division, and it required all the skill and management of Cortes to soothe the spirits of the discontented. Not a few, it appeared in the end, were no richer for all the prize-money they had obtained than when they left Cuba; for, as Bernal Diaz tells us, 'deep gaming went on day and night with cards made out of the heads of drums.'

Only one source of discomfort now remained to Cortes. This was the continuance of the idolatrous worship of the Mexicans. This subject occupied his thoughts incessantly; and he could not persuade himself that his efforts would be meritorious in the eyes of God, or even that he could hope for permanent success, until the false gods of the Mexicans had been shattered in pieces, and their temples converted into Christian sanctuaries. Not only as a devout Catholic did he abominate the existence of a false worship in a country over which he had control, but, as a man, as a native of a civilised country, he shrunk in abhorrence from the bloody and sickening rites which formed part of the religion of the Mexicans—their human sacrifices—accompanied, strangely enough, among a people so polished and so advanced in ingenious arts, by the practice of cannibalism. At length Cortes announced to Montezuma that he must allow at least a part of the great temple to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Montezuma had been a priest, and the proposal was perhaps the most shocking that could have been made to him. He gave his consent, however, and one of the sanctuaries on the top of the temple was purified, and an altar and a crucifix erected in it.

This last act filled up the measure of Mexican endurance. To see their monarch a prisoner, to surrender their kingdom and its treasures—these they could submit to; but could they sit tamely under an insult offered to their gods? Hither and thither through the city ran the priests, with haggard faces, and hair clotted with blood, stirring up the zeal of the inhabitants, and denouncing woes unless the Spaniards were expelled. The crisis was imminent, and every possible precaution was used to prevent a sudden surprise by the excited Mexicans.

It was now the month of May 1520, and the Spaniards had been six months in the Mexican capital. Suddenly the little army was thrown into consternation by intelligence of an unexpected kind received by Cortes.

ARRIVAL OF A NEW SPANISH ARMY—DIFFICULTIES OF CORTES—HIS TRIUMPH.

It will be remembered that, before advancing into the interior of the country, Cortes had despatched a vessel to Spain with letters to the emperor, Charles V., and a quantity of treasure. Contrary to the instructions of Cortes, the vessel touched at Cuba on its voyage; and a sailor escaping, conveyed to Velasquez an account of all that had taken place in the expedition, down to the foundation of Villa Rica. The rage of Velasquez exceeded all bounds. He wrote letters to the home government, and also to the court for colonial affairs established in Hispaniola; and not content with this, he instantly began to fit out a second expedition, which was to proceed to Mexico, depose or decapitate Cortes, and seize the country for the Spanish sovereign in the name of the governor of Cuba. The fleet was larger, with one exception, than any yet fitted out for the navigation of the seas of the New World. It consisted of nineteen vessels, carrying upwards of a thousand foot-soldiers, twenty cannon, eighty horsemen, a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bowmen, besides a thousand Indian servants—a force sufficient, as it seemed, to render all resistance on the part of Cortes hopeless. Velasquez at first intended to command the expedition in person; but, as he was too old and too unwieldy for such a laborious task, he intrusted it to Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, described as a man 'about forty-two years of age, of tall stature and large limbs, a full face, red beard, and agreeable presence; very sonorous and lofty in his speech, as if the sound came out of a vault; a good horseman, and said to be valiant.'

The fleet anchored off the coast of Mexico, at San Juan de Ulloa, on the 23d of April 1520. Here Narvaez received information which astonished him—that Cortes was master of the Mexican capital; that the Mexican emperor was his prisoner; that the country and its treasures had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereign; and that at present his rival was as absolute in it as if he were its monarch. This information only increased his anxiety to come to a collision with Cortes; and, with singular imprudence, he went about among the Indians declaring, in a blustering manner, that Cortes was a rebel against his sovereign, and that he had come to chastise him, and to set Montezuma free.

Narvaez's first step was to send three messengers, one of them a priest, to the garrison of Villa Rica, to summon them to surrender. The commandant of the garrison, appointed shortly after the death of Juan de Escalante, was Gonsalvo de Sandoval, a young officer, a native of the same town as Cortes, and who had already won the esteem of his general and of the whole army by his valour and services. When the messengers of Narvaez, arriving at Villa Rica, presented a copy of Narvaez's commission, and summoned the garrison to surrender, Sandoval, without any ceremony, caused them to be seized, strapped to the backs of Indian porters, and instantly sent across the country to Mexico in charge of one or two soldiers, who carried a note to Cortes, informing him of what had happened. Cortes, after thoroughly gaining them over by kind words and presents, sent them back to sow the seeds of dissension in Narvaez's army. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Narvaez, which led to no definite result. As there was great danger that Narvaez would succeed in alienating the Cempoallans from Cortes, if he were permitted to remain in his present position, Cortes resolved to leave Mexico with a part of his men, march to the sea-coast, and, if necessary, give battle to Narvaez. This was a perilous step; but, in the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary.

Leaving a garrison of a hundred and forty men in Mexico, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado, who appeared by far the fittest person for so responsible a post, Cortes set out with the rest of his force, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers, only five of whom were cavalry, and by rapid marches reached the Totonac territories, where he was reinforced by Sandoval and his small body of men. Altogether, Cortes's army did not amount to more than a fifth part of that of Narvaez. They were veterans in service, however, and, under such a leader as Cortes, were prepared to attempt impossibilities. Narvaez, in the meantime, was in close quarters at Cempoalla, aware that his rival was on his march, but little suspecting that he was so near. On the night of the 26th of May 1520, Cortes and his brave little band, crossing with difficulty a swollen river which lay between them and their countrymen, advanced stealthily towards Narvaez's quarters, surprised the sentinels, and shouting the watchword, 'Espiritu Santo!' dashed in among the half-awakened half-armed foe. The struggle did not last long; for Sandoval, with a small body of picked men, springing up the stairs of the house where Narvaez was lodged, succeeded, after a hand-to-hand fight with the general and his followers, in making him prisoner, after he had lost an eye, and been otherwise severely wounded. On learning the fall of their leader, the rest yielded; and when daylight came, Cortes, 'seated in an arm-chair, with a mantle of an orange colour thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers,' received the salutations and the oaths of allegiance of all the followers of Narvaez. In his treatment of these new friends his usual policy was conspicuous: he plied them with flatteries, and loaded them with gifts, till his own veterans began to be envious. Thus, by a single bold stroke, which cost him but a few men, Cortes had crushed a formidable enemy, and increased his own force sixfold. Fortune favours the brave! His army now amounted to thirteen hundred men, exclusive of the garrison he had left in Mexico; and of these thirteen hundred nearly a hundred were cavalry. With such a force, he might now prosecute his designs in Mexico with every prospect of success, and bid defiance to all the efforts of the Mexicans to regain their independence.

He was disagreeably roused from these self-congratulations by intelligence from Mexico. Some difference had occurred between Pedro de Alvarado and the Mexicans, in consequence of which the latter had risen *en masse*, and were besieging the Spaniards in their quarters. Without loss of time he commenced his march towards the capital, leaving a hundred men at Villa Rica. At Tlascala he was joined by two thousand of his faithful mountain allies; and the whole army then pushed on for the Mexican valley, anxious to relieve Alvarado, whom the Mexicans were now trying to reduce by blockade. On the 24th of June they reached the great lake, and marched along the causeway without opposition, but amidst an ominous stillness. Alvarado clasped his general in his arms for joy; and now for the first time Cortes learned the origin of the revolt. Alvarado, suspecting some conspiracy among the Aztec nobles, had treacherously massacred a number of them collected at a religious festival, and the inhabitants had risen to take vengeance for the injury. Cortes sharply rebuked his officer for his misconduct; but the evil was already done, and to punish Alvarado would have been attended with no good effect. Moodily and bitterly, therefore, Cortes expended his vexation on the unhappy Mexican monarch, accusing him of being concerned in the insurrection, and calling upon him to check it, and procure provisions for the Spaniards. Montezuma complied as far as lay in his power: Cortes also used his best endeavours to allay the storm; and for a while it appeared as if their efforts were successful.

INSURRECTION OF THE MEXICANS—EXPULSION OF THE SPANIARDS.

The calm was only temporary. The day after the arrival of Cortes, a soldier, who had been sent on an errand by Cortes, returned breathless and bloody to the Spanish quarters. He had been fallen upon by a multitude of Mexicans, who endeavoured to drag him away in their canoes for sacrifice, and he had only escaped after a desperate struggle. The whole city, he said, was in arms; the drawbridges were broken down; and they would soon attack the Spaniards in their stronghold.

The news was too true. The Aztecs poured along the streets like a flood, approaching the square where the Spaniards were lodged, while the terraced roofs of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with slingers and archers, ready to shower their missiles upon the besieged. And now commenced a struggle which lasted seven days, and to which there is no parallel in history. Day after day the fighting was renewed, the Spaniards either making a sally upon the besiegers, or beating them back when they advanced to storm or set fire to their quarters. The only relaxation was at night, when the Mexicans generally drew off. The Spaniards were always victorious; but their losses were considerable in every action, and the perseverance of the Mexicans alarmed them. Instead of yielding to their first defeats, they seemed to act on the conviction that they must be defeated continually until the Spaniards were all slain. This resolution astonished Cortes, who till now had undervalued the courage of the Aztecs. His soldiers, especially those who had come into the country with Narvaez, heaped reproaches upon him; although, when they saw his conduct in the fray—the bravery with which he would spur his horse into the thickest of the enemy, the generosity with which he would risk his own life to rescue a comrade from the hands of a crowd of Aztecs—their reproaches were lost in admiration.

Wearied out by his incessant efforts, and perceiving the hopelessness of continuing a contest against so many myriads of enemies—for recruits were flocking in from the neighbouring country to assist the Mexicans against the common foe—Cortes resolved to try the effects of negotiation, and to employ Montezuma as his intercessor. At his request, therefore, Montezuma, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared on a terraced roof, where he was visible to the multitude gathered in the great square. A silence ensued, and Montezuma was parleying with four nobles who approached him, when suddenly a shower of stones and arrows fell on the spot where he was standing. The Spanish soldiers tried to interpose their bucklers; but it was too late; Montezuma fell to the ground, his head bleeding from the effects of a blow with a stone. He was immediately removed, and every means used for his recovery; nor was the wound of itself dangerous. But his kingly spirit had received a wound which no words could heal; he had been reviled and struck by his own subjects, among whom hitherto he had walked as a sacred being: he refused to live any longer. He tore the bandages from his head, and rejected all nourishment; and in a short time the Spaniards were informed that their unhappy prisoner was dead. Cortes and many of the men could not refrain from weeping; and the body was surrendered to the Mexicans with every testimony of respect.

The fighting was now recommenced with greater fury, and prodigies of valour were performed by the Spaniards; but all to no purpose. Another attempt was made to induce the enemy to come to terms. The only answer was the threat that they would all be sacrificed to the gods, and the appalling information, 'You cannot escape; the bridges are broken down.' At last, as death was before their eyes, it was determined by Cortes, and all the officers and soldiers, to quit the city during the night, as they hoped at that time to find the enemy less alert.

Towards midnight, on the 1st of July 1520, they left their quarters secretly, most of the soldiers loading themselves with the gold which remained over and above the royal share, and proceeded as silently as possible towards the western causeway leading to Tlacopan, by which, as being the shortest of the three (two miles long), they thought it would be easiest to effect a passage. In this causeway there were three drawbridges, separated by intervals nearly equal; and aware that these had been destroyed by the Mexicans, Cortes had provided a portable bridge, made of timber, the carriage of which he intrusted to forty picked soldiers. The van of the army was led by Sandoval, with two hundred foot and a body of horse under his command; the baggage, large guns, and prisoners came next, guarded by Cortes and a band of veterans; and the rear was brought up by Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon, commanding the strength of the infantry.

The night was dark and rainy. The Spaniards reached the causeway without being interrupted. The portable bridge was laid across the first moat or gap, and a great part of the army had gone over it in safety, and were already approaching the second gap, when, through the stillness of the night, there was heard the boom of the great drum from the top of the Mexican war-temple, the rushing of myriads of pursuers along the causeway from behind, and the splashing of the oars of thousands of canoes full of warriors, which were advancing through the lake on both sides of the causeway. Showers of arrows fell on the rearguard as they were passing over the portable bridge; and the Aztecs, clambering up the sides of the causeway, grappled with the soldiers, and tried to drag them into the water. Throwing off these assailants by main strength, Alvarado and his men steadily and expeditiously moved on. Meanwhile the vanguard under Sandoval having reached the second gap, were waiting until the portable bridge should be brought up, to enable them to cross it. Goaded with the arrows which were discharged upon them in clouds from the Aztec canoes, they grew impatient of the delay, and began to cast anxious glances backward along the causeway for the appearance of the bridge. Suddenly the appalling news was passed along that the bridge had stuck so fast at the first opening that it could not be pulled up. The weight of the men and heavy baggage crossing it had fastened it into the earth so firmly as to defy extrication. When this awful intelligence reached the vanguard, order and command were at an end; uproar and confusion ensued; and, seized with the instinct of self-preservation, each man tried to shift for himself. Flinging themselves headlong into the gap, they struggled with the Mexican warriors in the water, upsetting their canoes in their drowning agonies. Rank after rank followed, each trampling upon the bodies of its predecessors, and floundering among the canoes which lay between them and the opposite side. Sandoval and a few of the cavalry swam their horses across; some of the foot also were able to reach the side of the causeway and climb up; but of the vanguard, the great majority were drowned, or slain, or carried off wounded in the Mexican canoes. Meanwhile on came the rest of the army; men, carriages, guns, baggage, all were swept into the trench, which was soon choked up by the wreck. Over this bridge of broken wagons, bales of cotton, and the dead bodies of their companions and enemies, Cortes and his veterans were able to reach the other side of the trench with less difficulty. Here, joining Sandoval and the few survivors of his band, they dashed along the causeway towards the third and last opening, regardless of the darts and arrows which the Mexicans discharged among them from their canoes. Reaching the third trench, they crossed it in the same manner as the last, but without so much loss, and were rapidly approaching the mainland, when, looking back through the dim morning twilight, they saw Alvarado and his rearguard pent up on the causeway between the second and third bridges, and almost overborne by the Mexicans who surrounded them. Cortes, Sandoval, and a few of the horse instantly wheeled round to the rescue; and, recrossing the third gap, shouted their battle-cry, and interposed between the Spaniards and their pursuers. This timely succour enabled most of the infantry to escape; and at length all had crossed the opening except Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and a few others. Cortes, Sandoval, and the rest soon followed, carried through by their horses; and only one man remained on the Mexican extremity of the causeway. It was Pedro de Alvarado: his horse was slain; and he was standing on the brink, surrounded by enemies ready to drag him off, should he plunge into the trench. Five or six warriors were already advancing from behind to seize him, when, casting one glance at the opposite edge where his countrymen were waiting him, he planted the end of his long lance among the rubbish which choked up the gap, and, rising in the air, cleared it at a bound. The spot where this tremendous feat was executed still bears the name of *Alvarado's Leap.*

The Mexicans now desisted from the pursuit; and the relics of the Spanish army, advancing along the remainder of the causeway, entered Tlacopan. Here they did not remain long, being anxious to place themselves beyond the reach of the Mexicans, and to arrive at Tlascala, the city of their faithful allies. They were now able to count the losses which they had sustained during the night. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, and nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or made prisoners during the passage along the causeway; a loss which, added to the numbers killed in the battles within the city, reduced the army to little more than a fourth of what it had been when it entered Mexico ten days before. But the most deplorable part of the calamity, in the eyes of Cortes, was the loss of all the artillery, firearms, and ammunition, not so much as a musket remaining among the five hundred who survived. Still, under this accumulation of misfortunes, his heart did not sink; and his resolution was taken not to leave the country till he had regained his former footing in it, and annexed it as a province to the dominions of his sovereign.

His first object was to reach Tlascala, where he might recruit the strength of his men—almost all of whom were stiff with wounds—and arrange his future proceedings. After many difficulties, and another great battle, in which he defeated the Mexicans, he reached it on the 9th of July 1520. They were kindly received by the generous mountaineers, who withstood all the solicitations of the Mexican sovereign, Cuitlahua, Montezuma's brother and successor, that they would assist him in driving the Spaniards out of the country.

It was early in autumn before Cortes left Tlascala. His intention was first to punish several states of Anahuac which had revolted during his absence in Mexico, especially the districts of Tepeaca and Cachula; and then, after having reduced the whole country east of the Mexican valley, to return to the capital itself, and take it by storm. With a force so reduced as his, without cannon or other firearms, this was an apparently hopeless enterprise; but *hopeless* was a word of which Cortes did not know the meaning. Fortunately, while engaged in subduing the eastern districts of Anahuac, he received reinforcements which he never anticipated. Velasquez, ignorant of the fate of the expedition which he had sent under Narvaez, and supposing that Cortes was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his rival, had despatched a ship with stores, arms, and ammunition to the colony of Villa Rica. The vessel touched at the port; the captain and his men disembarked, suspecting nothing, and were instantly seized by the officer of Cortes; nor did it require much persuasion to induce the whole crew to enlist under the standard of a man of whom they had heard so many eulogies. A second vessel sent by Velasquez soon afterwards shared the same fate; three ships sent by the governor of Jamaica to prosecute discoveries, and plant colonies in Central America, chancing also to land at Villa Rica, their crews joined the army of Cortes; and lastly, a merchant-vessel, loaded with provisions and all the necessaries of war, arrived at the Mexican coast, and was purchased by Cortes—sailors, cargo, and all.

Having completely subjugated all Anahuac to the east of the Mexican valley, Cortes resolved to found a second Spanish colony in the interior of the country, which should form a half-way station between Villa Rica and the city of Mexico. The site chosen was Tepeaca, and the name given to the settlement was Segura de la Frontera. From this spot Cortes wrote a second letter to Charles V., giving an account of the expedition from the date of the last letter down to the foundation of Segura, and announcing his intention of marching immediately to reconquer Mexico.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

It was five months after the date of their expulsion from Mexico before the Spaniards were in a condition once more to march against it. Part of the necessary preparations consisted, as we have seen, in the subjugation of those parts of Anahuac which adjoined the Mexican valley on the east; but another cause of delay was the construction of thirteen brigantines at Tlascala, under the direction of Martin Lopez, a skilful shipwright, who had accompanied Cortes. These vessels were to be taken to pieces, and transported, together with the ironwork and cordage belonging to the ships which Cortes had destroyed off Villa Rica, across the mountains to the great Mexican lake. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December 1520 the whole army left Tlascala on its march towards Mexico. It consisted of about six hundred Spaniards, with nine cannon, and forty horses, accompanied by an immense multitude of native warriors, Tlascalans, Tepeacans, and Cholulans, amounting probably to sixteen thousand men, besides the *tamanes*, who were employed in transporting the brigantines. Garrisons had of course been left at Villa Rica and Segura.

No opposition was offered to the invaders on their march, the Mexicans fleeing at their approach; and on the 1st of January 1521 they took possession of the city of Tezcuco. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor on the throne, was now dead, and his place was occupied by his nephew, Guatemozin, yet a young man, but the most heroic and patriotic of all the Mexicans. The policy of Cortes was first to subdue all the states and cities on the margin of the five lakes, so as to leave Mexico without protection or assistance, and then to direct his whole force to the final reduction of the capital. For four months, therefore, Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and his other officers were employed, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert, in reconnoitring expeditions into various parts of the Mexican valley —from Chalco, on the banks of the southernmost, to Xaltocan, an island in the northernmost lake. Scarcely a day of these four months was passed in idleness; and it would require far more space than we can afford to do justice to all the engagements in which the Spaniards were victorious, or to all the feats of personal valour performed by Cortes, Alvarado, Olid, Sandoval, and other brave cavaliers. Passing over these, as well as the account of a conspiracy among his men, which the prudence and presence of mind of Cortes enabled him to quash, and of the execution of the Tlascalan chief, Xicotencatl, for deserting the Spaniards, we hasten to the concluding scene.

On the 10th of May 1521, the siege commenced. Alvarado, with a hundred and fifty Spanish infantry, thirty cavalry, and eight thousand Tlascalans, took up his station at Tlacopan, so as to command the western causeway; Christoval de Olid, with the same number of cavalry and Indians, and a hundred and seventy-five infantry, commanded one of the branches of the southern causeway at Cojohuacan; and Sandoval, with a force nearly equal, the other branch of the same causeway at Iztapalapan. Cortes himself took the command of the flotilla of brigantines. For several days the three captains conducted operations more or less successfully at their respective stations, one of Alvarado's services having consisted in destroying the pipes which supplied the Mexicans with fresh water, so that, during the rest of the siege, they had no other way of procuring a supply than by means of canoes. The brigantines, when they were launched, did immense service in overturning and dispersing the Mexican canoes, and also in protecting the flanks of the causeways on which the other detachments were pursuing their operations. At length, after much resistance on the part of the Mexicans, the two causeways, the western and the southern, were completely occupied by the Spaniards; and Sandoval having, by Cortes's orders, made a circuit of the lake, and seized the remaining causeway of Tepejacac, the city was in a state of blockade. But so impatient were the Spaniards of delay, that Cortes resolved on a general assault on the city by all the three causeways at once. Cortes was to advance into the city from Xoloc, Alvarado from his camp on the western causeway, and Sandoval from his camp on the northern, and the three detachments, uniting in the great square in the centre of the city, were to put the inhabitants to the sword. The plan had nearly succeeded. The vanguard of Cortes's party had chased the retreating Mexicans into the city, and were pushing their way to the great square, when the horn of Guatemozin was heard to sound, and the Aztecs rallying, commenced a furious onset. The neglect of Cortes to fill up a trench in one of the causeways impeded the retreat of the Spaniards in such a way as to cause a dreadful confusion, and it was only by efforts almost superhuman that they were able to regain their quarters. Their loss amounted to upwards of a hundred men, of whom about sixty had been taken alive.

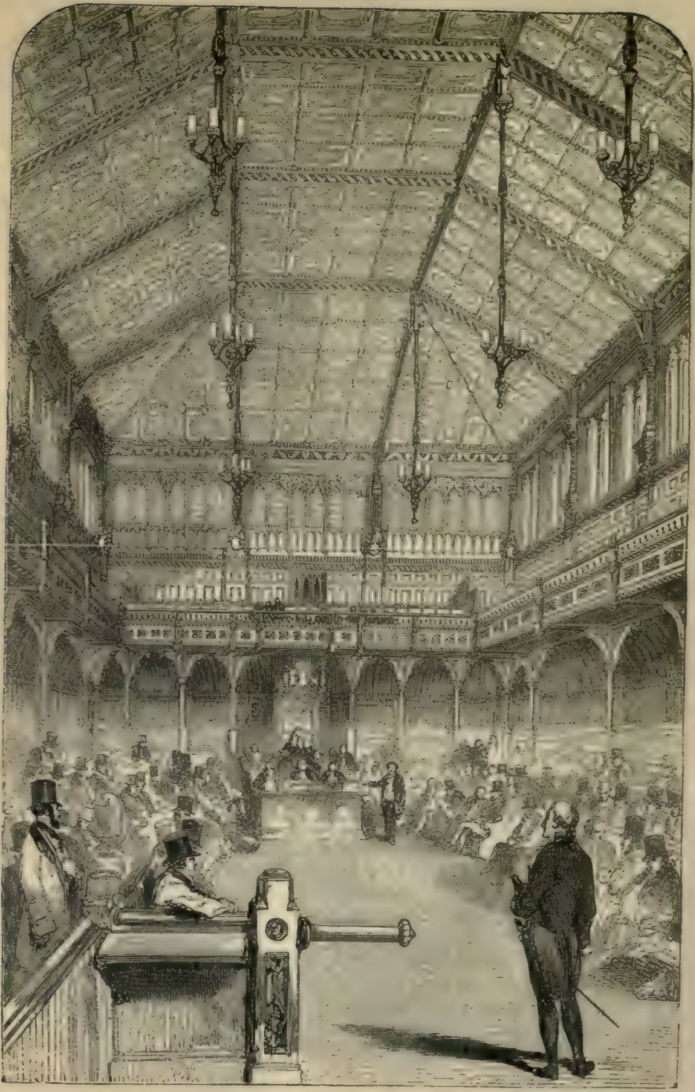
This triumph elated the Mexicans as much as it depressed the Spaniards and their allies. It was prophesied by the Mexican priests that in eight days all the Spaniards should be slain; the gods, they said, had decreed it. This prediction, reported in the quarters of the besiegers, produced an extraordinary effect on the allies. They regarded the Spaniards as doomed men, refused to fight with them, and withdrew to a little distance from the lake. In this dilemma Cortes shewed his wonderful presence of mind, by ordering a total cessation of hostilities for the period specified by the Mexican gods. When the eight days were passed, the allies, ashamed of their weakness, returned to the Spanish quarters, and the siege recommenced. These eight days, however, had not been without their horrors. From their quarters the Spaniards could perceive their fellow-countrymen who had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans dragged to the top of the great war-temple, compelled to dance round the sanctuary of the gods, then laid on the stone of sacrifice, their hearts torn out, and their bleeding bodies flung down into the square beneath.

Famine now assisted the arms of the Spaniards; still, with that bravery of endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mexicans continued the defence of the city, and it was not till it had been eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the Spaniards, that they ceased to fight. On the 14th of August a murderous assault was commenced by the besiegers. It lasted two days; and on the evening of the second some canoes were seen to leave the city, and endeavour to reach the mainland. They were chased, and captured; and on board of one of them was found Guatemozin, with his family and his principal nobles. Guatemozin's capture was the signal of complete defeat; and on the 16th of August 1521 the city was surrendered to the Spaniards. The population was reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days all these had disappeared, no one knew whither. The city was in ruins, like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about.

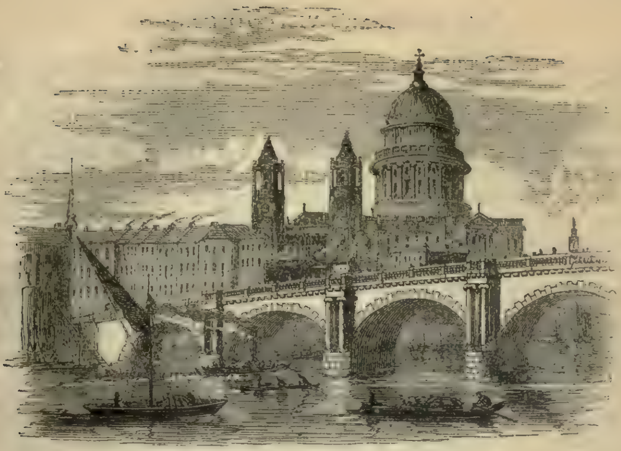
CONCLUSION.

Thus was the ancient and beautiful city of Mexico destroyed, and its inhabitants slain or dispersed. A monstrous act of unjustifiable aggression had been completed. Following up this great blow, Cortes pursued the conquest of the country generally; and in this, as well as in organising it into a colony of Spain, he did not experience any serious difficulty.. On proceeding to Spain, he was received with honour by Charles V. He returned to Mexico in 1530; and again revisiting Spain in 1540, for the purpose of procuring the redress of real or alleged grievances, he died in 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is very much to be lamented that, in the execution of his purposes of colonisation, the monuments of Mexican civilisation were everywhere destroyed, leaving nothing to future generations but the broken relics of palaces, temples, and other objects of art, scattered amidst the wilderness. Some of these ruined monuments shew that the ancient Mexicans had made remarkable advances in social life as well as in the arts, more particularly architecture; and what renders all such relics the more interesting to the archæologist, is the growing conviction, that the old Mexican civilisation was of an original type—a thing noway derived from, or connected with, the civilisation of Egypt, or any other nation in the eastern hemisphere.

The Spaniards have not succeeded in making Mexico a perpetual tributary of their monarchy. The cruelties they committed seem to have contained in themselves the elements of retribution. After a career of indolence, oppression, and bigotry, extending to comparatively recent times, their yoke was thrown off; and their feeble and ignorant successors may be said to be in the course of coming under the thraldom of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—See No. 143.



St Paul's and Old Blackfriars Bridge.

THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

THERE is not, perhaps, in the whole world a city more difficult to describe than London, the great metropolis of the British empire. This does not arise merely from the vastness of the area necessary to accommodate three millions of people and four hundred thousand houses; it is due also to the fact, that there are no walls, gates, barriers, divisions, visible boundaries—nothing except the Thames. We may go ten or twelve miles east and west, from Stratford or Blackwall to Shepherds' Bush or Hammersmith, and meet clusters of houses all the way, unbroken by any marked lines of separation. Of the ten parliamentary boroughs which represent this huge place in the legislature, we see no boundaries, no sign to shew where one begins and another ends. And so of all other modes of cutting up or dividing the metropolis for practical purposes—the city 'within the walls,' and the city 'without the walls' (words which had at one time a clear meaning), the city of Westminster, the ten postal districts, the twenty police districts, the thirty-seven registration districts, the numerous parishes which elect delegates to the Metropolitan Board of Works, the forty districts of the Poor-law Unions, the districts of the London Fire Brigade—none of the dividing lines between these districts are perceptible; and hence the metropolis becomes every year more and more a gigantic labyrinthine puzzle to strangers.

In size, the City of London, the original London, barely covers one square mile; but the metropolis, as understood by the registrar-general and by the Metropolitan Board of Works, spreads over nearly 120 square miles, with the City forming a mere kernel in the centre. The Post-office and the Police make *their* metropolis of much more vast dimensions, extending out twelve or fifteen miles from Charing Cross in every direction; but for most purposes it will be found convenient to treat our metropolis as covering 120 square miles, and as containing (in 1872) about 3,200,000 people and 400,000 houses. The *Quarterly Review* (1870) gives some curious statistics concerning the mileage of street and road in the metropolis; but as it is in some places left doubtful whether the area adverted to includes only the registrar-general's metropolis, or comprises the whole of the police metropolis, the figures lose much of their value. Kelly's *Post-office London Directory* contains the names of about 9000 streets, &c.; the editor makes it commercially useful, but it is not certain whether his metropolitan area agrees exactly with any of those above mentioned. The official *Postal Guide* gives about 7500 names of 'principal' streets and places in the London postal districts.

THE THAMES AND THE BRIDGES.

As the Thames is the only visible line of division in the metropolis, a stranger ought to make acquaintance with it as soon as possible. Rising in Gloucestershire, and passing through and between many counties, this noble river enters the metropolis at the western suburbs. Taking Hammersmith as a western limit, and Victoria Docks as an eastern, the windings of the Thames within this metropolitan area extend in length about 16 miles. At Hammersmith is a pretty *Suspension Bridge;* next comes *Putney Bridge*, near which is Fulham Palace (residence of the Bishop of London), and Putney, where the far-famed Oxford and Cambridge boat-race usually begins. Passing Wandsworth on the right bank, and a few remaining market-gardens on the left, we meet the *West London Railway Bridge*, which connects Kensington and the northern lines with Clapham Junction and the southern lines. Next come *Battersea Bridge*, *Albert Suspension Bridge*, the new *Chelsea Embankment*, and the *Military Hospital*, on the left; and the well laid-out Battersea Park on the right. After passing under *Chelsea Suspension Bridge* and *Victoria Railway Bridge*, we proceed eastward to *Vauxhall Bridge*, having the Grosvenor Road Embankment on the left, and Nine Elms on the right. A farther reach of river, spanned by *Lambeth Suspension Bridge*, presents on the left hand the *Milbank Penitentiary* and the magnificent *Houses of Parliament*, and on the right the new *Southern Embankment*, and the noble new pile of *St Thomas's Hospital*, with its seven blocks of building united by corridors. Next, for about two miles, we have that part of the Thames which is most likely to be seen by visitors. Crossed by *Westminster*, *Waterloo*, *Blackfriars*, *Southwark*, and *London Bridges*, it possesses ample means of communication from the Middlesex to the Surrey shores; while the beauty of all these bridges (those of Westminster and Blackfriars having been recently rebuilt) renders them very attractive. Three other bridges are connected with railways: those at *Charing Cross* and *Cannon Street* belonging to the South-eastern line, and that at *Blackfriars* to the Chatham and Dover. The left shore is crowded with objects of interest the whole way along. Fronting the river, is the grand *Victoria Embankment*, lately finished and opened, with its granite river-wall; its flights of steps and landing-stages for four steam-boat piers; its double line of broad foot-pavements, its row of trees, its pleasant garden, its gay array of lamps, and the Metropolitan District Railway (mostly out of sight). This noble Thames-side improvement ends at Blackfriars Bridge. Backing the embankment are Montague House, the Charing Cross Railway Station, Adelphi Terrace, Somerset House, King's College, and the Temple. Where the embankment ends, wharfs and warehouses begin, dingy enough all the way to London Bridge, but towered over by the world-renowned St Paul's, the thickly congregated city churches, and the huge *Cannon Street Railway Station*. The right hand, or Surrey side of the river, however important in a manufacturing and commercial sense, possesses little to attract a visitor.

THE THAMES BELOW BRIDGE.

Now we come to what is emphatically mercantile London, in its river-side aspects. The term 'below bridge' is a well-understood one in the metropolis, meaning that part of the Thames which is eastward of or below London Bridge, and which allows ships with lofty masts to pass without interruption from bridges. For two miles or so the river is known as the *Pool*, crowded with vessels to an extent barely equalled in any other part of the world. Some of these vessels are waiting their turn to enter docks, or to draw up by the side of quays and wharfs; while others are moored in the river, to receive or discharge cargo by the aid of barges and lighters. Coal-laden vessels from the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, form a considerable percentage of the whole; while passenger-steamers, bound for about sixteen places down the river, and for a vast number of foreign ports, contribute to the bustle of the scene. Immediately below London Bridge, on the left, we espy the *Monument*, commemorative of the Great Fire of London; *Billingsgate Fish-market*, rebuilt a few years ago in a convenient form, but far too small for the immense amount of business transacted there; the *Custom-house*, the headquarters of one of our great revenue establishments; and the far-famed *Tower of London*, the only fortified place in the metropolis, and the only one presenting the castellated Norman features. Below the Tower we come to *St Katherine's Docks* and the *London Docks*, always crowded with ships trading to and from the colonies and foreign regions, and having five openings into the Thames by means of lock-gates. Immediately close to the river, for a long distance, is the street called Wapping, every inch of which tells of seamen and sea-life. Next come Shadwell and Limehouse, with warehouses and wharfs fringing the river throughout the whole distance. At Shadwell begins the remarkable horse-shoe bend in the river, made up of Limehouse Reach, Greenwich Reach, and Blackwall Reach, and enclosing on the north the peninsula known as the *Isle of Dogs*, which is really converted into an island by the *West India Docks*. The river-side frontage of the Isle of Dogs is becoming gradually occupied by ship-yards and manufacturing establishments on a very large scale, some at Millwall, some at Cubitt Town. Passing Blackwall and the *East India Docks*, we next come to Bow Creek, at the mouth of the river Lea, where is situated one of the largest iron ship-building works in the world, that of the Thames Company. Finally we reach the entrance to the well-arranged *Victoria Docks* —at which point the metropolis may fairly be said to end.

In this busy part of the Thames, as elsewhere, the right or south bank is far less diversified by interesting and important buildings than the north. Commencing at London Bridge, the regions of Tooley Street, Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe form one continuous range of warehouses, granaries, and wharfs, many of them on a vast scale, and occupying the sites of some of the most devastating fires in the metropolis—such, for instance, as that in Tooley Street in 1861, when property to the value of nearly two millions sterling was destroyed. Beyond Rotherhithe lie the *Commercial* and *Surrey Docks*, the great centre of the timber trade. Next comes Deptford, with its *Victualling-yard;* the site of the late *Dock-yard* is now a *Market for Foreign Cattle*. Lastly, at Greenwich, we find the *Hospital*, certainly the noblest object on the banks of the Thames, not even excepting the Houses of Parliament. The old naval pensioners have recently been removed, consequent on the adoption of the system of out-pensions instead of in-pensions; but the building itself remains in all its imposing grandeur. Here, too, are the famous Greenwich Park and Observatory.

It is a great convenience to strangers visiting London that the whole of this wonderful scene on the Thames is accessible at nearly all hours of daylight. There are about twenty-five steam-boat piers between Hammersmith and Greenwich, visited by steamers which ply every few minutes, and at fares varying from one penny to fourpence. Charing Cross (or Hungerford) Pier and London Bridge Pier, especially, are the centres of an enormous amount of traffic. For crossing the Thames from one shore to the other, there are the eleven carriage and foot way bridges, and the five railway bridges, already named. But, besides these, there are two arteries of communication *under* the water. One is the *Tower Subway*, from Tower Hill to Tooley Street, opened in 1870. It is an iron tube through which an omnibus at first ran on a tram or railway, worked by steam-power; but it is now only a foot-way. The other is the world-renowned *Thames Tunnel*, from Wapping to Rotherhithe; it occupied the best energies of Sir M. I. Brunel from 1824 till 1843 to construct; it had a languid existence as a foot-way for passengers from 1843 till 1869; but now it forms part of the *East London Railway*, to connect some of the lines on the north of the Thames with some of those on the south.

RAILWAYS AND STATIONS.

Most strangers, entering the great metropolis for the first time, do so by means of railways; and it is therefore well that they should possess a general knowledge of these arteries of communication, and the stations for arrival and departure.

Beginning at the north-west, and working round in the direction of the hands of a clock, we find the *Great Western Railway*, the main channel of communication to the west of England and to South Wales, and sharing with other companies the communication with North Wales and the west midland counties. The *Paddington* terminus, a fine structure, is within half a mile of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, with a noble hotel attached to it. The means of intercommunication between the Great Western and certain minor lines we shall notice presently. The next main trunk railway is the *London and North-western*, the greatest of all the lines in relation to communication with the north of England, as well as with Scotland, North Wales, and Ireland. The *Euston* terminus (more than two miles from Paddington) was, until lately, buried in a back street behind Euston Square; but there has recently been made a new opening through the square itself, flanked by neat lodges, and forming a handsome approach to the station, having the *Euston Hotel* on the one side, and the *Victoria Hotel* on the other. Half a mile farther east is the terminus of the *Midland Railway*, one that well answers to its name in giving easy access to all the midland counties, as well as to the north of England. The *St Pancras* terminus boasts of the largest and finest station-roof in the world—700 feet long, 250 wide, and 105 high, unsupported by pillars of any kind; the amount of space beneath this noble roof, for lines of rails and passenger-platforms, is most ample. The station hotel, fronting the Euston Road, is a fine example of domestic Gothic, from the design of Sir G. G. Scott. Almost close to the Midland, indeed separated from it only by a road, is the *Great Northern Railway*, giving a very direct route to Yorkshire, and, in conjunction with other lines, a favourite channel to Scotland, by what is known as the East Coast Route. The station and the adjoining hotel are convenient, but are eclipsed in appearance by the majestic Midland, and are to be rebuilt. Lying far away east in the unfashionable region of Shoreditch, is the *Great Eastern Railway*, once known as the *Eastern Counties*. It commands the traffic of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and shares with the Great Northern in accommodating the counties of Herts, Cambridge, Huntingdon, &c. The *Bishopsgate* station is a somewhat ill-arranged structure, with no hotel worthy of the name anywhere near it; but, as a terminus, it has been supplanted by the fine new Liverpool Street station lately opened, near Finsbury Square. The *Fenchurch Street Station*, near the eastern margin of the City proper, once belonged to the *Blackwall Railway Company*, but it is now leased by the Great Eastern, who use it for the accommodation of suburban and riverside traffic to North Woolwich, Tilbury, and Southend.

Having thus noticed six terminal stations north of the Thames, we cross the river, and give a similar glance at the Kent and Surrey section of the metropolis. The *London Bridge Railway Station* is a place of vast trade, belonging to two companies—the *South-eastern* owning the eastern half, and the *Brighton* the western. The station itself is a medley of odds and ends, built up at various times and in various styles. The South-eastern have one line, the Greenwich, to that far-famed place; another, the North Kent, to Woolwich, Gravesend, Rochester, and Maidstone; and the main line, to Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Dover, Folkestone, Tunbridge, Hastings, &c. The company have spent more than four millions sterling in providing termini nearer the heart of the metropolis, crossing the Thames from London Bridge Station by two bridges already named, and constructing vast stations at *Cannon Street* and *Charing Cross*, with elegant hotels attached. In clearing away a quadrangular area of land, measuring nearly 700 feet by 200, from the Thames to Cannon Street, crossing over Thames Street, in a region full of warehouses and large establishments, the company had to pay a heavier sum for property than was ever paid, before or since, for land for one station. The Charing Cross Station, forming the company's west-end terminus, is admirably situated for the accommodation of trade, and takes the lead of all others in regard to traffic to and from the continent. The *Brighton* Company, besides the eastern terminus at London Bridge, have a west-end terminus at *Victoria*, Pimlico, by means of a branch from Croydon, crossing the Thames at Chelsea. This company supply the greater part of the railway accommodation for Surrey and Sussex, and the whole line of coast from Hastings to Portsmouth. Next in order is the *London, Chatham, and Dover Railway*—one which has had a troubled existence in relation to the financial embarrassments of the company. This line has two termini in the metropolis, one at

Holborn Viaduct, the other at *Victoria*. A great deal of suburban traffic in Surrey is carried by the company; but the main line extends from the metropolis to Bromley, Sevenoaks, Chatham, Sheerness, Herne Bay, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Canterbury, and Dover. Lastly, we have to speak of the *South-western Railway*, with the *Waterloo* terminus, in rather a dingy neighbourhood, unprovided with hotel accommodation. This company furnish the chief channels of communication to a number of attractive places in the western and south-western suburbs of the metropolis, such as Kew Gardens, Richmond Park, Bushy Park, Windsor, Virginia Water, Hampton Court, Claremont, Wimbledon Volunteer Camp, Epsom, &c. The main lines of the company give unbroken routes to Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton, Weymouth, Exeter, and North Devon.

Vast as is the accommodation afforded by the above-named nine great companies, it scarcely touches the wonderful intercommunication between one part of the metropolis and another by minor railways. Beginning on the west, we have the *West London Railway*, which, connecting Kensington Junction with Clapham Junction, and crossing the Thames at Battersea, connects the Great Western and the London and North-western with the Brighton, the South-western, and the Chatham and Dover lines; thereby greatly facilitating the transit from one region to another. Then there is the northern belt of railway, which, though known by three different names at different parts, may be called collectively the *North London Railway*. Extending from Kew in the west to Poplar in the east, it has intermediate stations at Acton, Willesdon, Kensal Green, Edgeware Road, Finchley Road, Hampstead Heath, Kentish and Camden Towns, Barnsbury, Islington, Stoke Newington, Dalston, Homerton, Hackney, Victoria Park, Old Ford, and Bow. At Chalk Farm it connects with the Euston Square line; while at Dalston it throws out a branch southward to Shoreditch and Broad Street, the latter a convenient station for the city near Finsbury Square.

But the most remarkable of these London railways—perhaps the most noteworthy in the world—is the system known generally as the *Underground Railway;* seeing that the greater part of it is in tunnel. It belongs to two companies, the *Metropolitan*, and the *Metropolitan District*, but both sections are worked together as one system. If carried out in its completeness, it would form a continuous belt, somewhat oval in shape, the two ends of the oval being at Tower Hill and Kensington; but the eastern end is not likely to be finished for many years to come, owing to financial difficulties. Let us make a complete tour, and stop a moment at each station. The chief terminus is at *Moorgate Street*, near Finsbury Square. So enormous is the traffic, from five in the morning till past midnight, that *four hundred trains* per day start from Moorgate Station, and an equal number arrive! Eastward of this is the new *Bishopsgate*

Station; whence the line will go to *Aldgate*. Westward is Aldersgate Station, convenient for the Post-office, St Paul's, and Cheapside. Then comes the very busy Farringdon Street Station, which is not only convenient for the new Meat Market, Holborn Viaduct, and Blackfriars Bridge, but also connects with the Chatham and Dover Railway. At King's Cross there are some extraordinary underground communications, between the Metropolitan on the one hand and the Great Northern and the Midland on the other, burrowing beneath the Main Drainage Sewer in a way that taxed the skill of the engineer to the uttermost. The stations at Gower Street and Portland Road are convenient for access to the British Museum, the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, Regent's Park, the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. At Baker Street Station, a branch railway is thrown out to *St John's Wood* and the *Swiss Cottage*, passing close by Lord's Cricket Ground, and very near Primrose Hill. Baker Street Station itself is within five minutes' walk of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Edgeware Road Station is the nearest to the Marble Arch, the west end of Oxford Street, and Hyde Park. Just beyond this there is a bifurcation of the railway. One branch proceeds to the Bishop's Road Station, where it connects with the Great Western line, and then accommodates a vast suburban population by means of stations at Westbourne Park, Ladbrook Road, Latimer Road, Uxbridge Road, Addison Road, Shepherds' Bush, and Hammersmith. The other branch goes on to Bayswater, the most convenient station for Kensington Gardens; Notting Hill, on the main high road to Oxford; Kensington, near the palace and the church; Brompton, the centre of a rapidly growing district; and South Kensington, in excellent proximity to the South Kensington Museum, the Horticultural Gardens, and the new buildings in which the *India Museum*, the *Colonial Museum*, &c., are now to be seen. By this time we have bent round to the southern side of the belt or irregular oval. We come in turn to Sloane Square Station, not far from Chelsea Hospital; Victoria Station, close to the other of the same name, and convenient for the aristocratic Belgravia; St James's Park Station, within two minutes of Bird Cage Walk, and five of Buckingham Palace. At Westminster Bridge Station we are in the very heart of a district to which the attention of a stranger is sure to be directed. The beautiful Westminster Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, Westminster Abbey, the new India Office and Foreign Office—all are close at hand. The railway then takes its course behind the Victoria Embankment, where unsightly mud at low-water used to be visible. The stations at Charing Cross, the Temple, and Blackfriars are convenient for various points along the Strand and Fleet Street. At Blackfriars, where the embankment ends, the railway begins to burrow under the newly formed Queen Victoria Street, and terminates at a station excellently placed within three minutes' walk of the Mansion House.

MAIN THOROUGHFARES: OMNIBUS ROUTES.

Although there are at least a hundred and fifty railway stations fairly within the limits of the metropolis, a stranger must have other means of progression afforded to him, before he can acquire anything like a familiarity with this huge place. If he has time to linger, and to marvel at the costly and brilliant displays in the shop windows—where all the luxuries that the world can afford are provided for those who have the money to pay for them—let him select Oxford Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly, the Strand, Ludgate Hill, St Paul's Churchyard, and Cornhill. But if he can only make a rapid general glance, there are certain main channels of transit which ought to be known to him.

Let us begin, for instance, at *Paddington*, towards the north-west limit of the metropolis. Here, where the Marylebone Road joins the Edgeware Road, there is a busy omnibus centre, sending off lines of vehicles all day long, northward to Maida Hill and Kilburn, north-west to Kensal Green, westward to the Great Western Railway and to Westbourne, southward to the Marble Arch and Oxford Street, and eastward to the City, by way of Marylebone, Euston, Pentonville, and City Roads. Another great east-and-west route may be said to begin at the *Marble Arch* (at the junction of Oxford Street with Hyde Park). Fed by streams of traffic from Tyburnia, Bayswater, and Notting Hill, this line of route takes the direction of Oxford Street, Holborn, Holborn Viaduct, Newgate Street, Cheapside, and the Poultry, to the Bank. The omnibuses along this route, at fares varying from two to six pence, are so very numerous, that some or other of them are always near at hand, at every point, from eight in the morning until midnight. Lateral streams of traffic, north and south, we shall speak of presently. Another main artery starts from *Hyde Park Corner*. Fed by suburban streams from Knightsbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, Brompton, Chelsea, and Fulham, it conveys the traffic eastward through Piccadilly, Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and St Paul's Churchyard, to Cannon Street, King William Street, and London Bridge.

But besides these great streams east and west, there are others nearly north and south, intersecting them at points which naturally become very busy places, useful to a stranger as shewing him his 'whereabouts.' First, at the west, there is the Marble Arch. Here, a line of omnibuses, coming south from Paddington down the Edgeware Road, cross Oxford Street, down Park Lane and Grosvenor Place, to the Victoria Station at Pimlico. Then, near the Baker Street Station is Marylebone Road; the *Atlas* omnibuses, coming down from St John's Wood and Portland Town, run south through Baker Street, Portman Square, Regent Street, Charing Cross, over Westminster Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. Advancing to the point where Marylebone Road ends, and Euston Road begins, we intersect the line of the *Waterloo* omnibuses, which, coming down Albany Street from the York and Albany, proceed by way of Portland Road, Regent Street, Charing Cross, the Strand, and Waterloo Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. *Regent Street* is also a part of the line of route for many other omnibuses, including those that run from Islington to Brompton, from Oxford Street to Clapham, and from Oxford Street to Kennington and Brixton. Proceeding still farther east, we come to the busy corner where *Tottenham Court Road* branches out of Euston Road towards the south, and Hampstead Road towards the north. Here, all day long, and every two or three minutes, run the 'yellow 'buses,' as they are familiarly called. Bringing streams of traffic from Hampstead, Highgate, Kentish Town, and Camden Town, they convey those streams southward to Oxford Street, Charing Cross, Westminster Abbey, and Victoria Station; these omnibuses are very useful to strangers, seeing that they 'tap' the great streams of east and west traffic at many points, and pass very near a large number of theatres, opera-houses, concert-rooms, and picture-galleries. Another advance eastward, and we come to King's Cross. Here we find omnibuses, bearing the inscription *King's Cross*, coming down from Camden Town, and then pursuing a zigzag route by way of Gray's Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, and Blackfriars Bridge, to the Elephant and Castle. Once again eastward, to the Angel at Islington, and we come to a spot where the *Favourite* omnibuses are in great plenty; these come down from Hornsey Rise, Highgate Archway, and Holloway, and, branching off at the Angel, pursue diverse routes to the east, the west, and the centre of the metropolis.

But of all the places in or near London, of all places perhaps in Europe, the most wonderful for street traffic of all kinds is the great centre where the Bank, the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House are nearly close together. Here no fewer than eight streets radiate—namely, the Poultry, Princes Street, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, Lombard Street, King William Street, Walbrook, and the new Queen Victoria Street. It has been found that, at and near this centre, 80,000 persons cross the carriage-way on foot in twelve hours of an average day; that 75,000 persons pass along the pavement of the Poultry alone in the same space of time; while the carriage-way is thronged all day long with omnibuses, cabs, vans, carts, waggons, private carriages, and vehicles of every description. The junctions of other streets in the city likewise exhibit an astonishing amount of traffic. For instance, it has been found that 4000 vehicles pass a particular spot in Aldersgate Street between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. every day, 4500 at Barbican, 5000 at Eastcheap, 6500 at Finsbury Pavement, 7500 at Bishopsgate Street, 8000 at Aldgate, 9000 at Holborn Viaduct and Farringdon Street, and 12,000 at Fleet Street. At the busiest spot in this wonderful district the number of persons who pass on foot in twelve hours averages *a hundred per minute!* To crown all, it has been found that 700,000 enter the square mile of the City every day, and as many leave it. A vast omnibus route, eastward of the Bank, takes nearly a north-and-south direction, beginning at Hackney and Kingsland, running south through Bishopsgate and Gracechurch Streets, over London Bridge, and so on to Southwark.

Tramways are becoming a favourite means of travelling in and near the metropolis, on account of the roominess of the cars, the ease of the motion, and the cheapness of the fares. Such tramways are laid along many of the roads leading out to Camden and Kentish Towns, Holloway, Kingsland, Victoria Park, Hackney, Mile End, &c., as well as in many directions south of the Thames.

PARKS AND PUBLIC GARDENS.

Fortunately for London, several open spaces have been secured, laid out more or less as gardens, and allowing fresh air to blow pretty freely. Partly owing to this, and partly to the excellent drainage, London is far from being an unhealthy place.

Hyde Park, lying beyond Oxford Street and Piccadilly, covers about 390 acres. It is watered by the *Serpentine*, an excellent place for skating in winter, and (under certain regulations), for bathing in summer; it has lately undergone cleansing and improving. The old railings round the park, in part destroyed by a mob in 1866, have been replaced by others in very elegant style. The *Marble Arch*, at the north-east corner, with its bronze gates, cost £80,000; there are handsome gates at *Hyde Park Corner*, near Apsley House, and many other entrances. *Rotten Row* and the *Ladies' Mile* are roads which are thronged with the aristocracy, in carriages and on horseback, during the fashionable season. Near Apsley House is the bronze statue of *Achilles*, erected at a cost of £10,000, in honour of the Duke of Wellington.

Kensington Gardens, immediately adjoining Hyde Park on the west, have an area of 380 acres. They originally belonged to the royal palace at Kensington, but are now freely open to the public at all convenient hours. In no other part of the metropolis are to be seen such magnificent rows of trees, such beautiful green-sward glades, as here; while the *Round Pond*, near the palace, and the upper part of the *Serpentine*, near Hyde Park, add to the attractions of the place. The *Palace* is an old red-brick structure, one portion of which is occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The *Green Park*, nearly touching Hyde Park, near *Apsley House* (residence of the Duke of Wellington), covers a triangular area of about 60 acres, and is pleasantly laid out with paths, green-sward, trees, shrubs, and flowers. Numerous fine mansions overlook it on the north and east; while, on the south or south-west, *Constitution Hill* separates it from the gardens of Buckingham Palace.

St James's Park begins where the Green Park ends. It covers about 90 acres, and is distinguished from the other parks by the beautiful ornamental water in the centre. Wide gravel-roads, parades, and esplanades, surround the cultivated portion of the park, which is within iron railings. The Household Troops are inspected every morning on the parade at the eastern end, and there is much military gaiety and display in the park at other times. *Buckingham Palace* is at the western end; on the northern side, are *Stafford House* (Duke of Sutherland), *Clarence House* (Duke of Edinburgh), *St James's Palace*, *Marlborough House* (Prince of Wales), the lofty mansions of Carlton House Terrace, and *Waterloo Steps*, with the *Duke of York's Column;* on the eastern side are various government offices, including the *Admiralty*, the *Horse Guards*, the new *India Office*, and the *Foreign Office;* while on the south side are *Bird-cage Walk* and the *Wellington Barracks*.

Regent's Park, covering 470 acres, is the most famous in London for the meetings of Volunteers, who find an excellent manœuvring ground in the north-west section of the park. Facilities are also afforded at three different spots for cricketing. The *Ornamental Water*, the *Inner Circle*, the *Botanical Gardens*, the *Zoological Gardens*, *St Katherine's Hospital*, numerous rows of elegant houses, and beautifully laid out gardens and walks, render this park very attractive. The Zoological Gardens are especially to be noted; for, besides possessing the finest collection of living animals in England, the walks and flower-beds are very pleasant. On Mondays, when the admission for the public is only sixpence (one shilling on other days), the visitors are numerous. The *Colosseum*, lately pulled down, is being replaced by ranges of private mansions.

Primrose Hill, just northward of Regent's Park, is itself gradually assuming a park-like appearance, by the planting of trees, the laying-out of good paths, the draining and smoothing of the ground, and the provision of convenient seats. The hill is certainly not lofty, but it commands an extensive view of London on a clear day, with St Paul's standing out boldly at mid-distance, and the Crystal Palace in the far distance. A few years ago it was quite open country north and north-west of the hill; but bricks and mortar are extending here, as well as everywhere else around the metropolis.

Battersea Park, on the Surrey side of the Thames, is an agreeable substitute for the once wild and disreputable Battersea Fields. Its area of 180 acres is well laid out with flower-gardens, tropical plantations, groves and avenues of trees, cricket grounds, a circular spot for a musical orchestra and its audience, and an ornamental water on which boats ply for hire. A pleasant trip by steam-boat gives easy access to this park from about a dozen piers, at all hours of the day; two railway stations also are near it.

Southwark Park, opened in 1869, is in a part of the metropolis rarely seen by strangers, beyond Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. Until lately, the site was occupied by market-gardens, and it has not yet had time to put on a handsome appearance. Nevertheless, it will soon become a pleasant breathing-spot for the inhabitants of a somewhat poor neighbourhood.

Victoria Park, far away beyond Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, is a fine area of 260 acres, with an ornamental water, boats, flower-beds, groves of trees, clusters of shrubs, paths, and seats in the western half; and an open space for cricketing, kite-flying, volunteering, &c. in the eastern. This park is a valuable boon to an immense population of poor families at the east of London, who would else have very few opportunities for seeing grass, trees, or flowers. The *Drinking Fountain*, erected in this park by the munificence of Lady Burdett Coutts, is the most beautiful and costly in the metropolis. It will serve to give some idea of the enormous dimensions of the metropolis, that the distance from Victoria Park in the north-east to Battersea Park in the south-west is not less than seven miles in a straight line.

Finsbury Park, Upper Holloway, has a picturesque lake at the highest point, engirdled with trees, and enlivened with pleasure-boats. The centre of the site was until recently ocupied by *Hornsey Wood House;* and, being somewhat elevated, it commands a tolerably good view of Hornsey and Crouch Hill.

If time allows a visitor to extend his perambulations somewhat farther around, he would find much to interest him at *Hampstead Heath*, still (fortunately) open and countrified ; *Highgate*, with its wood and its archway ; *Muswell Hill*, with the attractive *Alexandra Park; Greenwich Park* and Hill. More distant are the *Crystal Palace*, *Kew Gardens*, *Richmond Hill*, *Bushey Park*, and *Hampton Court Gardens.* The various *Cemeteries* at Kensal Green, Highgate, Brompton, Abney Park, Finchley, Camberwell, Norwood, &c., are as much like parks or public gardens as such places can consistently be made ; they are freely open for several hours every day.

THE COURT END OF THE TOWN.

It will only be possible to notice very cursorily the chief objects of interest in this vast 'province of houses.' Perhaps the most convenient way will be to suppose a stranger to find himself on successive days in certain well-known localities, and then to point out to him the chief buildings and places of note within easy reach.

We begin with *Buckingham Palace*, in St James's Park, the residence of the Queen when in London. Strangers are not admitted. It is barely large enough for court ceremonials, the only really regal saloon being the ball-room at the southern end. The grand staircase, however, with the sculpture-gallery, green drawing-room, throne-room, dining-room, &c., contain some very fine pictures; while in the garden is the Queen's Summer-house, richly adorned with paintings illustrating Milton's *Comus*, by Landseer, Maclise, Leslie, Stanfield, Eastlake, Dyce, Uwins, and Ross. The palace itself is a patchwork of styles, having been built at different times by Nash, Blore, and Pennethorne. Near the palace is *Stafford House*, by Sir Charles Barry, built for the Duke of York, but purchased by the Marquis of Stafford (afterwards Duke of Sutherland) in 1841. It is the finest private mansion in London, in size, arrangement, and luxury. Close to Stafford House is *St James's Palace*, a curious medley of open courts and red-brick buildings. It has not been inhabited by the sovereign for many years past; but there are facilities in it for holding levees. The various suites of apartments are inhabited by officers and ladies of the court; one suite being set apart for the Duchess of Cambridge. All are strangely crowded together, around courts or quadrangles known as *Ambassadors' Court*, *Engine Court*, *Colour Court*, *Marlborough Court*, and *Stable Yard*. In the *Chapel Royal* a choral service is performed on Sundays. Belonging to the palace on the east is the *German Chapel Royal*, and on the west *Clarence House*, town residence of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Separated only by a carriage-way from St James's Palace is *Marlborough House*, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was built by Wren for the Duke of Marlborough in the time of Queen Anne, and was bought by the crown in 1817; after being inhabited by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and then by Queen Adelaide, it was let for various national collections and exhibitions, until consigned to the present heir to the throne.

The mansions of the nobility are spread about the court end of the town; but they are seldom so majestic in external appearance as the analogous buildings on the continent. The real palaces of our nobles are the country mansions, each in the midst of its fine park. *Devonshire House*, *Apsley House*, Mr Hope's, and Baron Rothschild's in Piccadilly, are four mansions rather notable in appearance. And so are *Montague House* (Duke of Buccleuch), in Whitehall; *Bridgewater House* (Earl of Ellesmere), *Spencer House* (Earl Spencer), near the Green Park; *Grosvenor House* and *Chesterfield House*, near Hyde Park; and *Lansdowne House*, near Devonshire House. *Northumberland House* (Duke of Northumberland), Charing Cross, has lately been pulled down.

The *Squares* at the West end, each with its grassy centre surrounded by iron railings, are nearly all occupied by persons in affluence, whether nobles or not. *St James's Square*, near the palace, contains, among others of note, the residences of Viscount Falmouth, Earl Cowper, Earl of Strafford, Marquis of Bristol, Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Cleveland, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop of London, Duke of Norfolk, and Earl of Derby—certainly a glittering array of peers, although the residences themselves are very dull brick structures. *Belgrave Square*, the most sumptuous in the metropolis, built by the Marquis of Westminster on what were before Pimlico Fields, contains the mansions of the Earl of Ducie, Lord Boston, Duke of Bedford, Viscount Doune, Earl of Essex, Viscount Halifax, Countess of Kenmare, Lord Aveland, Earl Beauchamp, Countess Kinnoul, Viscount Boyne, Marquis of Downshire, Lord Taunton, Lord Carew, Earl of Clanwilliam, Earl of Stradbroke, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Sefton, Lord Digby, Earl of Yarborough, Earl of Bradford, Viscount Newport, Duke of Montrose, Viscount Combermere, and the Duke of Richmond—in short, the finest square in the metropolis contains the mansions of a larger number of titled personages than any other square or street. *Eaton Square*, a little south-west of Belgrave Square, has the residences of the Chelmsford, Ilchester, Minto, Denbigh, Brooke, Galloway, Macclesfield, Erne, Camden, Scarborough, and Eversley titled families. *Grosvenor Square*, situated between Piccadilly and Oxford Street, retains a great hold upon the aristocracy; seeing that it comprises among its houses the residences of the Londesborough, Home, Wilton, Dufferin, Crawford, Lytton, Fitzwilliam, Dysart, Donegal, Shaftesbury, Foley, Stratford, Lindsay, Calthorpe, Hastings, Londonderry, Harrowby, Sandon, Rendlesham, Amherst, Dashwood, Sandwich, and Sherborne families. *Berkeley Square*, near Grosvenor Square, though somewhat shorn of its former glories by the rising splendour of Belgravia, still contains the mansions of the Lansdowne, Bath, Powis, Broughton, Colchester, Wenlock, Anglesea, Brougham, and Osborne families. The squares north of Oxford Street, such as *Cavendish*, *Portman*, *Manchester*, *Bryanston*, and *Montague*, are inhabited by a different class of persons—affluent, but not so high in rank.

The streets at the court end are, except those with shops, dull and uninteresting to strangers, the dusky brick houses being seldom relieved by anything deserving the name of architectural adornment. There are two exceptions to this rule—*Belgravia*, westward of St James's Park, and *Tyburnia*, northward of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; the houses in these districts are far more cheerful in appearance, and some of them let at very high rentals.

The *Club-houses* at the West end are among the most conspicuous of the buildings for their size [and architectural richness. These exclusive establishments are maintained by members ranging from five to fifteen hundred in number, who pay from six to eleven guineas a year, besides an entrance fee. A library, reading-room, billiard and card rooms, coffee-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, are generally the chief apartments. The dinners and refreshments are supplied at a little over cost-price, the general expenses being defrayed out of the annual subscriptions. The buildings are not hotels, chambers, or places of abode, none of the members sleeping there; but many country gentlemen and unmarried members regard their club as their residence, so far as concerns interviews, the receipt and delivery of letters, &c. So eager is the desire to become members, that most of the clubs have their books always full; and as the system of balloting—even of black-balling—is adopted, admission for new members is by no means easy. The clubs are thickly congregated near one spot. In St James's Street are *Boodle's*, *White's*, the *New University*, *Brookes's*, *Arthur's*, the *Conservative*, the *Civil Service*, and the *Egerton* clubs. In Pall Mall are the *Army and Navy*, the *Guards'*, the *Oxford and Cambridge*, the *Carlton*, the *Reform*, the *Travellers'*, the *Athenæum*, the *United Service*, and the *United University* clubs. In Regent Street is the *Junior Carlton;* in St James's Square, the *Windham;* while in other streets and squares around are the *Albemarle*, *Cavendish*, *East India United Service*, *Garrick*, *Junior Athenæum*, *Junior United Service*, *Oriental*, *Portman*, *Union*, *Westminster*, and some others of minor note. The most influential clubs are the *Reform* and the *Carlton*, the headquarters of the two great political parties. The finest club-houses are the *Reform*, *Carlton*, *Conservative*, and *Army and Navy*, built from the designs of Barry, Smirke, Basevi, and Parnell, respectively.

Supposing a visitor to be near *Her Majesty's Theatre*, at the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall, he finds close at hand the *Haymarket Theatre*, the *United University* and the *United Service Clubs*, and the *College of Physicians*. Then, proceeding westward along Pall Mall, he finds, on the left-hand side, six of the club-houses already named, *Waterloo Steps*, the *Duke of York's Column*, three or four statues of eminent public characters, the fine mansions of Carlton House Terrace, the *War Office*, *Marlborough House*, the *German Chapel Royal*, *St James's Palace*, and *Sutherland* or *Stafford House*. On the right are Waterloo Place and Regent Street, the *Army and Navy Club*, the *British Institution*, and (close at hand) *Willis's Rooms*, and *St James's Theatre*. Pall Mall is thus the very headquarters of court and fashionable life. Proceeding south to north, from Pall Mall to Piccadilly, is Regent Street, containing the 'Pall Mall' Restaurant, insurance offices, banks, and elegant shops. Parallel with Regent Street, on the other side of St James's Square, is St James's Street, full of clubs, and having a high-class restaurant called the 'Wellington.'

Let us next suppose our visitor to start from the north end of the Haymarket, and to work his way westward along Piccadilly. He soon comes to *Piccadilly Circus*, a famous stopping-place for omnibuses bound in various directions; and near this, the *Criterion* Theatre and Restaurant. Then he comes, in succession, to *St James's Hall*, one of the most favourite and frequented concert-rooms in London; the *Museum of Practical Geology* (freely open to the public on most days); *St James's Church;* the *Albany* (where several of our poets and literary men have lived); *Burlington House*, which contains the buildings for the Royal Academy, London

University, and several scientific societies; *Burlington Arcade;* the *Egyptian Hall;* and so on to Bond Street and St James's Street. Beyond that point, Piccadilly is mostly bounded on the south by the Green Park, and on the north by handsome mansions. Beyond Apsley House, we find Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens on the right; while to the left lie Belgravia, and *Tattersall's* celebrated horse-dealing establishment.

In the remote West end, in the rapidly growing district of Brompton or South Kensington, are five objects of interest, situated very nearly together. One is the *South Kensington Museum*, a highly interesting place both to Londoners and to visitors from the country. It comprises numerous halls, courts, galleries, and rooms. Raffaelle's priceless cartoons, the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections of national paintings, and the Ellison collection of water-colour drawings, supply abundant attraction for the lovers of pictures; porcelain is well represented by the specimens of Majolica, Della Robbia, Henri Deux, and Palissy ware; various departments of art are represented by carvings in ivory, enamels on metals, Venetian glass, damascened metal, bronzes, mosaics, electrotype reproductions of ancient works of art, &c. Then there are fine collections of medieval furniture, state coaches, French and Flemish tapestry, vestments and personal decorations. There are always, in some part of the building or other, art-specimens on loan, forming a loan collection of great beauty. The Educational Library and Reading-room, the Food Museum, the photographs, the architectural models, the India Collection—all add to the attractiveness of this most interesting place. The museum is open free on three days in the week. Near it are the *Horticultural Gardens*, beautifully laid out, and having a fine conservatory; occasionally, during the season, the gardens are open to the public by payment, but they belong to the members of a private society. Surrounding the gardens are what may be termed the *Exhibition Buildings;* comprising all that is left of the structure in which the International Exhibition of 1862 was held, together with new rooms and galleries for the accommodation of the East India and other Museums. Near the South Kensington Museum is a temporary iron structure for the Museum of patents. Immediately north of these buildings and the gardens is the *Royal Albert Hall of Science and Art*, a vast red-brick structure with terra-cotta enrichments. It is intended for the holding of musical performances, *conversazioni* and *soirées* of learned and artistic societies, industrial and picture exhibitions, &c. The fifth of these objects of interest, near the Albert Hall, but really in Hyde Park, is the *Albert* or *Prince Consort Memorial*, an 'Eleanor Cross,' presenting a gorgeous assemblage of marble, polished granite, mosaic, enamel, bronze, gilding, &c.; a statue of the Prince, by Foley; and allegorical groups of sculpture by Macdowell, Theed, Bell, Marshall, Weekes, Thorneycroft, and other eminent sculptors.

WESTMINSTER: GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, Whitehall, and Parliament Street mark a very notable series of public buildings. At the north side of Trafalgar Square is the *National Gallery*, the depository of our chief collection of national pictures (freely open to the public four days in the week). On the south side is the *Nelson Column*, with Baily's statue of Nelson at the top, and Landseer's magnificent bronze lions at the base. Several statues are placed in the square, but without much regularity. In going southward from this point, past Drummond's Bank, the *Admiralty*, the *Horse Guards*, the *Treasury*, the *Board of Trade*, the *Privy Council Office*, the *India*, *Foreign*, *Colonial*, and *Home Offices*, form a continuous series on the right side; while on the left are—a grand wide opening leading to the Thames Embankment; *Great Scotland Yard* (the head-quarters of the metropolitan police); and *Whitehall Chapel*, the work of Inigo Jones, closely associated with the times of Charles I. Still farther south is the site of a new *Italian Opera House*, with one frontage towards the Thames; near this is *St Stephen's Club*, and many fine new clusters of buildings in Bridge Street, Westminster—one for a railway station.

Two buildings—the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey—tend to make this district one of the most interesting in London to visitors.

The *Houses of Parliament*, or palace of the legislature, was commenced in 1840, and is not really yet finished (1875). It is from the plans of Sir Charles Barry, and is considered to be the most sumptuous Gothic building in Europe applied to civil or secular uses. Unfortunately, one of the two chief chambers, the House of Commons, is too small; and the building generally is insufficiently lighted and ventilated. The building has 100 staircases, 1100 rooms, and two miles of passages and corridors. The river-front is 900 feet long, magnificently decorated with statues and carved stone; the west front is only in part developed, owing to the position of *Westminster Hall* and the *Law Courts*. This hall, a noble memorial of old times, has been cleverly brought in as an accessory to the great building; but the law courts are an eyesore, which will be removed when the (promised) Palace of Justice is built. There are three grand towers—the *Victoria*, 75 feet square by 340 feet high; the *Central*, 60 feet in diameter and 300 feet high; and the *Clock Tower*, 40 feet square by 320 feet high, carved all over, and in some parts gilt. The Clock Tower contains the largest and finest clock in the world, with four dials each 30 feet in diameter; the great bell, popularly known as 'Big Ben,' is the largest in England, though not so large as some abroad. The *House of Peers*, 97 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high, is magnificently decorated: it has six frescoes by Dyce, Cope, Horsley, and Maclise. The *House of Commons*, 62 feet long, and equal in width and height to the House of Peers, is less lavishly adorned, and has been altered more than once for the obtaining of better light and ventilation. The *Poets' Hall* is lined with frescoes, illustrating passages in the works of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Scott, and Byron. *St Stephen's Hall* contains statues of Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Walpole, Somers, Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, &c. The *Victoria Gallery* contains Maclise's two celebrated pictures in water-glass. The chief portions of this gorgeous building may be seen on most Saturdays throughout the year, by tickets easily obtained at an office near one of the entrances.

The celebrated *Westminster Abbey* is mainly in early English Gothic; while the east end, Henry VII.'s Chapel, is in florid perpendicular; and Wren's two towers at the west end are in a kind of Gothic-Grecian style. The nave and the choir have each of them north and south aisles. In one corner of the south transept, known as *Poets' Corner*, are tombs or honorary monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Mason, Sheridan, Southey, Campbell, &c. Among the last men of note buried there was Dickens. In Henry VII.'s Chapel are the tombs of Queens Mary and Elizabeth; and between that and the transepts are Edward the Confessor's, St John the Baptist's, St Paul's, St Nicolas's, St Edmund's, St Benedict's, and Islip chapels. The celebrity of the preachers and the richness of the choral service bring great numbers of strangers to the Abbey on Sundays.

CENTRAL LONDON.

What may conveniently be called Central London, between the court end and the City, is occupied in a diversified way, places of amusement being thickly interspersed among places of business.

In the narrow belt between the Strand and the Thames we find the noble new avenue on the site of Northumberland House; the *Charing Cross Station* and *Hotel*, admirably situated for the convenience of the public; the rooms of the *Society of Arts*, in the Adelphi; and the *Savoy Chapel*, an isolated relic of crown property. *Somerset House*, an open quadrangle surrounded by buildings, and having a fine river-frontage, is now, after many changes, almost wholly occupied by government offices, chiefly those connected with the revenue and the Admiralty. Adjacent to Somerset House, but almost hidden from public view, is *King's College*. Farther east is the *Temple*, a vast cluster of buildings surrounding several open courts, and containing fine libraries and halls. *Temple Church* is one of the finest and most celebrated in London, built between 1185 and 1240; it once belonged to the Knights Templars, and has been restored by the modern Templars in a very sumptuous manner. *Temple Gardens* (occasionally open to the public) form quite an oasis in the busy metropolis.

The Strand and its neighbourhood are rich in theatres—a fact which gives great liveliness to the district. *Drury Lane* and *Covent Garden* theatres are almost close together; near them are the *Queen's*, the *Olympic*, the *Strand*, the *Globe*, the *Gaiety*, and the *Lyceum;* while a little farther to the west are the *Vaudeville*, the *Adelphi*, and the *Charing Cross* theatres. Here, too, is *Exeter Hall*, noted for its May meetings in the spring, and its oratorio performances in the winter.

In the busy region bounded on the south by the Strand and Charing Cross, on the north by Holborn, on the west by Regent Street, and on the east by Farringdon Street, there are several subdistricts each remarkable in its way. Soho and Leicester Squares have in their neighbouring streets a greater number of resident foreigners than any other part of the metropolis—singers, musicians, dancers, skilled artisans, political exiles, patriots out of work, &c. The restaurants, coffee-rooms, and hotels for these persons are numerous. The *Soho Bazaar* and the *Royalty Theatre* are near Soho Square; the *Argyle Rooms* and the *Alhambra* music-halls are near Leicester Square. Seven Dials, seven streets radiating from one centre, is a region largely inhabited by poor Irish; Monmouth Street is a well-known mart for second-hand apparel, and St Andrew's Street for bird and bird-cage dealers. *Covent Garden Market* is the chief wholesale depository for fruit, flowers, and vegetables in the metropolis; and any visitor who finds his way here betimes in the morning will meet with what is really one of the 'sights of London.' *Lincoln's Inn* and *Chancery Lane* are the chief headquarters for lawyers; but the law courts hereabouts are a disgrace to the nation—to be superseded by the new Palace of Justice, now being constructed near the east end of the Strand. Fleet Street, and the streets and lanes leading north and south from it, are the great centre of the newspaper and printing trades.

THE CITY.

What can be said in a few paragraphs of this wonderful spot, the City—*the* City of London? Let us begin with the churches.

St Paul's Cathedral is in many respects the noblest building in the metropolis. No other forms such a landmark from a distance; no other is so well known to visitors from all parts. It is best seen from the south-east, where the grandeur of the whole structure is well developed. The extreme length is 500 feet; breadth (without the transepts), 100; and height, 375 (often erroneously stated to be 404 feet); the campanile towers at the west end are 222 feet high. What is called the *Dome* is quite separate from the inner *Cupola*, there being a strong conical brickwork between them. At the bottom of the cupola is the *Whispering Gallery;* there is another gallery at the top, and two on the outside dome. The *Ball* at the top of the lantern can be entered, but the ascent is difficult. The *Clock* and *Bell* are exhibited; but they are not so large as those at the Houses of Parliament. The usual cathedral services are performed three times a day; and there is a striking evening service under the dome on winter Sundays, when the reverberations of the swelling peals of the organ, from the interior of the cupola, are surpassingly fine. The fee-system is far too much adopted in this noble building for seeing the crypts, galleries, &c.; but the services are of course free. The monuments to distinguished men, in various parts of the cathedral, are very numerous.

It is worth the sixpence which is charged for admission to the upper external gallery of St Paul's to obtain a view of the City churches. Nothing like it is to be seen in any other part of the British dominions—nearly a hundred church steeples within one square mile. The parishes are so small, and the City so empty on Sundays, that the churches have mostly very scanty congregations; but the structures themselves are in many ways interesting, especially those which were built by Sir Christopher Wren. Among the most interesting are *St Michael's*, Cornhill, lately decorated in the interior with great richness; *St Sepulchre's*, Giltspur Street, containing one of the finest organs in England; *St Stephen's*, Walbrook, sometimes called 'Little St Paul's,' on account of the beautiful cupola with which Wren has graced it; *St Bartholomew's*, Smithfield, with the noble Anglo-Norman arches and pillars lately restored; *Bow Church*, Cheapside, whose 'bells' are the very type of Cockneydom; and *St Lawrence*, Jewry. On Holborn Viaduct is Dr Parker's *City Temple*, a large Congregational Church lately built.

The two principal City buildings belonging more particularly to the corporation are Guildhall and the Mansion House. *Guildhall* was built in 1411; but very little of the original structure now remains except the interesting Gothic crypt. The main part of the edifice is the *Great Hall*, 153 feet long, 50 broad, and 55 high; great outlay has been incurred upon the roof, the walls, and the painted windows, within the last few years, by which the hall has been rendered one of the finest in London. Several statues of distinguished men are placed around the hall. The Lord Mayor's dinner, held in this hall on the 9th of November, is perhaps the most remarkable of all public dinners: seeing that the ministers of the crown are in considerable number invited to it, and the speeches are always regarded with something more of interest than usually attaches to after-dinner speeches. All elections for the City take place in this hall; it is also selected for the more important public meetings held in the City, and for any great special banquets or receptions of royal personages. Within the entire cluster of buildings are the Guildhall Library, the Guildhall Museum, numerous rooms for the transaction of corporate business, and courts of law and police for the City jurisdiction. The *Mansion House*, the other corporate building mentioned, is situated a few hundred yards distant from the Guildhall; it is the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The great room, known as the *Egyptian Hall*, is the scene of much costly banqueting; for the dinners and entertainments given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in their own names, apart from the corporate festivals at Guildhall, are held at the Mansion House. No potentate is too lofty in rank to hold aloof from the Lord Mayor's banquets; emperors and sultans here meet traders and bankers.

The prisons, which were once numerous in the City, have mostly been removed to other localities. *Newgate* is the only one likely to attract a stranger's notice. The heavy gloomy pile, at the corner of the Old Bailey and Newgate Street, assorts but ill with the bustle of commercial life. Criminals, not debtors, are now incarcerated here.

The great banking establishments are among the most notable in the City. At the head of them stands the *Bank of England*. This powerful corporation, founded in 1694, is now the largest bank of deposit and circulation in the world. Most of the present structure was built by Sir John Soane; and the whole occupies an irregular square of four acres, with rather low façades. The interior comprises numerous halls and rooms; such as the Rotunda, Dividend Offices, Transfer Offices, Cashiers' Offices, Note Offices, Bill Offices, Deposit Offices, Discount Offices, Bullion Offices, Cheque Offices, &c. The rooms in which bank-notes are printed, and the vaults in which millions sterling of specie and bullion are stored, are in inner parts of the building, of course inaccessible to the public. Of other banks, the finest buildings are those which belong to companies—such as, the *London and Westminster*, *London Joint-stock*, *Union*, *Alliance*, *London and County*, *City*, &c.

Of the City buildings which may be called commercial, the chief is the *Royal Exchange*. This was built by Sir William Tite, and opened by the present Queen in 1844. The inner quadrangle is attended by bankers and merchants, chiefly for a couple of hours on Tuesdays and Fridays; and here the magnates of the City may often be seen. Up-stairs are *Lloyd's rooms*, and offices of various kinds; around the exterior, on the ground-floor, are shops. The *Stock Exchange*, near the Royal Exchange, is the place in which stockbrokers transact their business; there is nothing to see outside, and strangers are not admitted inside. The *General Post-office*, in St Martin's-le-Grand, is a great place of business, with a frontage among the handsomest in London, built from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke in 1829. Vast as it is, it is far too small for the increasing business; and an additional structure has been raised on the opposite side of the same street. The post-office originally managed letters only; but to these have been successively added newspapers, book-post, sample-post, money orders, savings-banks, insurances, annuities, and telegraphs: insomuch that a large augmentation of rooms and offices is necessary.

The City Companies or Guilds, and their halls, are worthy of more study than mere visitors can bestow on them. These companies are more than 80 in number, each connected with one particular trade. With three or four exceptions, they have outlived the main purposes for which they were founded; but as they have irrevocable revenues at their command, in some instances very large, they have a surplus, after providing for pensions, alms-houses, and charities, applicable to banquets and other festivities. The twelve 'great' companies, as they are called, and about thirty others, have halls; and some of these halls are places of great splendour. The chief among them are *Mercers*, Cheapside; *Grocers*, Poultry; *Drapers*, Throgmorton Street; *Fishmongers*, near London Bridge; *Goldsmiths*, Foster Lane; *Skinners*, Dowgate Hill; *Merchant Taylors*, Threadneedle Street; *Haberdashers*, Staining Lane; *Salters*, St Swithin's Lane; *Ironmongers*, Fenchurch Street; *Vintners*, Upper Thames Street; *Clothworkers*, Mincing Lane; *Apothecaries*, Blackfriars; and *Stationers*, Ludgate Hill. The political banquets given by the Merchant Taylors are always Tory, and those by the Fishmongers always Whig; the other companies do not associate themselves with party distinctions.

The Markets in the City are of course not numerous, on account of the value of space. In *Smithfield*, where the cattle-market used to be, is now the *Meat-market*, an elegant and very convenient structure, in which country-killed meat is sold. A *Poultry-market* is constructed adjacent to it. *Farringdon Market* is of little account, and will be appropriated to other purposes. *Newgate Market* has been superseded by commercial buildings. *Leadenhall* and *Whitechapel Markets* still supply the East end with butcher-meat and poultry. *Billingsgate* is the only important fish-market in the entire metropolis. It would scarcely be possible to name any other spot in London where the habitual crowding is so great as here; from five in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, the streets near the market are blocked up with vehicles, while the avenues of the market itself present a busy mass of salesmen, fishmongers, costermongers, and porters. Near Billingsgate is the *Coal Exchange*, a neat building, in which coal-factors transact business for buyers and sellers; and in Mark Lane is the *Corn Exchange*, where the corn-factors have their stands and their little bags of samples.

Three notable buildings in this part of the metropolis belong to the government. One is the *Custom House*, in Lower Thames Street. This large structure, built by Sir Robert Smirke about 1820, has a fine hall, called the 'long room,' 190 feet by 66; and numerous offices for the management of a customs' revenue which usually exceeds £20,000,000 sterling annually. The second is the *Mint*, on Tower Hill, where all the gold and silver specie for the United Kingdom is coined. This is one of the government establishments to which the public are admitted on certain conditions: a letter must be addressed by post to the Master of the Mint; a reply will be sent by post, naming the day and hour of admission, and the number of persons which the order will admit. This particularity is necessary, because only a few persons can be conducted round the place at one time. Most of the processes, some of which are highly curious and interesting, are freely shewn. The third of these government establishments is the famous *Tower of London*, a sort of little town of twelve acres, within a dry ditch. It is the only fortification in the metropolis; but is more a barrack and military storehouse than an actual place of defence. There is a continuous circuit of wall within the ditch, marked at different points by the *Middle* Tower, *Bell* Tower, *Bloody* Tower, *Salt* Tower, *Brick* Tower, *Bowyer* Tower, and *Beauchamp* Tower; and, outside the ditch, the *Lion* Tower. Within the walls are a large open space, in which is situated the church of *St Peter's in the Tower;* the *Barracks*, where a battalion of Foot-guards is usually quartered; the *Jewel House;* and the *White Tower.* The White Tower is the most interesting structure of the whole, being the real old Norman keep, built by William the Conqueror, with cells and dungeons in which many a notable personage has been confined. Every part of the Tower is associated in some way or other with the great of past ages. The sons of Edward IV., King John of France, the father of Louis XII., the Duke of Clarence ('drowned in the butt of malmsey'), Katherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Catherine Howard, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Somerset, Wyatt, More, Raleigh, Essex, Sidney, Strafford, Laud, Russell, the seven bishops, Jefferies, Walpole—all were imprisoned here. The public are admitted to walk about in many open places within the Tower; and they are also admitted to the armouries and the Jewel House, on the payment of sixpence to each building—free on Mondays and some special days. The *Horse Armoury* comprises a handsome gallery, 150 feet long by 33 feet wide. There are between twenty and thirty equestrian figures, habited in complete armour, and a multitude of examples to illustrate armour and arms of old days. *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury* is the name given to another department, in which strange instruments of punishment, as well as weapons used in war, are shewn. The *Jewel House* contains the crown jewels, secured within a glazed iron cage. St Edward's crown, the State crown, the Prince of Wales's crown, the Queen-consort's crown, the Queen's diadem, St Edward's staff, the orb, the royal sceptre, the sceptre with the dove, the Queen's sceptre, the swords of Mercy and of Justice, the armillæ, the royal spurs, the world-renowned *Koh-i-noor*, form a collection the value of which could not be easily estimated. The majestic beef-eaters or yeomen, who shew the armouries and Jewel House, are themselves among the curiosities of the Tower, in their quaint Tudor hats and tunics.

THE EAST END.

It shews how remarkably the different parts of the vast metropolis are associated in the public mind with grades of life and diversities of fortune, that the 'East end' generally seems to be accepted as associated with hard work and poor living. If a winter is more than usually severe, if an epidemic is abroad, if trade is more than usually bad, we always expect the worst symptoms to shew themselves at the East end. Strangers are seldom invited to bend their steps thither; the West-enders scarcely have a personal knowledge of the district; architects have but few opportunities of displaying their skill in the erection of beautiful buildings there; authors seldom describe and artists seldom depict the region; clergymen and medical men have in few instances large incomes, and have to labour much in their respective vocations. If we draw a line from Shoreditch Church down southward to the Tower, all eastward of this line may in a general way be regarded as the East end, locally divided into Shadwell, Wapping, Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, Mile End, Stepney, Limehouse, Old Ford, Bromley, Bow, Poplar, Blackwall, &c., but forming one continuous mass of streets, in which the number of houses large enough to pay poor-rates is small compared with the number of those inhabited by persons often in need of parochial relief.

Starting from the Tower, and keeping near the water-side, we come at once upon the region of the docks, *St Katherine's* and the *London Docks* being close at hand. These great receptacles for shipping impart a maritime character to the whole vicinity. *Sailors' Homes*, where judicious benevolence supplies the wants of some of the sailors during their temporary sojourn on shore; public-houses by hundreds, where Jack is too often cozened and cheated out of his earnings by disreputable characters of both sexes; labourers, waiting to be hired at the docks when ships have to be laden and unladen; dealers in all kinds of ship-fittings, nautical instruments, and ship's provisions—these are among the characteristics of Wapping and the surrounding streets. Some of Dickens's most characteristic scenes are connected with this strange neighbourhood; and Captain Cuttle is only one among many singular characters with which he peopled it. Proceeding eastward, we come to *Limehouse Basin* and the entrance to the *Regent's Canal*. Beyond these, in the *Isle of Dogs*, are many large manufacturing establishments, the workmen at which find their homes in a maze of small streets in Limehouse and Poplar. And so on to Blackwall and the *Victoria Docks*.

We take another belt, farther from the river. Whitechapel has become almost a name for butchers and a somewhat rough class of people; but there are, in and near it, establishments of some magnitude—Smith's Distillery, one of the largest in England; sugar-refineries, buildings of vast height; tobacco and cigar manufactories; clothing establishments, in which seamstresses are engaged on what are called 'slop-goods,' &c. The *London Hospital*, in Whitechapel Road, is a fine establishment for the gratuitous cure of the sick. Notwithstanding the density of the neighbourhood, room has been found here and there for several small cemeteries: among which may be named the *East London*, the *Tower Hamlets*, the *Jews*, and the *Victoria Park* cemeteries. In the Spitalfields neighbourhood, and onward to Bethnal Green, lies a colony of silk-weavers, who eke out a scanty existence with the aid of the hand-loom, and whose amusements are favourably marked by a taste for flowers and birds.

Still farther from the river, and up in the densely peopled district of Shoreditch, are the costly buildings, called *Columbia Square* and *Market*, erected at the sole expense of Lady Burdett Coutts, for the accommodation of working-men and their families. They are architecturally so ornate as to accord but ill with the humble streets around. Not far distant are other clusters of workmen's dwellings, in plainer style, belonging to the Peabody trustees. Beyond Bethnal Green, we find ourselves at *Victoria Park*, already mentioned—a real boon to the East end. And farther on still, where the population is less dense, are numerous factories, many of them giving forth odours by no means attractive. A welcome novelty to the East end is the *Bethnal-Green Museum*, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in June 1872.

NORTHERN LONDON.

Northward of all the regions which we have been describing, and stretching something like ten miles from east to west, is that vast belt which, for want of a better collective name, we will call Northern London. Visitors are likely to know many spots in the western half of it, but very few in the eastern.

Westward of the Edgeware Road, are the large neighbourhoods of private residences, comprising Tyburnia and Westbournia (as they are somewhat affectedly called) and Kensington Park. Out this way, too, is *Kensal Green Cemetery*, containing the tombs of many distinguished persons who have died within the last thirty years. Eastward of the Edgeware Road are masses of private streets, leading up to St John's Wood and Kilburn; scarcely diversified by any place of interest except *Lord's Cricket Ground*, the most famous place in England for cricket matches. Between Oxford Street and the Regent's Park, amid a cluster of private streets, are two theatres—the *Princess's* and the *Prince of Wales's*. Another place of amusement in this cluster is the *Oxford* Music-hall, near the east end of Oxford Street. The *Soho Bazaar* and the *Crystal*

Palace Bazaar, also in Oxford Street, are famous places for trinket-purchases; two other bazaars in the same street, the *Pantheon* and the *Corinthian*, have been converted to other purposes. Four other buildings may usefully be named—namely, *Madame Tussaud's Exhibition*, a never-dying display of wax-work celebrities; the *Polytechnic Institution*, where science, entertainments, and optical ghosts make up an attractive amusement; *St George's Hall* and *Theatre*, nearly opposite; and the *Langham Hotel*, in some respects the finest in the metropolis.

There is one building, between New Oxford Street and Euston Road, which should rather be called in Central than in Northern London, and which is of special note both to Londoners and to visitors from the country. This is the *British Museum*, in the immediate vicinity of Russell, Bedford, and Bloomsbury Squares. This splendid national establishment, a gradual growth from what was originally a private mansion, has been about a century rising to its present importance. It comprises several departments, under separate management. Entering from Great Russell Street, and crossing the vestibule, a passage leads to the new *Reading-room*, one of the finest halls, and unquestionably the finest reading-room, in Europe. It is a circular apartment, 140 feet in diameter, with a domed ceiling rising to a height of 106 feet from the floor, and excellently lighted from the top. Around the walls are 20,000 volumes of books; and numerous tables afford good accommodation for about 300 readers. The privilege of studying and reading in this room can be obtained only by special introduction; but ordinary visitors to other parts of the museum can easily obtain, at the secretary's office, permission to see the reading-room for a few minutes. The vast *Library*, containing nearly a million volumes, is not open to visitors, except a fine gallery containing what is called the *King's Library*. The Reading-room occupies what was once an open quadrangle; and the various rooms and galleries of the museum run round all four sides of it, some on the ground floor, some at a higher elevation. The Galleries of Sculpture and Antiquities contain priceless specimens of art from Egypt, Thebes, Greece, Rome, Asia Minor, Nineveh, &c. Bronzes, carvings, enamels, vases, &c. illustrate other branches of fine art. The *Print-room* has the finest collection of engravings in England (not open to the public except by special ticket). The department of Antiquities is full of illustrations of the manners and customs of various countries. The Natural History department comprises a rare collection of stuffed animals and birds, eggs, insects, minerals, fossil remains, &c. In short, the British Museum is an establishment of which we have reason to be proud; and it is to be hoped that the time will arrive when it will be open to the public six days in the week, instead of four, as at present.

Amongst the other buildings in this part of London are *University College*, with a fine portico, but unfinished wings; the *Catholic and*

Apostolic Church in Gordon Square, sometimes called the Irvingite Church; the *Foundling Hospital*, in the chapel of which there is very fine ecclesiastical music to be heard on Sundays; *Gray's Inn*, the gardens of which form a pleasant oasis in an otherwise unattractive neighbourhood; *St Alban's Church*, in Baldwin's Gardens, noted for its ritualistic services; and the *Free Hospital*, in Gray's Inn Road.

Taking another block of Northern London, south of Pentonville Road and the City Road, we find Clerkenwell, the great centre of the watch and clock and jewellery trades; *Sadlers Wells Theatre*, the veritable house at which 'real water,' derived from the adjacent New River, used to take part in the dramatic spectacles; the *New River Head*, the southernmost reservoir of one of the great water supplies for London; *St Luke's Hospital*, a large but heavy structure; *Bunhill Fields Burial Ground*, characterised by Southey as the 'Campo Santo of the Dissenters;' and the *Artillery Ground*, the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company. Northward of the Pentonville and City Roads is the *New Cattle-market*, between Caledonian and York Roads. It is a fine area of thirty acres, excellently provided with pens, enclosures, sheds, stalls, abattoirs, salesmen's offices, railway and telegraph offices, and banking-houses; it belongs to the corporation of the City of London, and cost £300,000. Near the market is the *Caledonian Asylum*, an excellent school and home for poor Scotch children. Near this, again, is the *Model Prison*, built in 1842, for the reception of convicts, of whom it will accommodate about 1000; they are kept in separate cells, and are as much as possible occupied in industrial pursuits. In the Camden Road is the *City Prison*, built in 1855, for the reception of the class of prisoners who used to be confined in three or four small jails belonging to the City; it is the handsomest structure in the metropolis devoted to such purposes. At Islington is the *Agricultural Hall*, so called because it was built chiefly to accommodate the Cattle and Agricultural Show held every December by the Smithfield Club; but its noble dimensions render it available for exhibitions of various kinds.

Eastward of Islington, and forming the north-east section of the entire metropolis, is a region difficult to explore, and unattractive when explored. About the neighbourhood of Hoxton and Shoreditch are several theatres, the *Grecian*, *Britannia*, *Standard*, and some others, to which the prices of admission are low enough to accommodate a somewhat humble class of visitors.

THE SURREY SIDE.

An average Londoner attaches as definite a meaning to the 'Surrey side' or 'Over the water' as he does to the 'East end.'

Beginning up Vauxhall way, we find the *Southern Embankment*, already mentioned as a great improvement to a portion of the river that was till lately very unsightly. At Kennington is the *Oval*, the headquarters of the Surrey Cricket Club, where some of the best matches are played every year. Near this is *Kennington Park*, a pleasant appropriation of a rough ragged field. At Lambeth, the most notable structure is *Lambeth Palace*, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury for the last six hundred years. This celebrated structure displays many different kinds of architecture, according to the periods at which the several parts were built. In the *Chapel*, at least six centuries old, the archbishops are always consecrated. The *Lollards' Tower*, at the west end of the chapel, is said to be the oldest specimen of brickwork in England since Roman times: that the Lollards or Wicliffites were ever imprisoned there, according to popular tradition, is doubted by historians; although there certainly is a strong-room at the top inscribed with the names of many unfortunates who were imprisoned there. The red-brick gate-house was built in the time of Henry VII. The *Hall*, 93 feet long by 38 wide, is decorated with many pictures and armorial bearings; it also contains the 25,000 volumes comprising the library, for which no separate room has been provided. The habitable and inhabited parts of the palace are of comparatively recent construction, and are bounded by a large garden. The *Church*, which is scarcely detached from the palace, is the mother-church of Lambeth parish, and contains the tombs of many of the archbishops.

Near Westminster Bridge is one of the three theatres which have long existed 'over the water'—namely, *Astley's*, the *Victoria*, and the *Surrey*. Near here also is *Canterbury Hall*, the first and most celebrated of those types of the modern period, music-halls. Forming a cluster near the Lambeth Road are four buildings of some celebrity—*Bethlehem Hospital*, the largest lunatic asylum in the metropolis; the *Blind Asylum*, also the largest of its kind; *St George's Cathedral*, the chief Roman Catholic place of worship in England, capable of holding 3000 persons; and the Catholic Clergy-house. A little south-east of this, and near the spot where six roads radiate from the busy hostelry known as the *Elephant and Castle*, is Mr Spurgeon's *Tabernacle*, the largest chapel in England. In no building has greater attention been paid to those two requisites in a place of worship, that all present should be able to hear the preacher, and nearly all see him; the means of ingress and egress, and the lighting and ventilation, have also received due attention. Between the Elephant and Castle and Kennington is the *Surrey Zoological Garden*.

In the Blackfriars Road is *Surrey Chapel*, where the Rev. Rowland Hill did, and the Rev. Newman Hall does, attract large congregations. Here, too, is a handsome new group of Peabody Workmen's Dwellings, on the site of Magdalen Hospital. In the Borough

Road is the *British and Foreign School*, a large establishment for the training of teachers for schools. Near here are the *Surrey County Jail* and a *Military Prison*—the latter once a jail for civil offenders. Nearer the river, the new Southwark Street forms a fine line of commercial and manufacturing establishments, affording a very useful east-and-west artery in a part of the metropolis which was greatly in need of it. Close to the river is Bankside, memorable as the locality of two theatres in Shakspeare's time. Near Southwark Bridge is one of the most vast and remarkable establishments in London, *Barclay and Perkins' Brewery*. Any visitor who can obtain permission to view this establishment will see what none but the great breweries can display. The tanks for water; the large storehouses for malt and hops; the boilers and coppers for heating the liquids; the enormous vessels for cooling, fermenting, and storing the beer and ale; the tens of thousands of tuns, hogsheads, butts, barrels, and other casks; the regiments of drays and the magnificent horses—all tend to render this one of the sights of London.

St Saviour's Church, near the Surrey end of London Bridge, is not only the finest church 'over the water,' but one of the finest in the metropolis. There was once a Priory of St Mary Overy, to which this church belonged, but for three centuries it has been a parish church. The oldest parts of the present structure, in early English Gothic, are the Choir and the Lady Chapel; the altar-screen in the Choir is very beautiful. Many persons of celebrity were buried in St Saviour's Church or Churchyard in past ages, and some of their monuments are highly interesting: among the number may be named Bishop Gardiner, Bishop Andrews, Beaumont and Fletcher the dramatists, Philip Massinger, Edmund Shakspeare (brother to *the* Shakspeare), and the poet Gower. Close by here, in Borough High Street, are still to be seen some remains of the old inns for which Southwark was celebrated in bygone times, especially the *Tabard* or *Talbot*, so closely associated with Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage; the Tabard has recently disappeared.

A stranger would find a world, almost unique in its kind, in the river-side region south of the Thames and east of London Bridge. It is one continued series of wharfs, warehouses, and granaries, stored with produce the value of which is almost fabulous, and approached by lanes so narrow and crooked as to render it a marvel how laden waggons can thread their way through them.

Bermondsey, somewhat southward of the river, is remarkable for two branches of industry which are centred there in great force. It would be too much to say that all the hats of London are made, and all the leather tanned, in Southwark and Bermondsey; but it is quite within the mark to say that more of these kinds of work is conducted here than in all the rest of the metropolis combined. Some of the establishments are of great magnitude, and the processes display great ingenuity; but the tanneries and leather factories, fellmongeries and glue-works, are steeped in slops and odours not very agreeable to visitors. It will tend to shew how far this southern portion of the metropolis is from being unimportant (whatever may be its shortcomings in a holiday-making point of view), that no less than six great classes of produce have their special headquarters here. *Corn* of all kinds, although bought and sold chiefly at the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, is warehoused on the Surrey side much more largely than elsewhere; *timber* is in a marked degree the produce imported, unladed, stored, barged, and carted at the Commercial Docks; *hats*, as we have said, are mostly made hereabouts; *leather* not only occupies thousands of artisans in the great factories just mentioned, but it is the special commodity for a *Leather-market*, situated near Bermondsey Street; *wool* is warehoused here in large quantities, preparatory to transmission to the woollen districts of the north; and lastly, *hops*, the produce of Kent and Sussex, are warehoused here almost exclusively, the merchants and factors having their warehouses and offices, and maintaining also a convenient joint-stock *Hop and Malt Exchange.*

LIST OF EXHIBITIONS, ETC.

Most of the buildings and gardens devoted to exhibitions and amusements have been mentioned in the foregoing pages; but a somewhat fuller list of them may be useful. An asterisk (*) denotes those to which admission can be obtained without payment; but in some of the institutions, &c., a card from a member is necessary.

Theatres and Opera Houses.—Adelphi, Strand; Alexandra, Camden Town; Astley's, Westminster Road; Britannia, Hoxton; Charing Cross, King William Street, Strand; Royal Court, Sloane Square; Covent Garden, Bow Street; Drury Lane, Brydges Street; East London, Whitechapel; Garrick, Goodman's Fields; Grecian, City Road; Haymarket and Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket; Mirror and Holborn Amphitheatre, in High Holborn; Lyceum, Strand; Gaiety, Strand; Globe, Newcastle Street, Strand; Olympic, Wych Street; Pavilion, Whitechapel; Prince of Wales's, Tottenham Street; Princess's, Oxford Street; Queen's, Long Acre; Criterion, Piccadilly; Sadlers Wells, St John's Street Road; St James's, King Street, St James's Square; Standard, Shoreditch; Strand, near Somerset House; Surrey, Blackfriars Road; Victoria, Waterloo Road; Royalty, Soho; Vaudeville, Strand; and a few smaller.

Concert Rooms and Music-halls.—Alhambra, Leicester Square; Canterbury Hall, Lambeth; Exeter Hall, Strand; London Pavilion, Titchborne Street; Metropolitan, Edgeware Road; Myddelton Hall, Islington; Oxford, Oxford Street; Princess's Concert Room; Raglan Music Hall, near Red Lion Square; St George's Hall, Langham Place; St James's Hall, Piccadilly; South London,

London Road; Islington Philharmonic; Weston's, High Holborn; Willis's Rooms, King Street, St James's. (The late Hanover Square Rooms are now otherwise appropriated.)

Exhibitions of various kinds.—Agricultural Hall, Islington; Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park; * British Museum, Great Russell Street; Crystal Palace, Sydenham; * Dulwich Picture Gallery; Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill; * Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street; * National Gallery, Trafalgar Square; * National Portrait Gallery, Exhibition Road, South Kensington; Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly; Royal Albert Hall of Science, Kensington Road (opened in 1871); Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington; Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street; * South Kensington Museum; Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, Baker Street; Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; * Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields (open free on about sixty days in the year); * East India Museum, South Kensington; * Houses of Parliament, principal portions (Saturdays); Gallery of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East; Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk Street; French Picture Gallery, Pall Mall; British Institution, Pall Mall; * Guildhall Museum; * London Missionary Museum, Bloomfield Street, Finsbury; * Flaxman Sculptures, University College, Gower Street; Tower of London, Armoury, and Crown Jewels; * United Service Museum, Whitehall Yard; * Patent Office Museum, South Kensington; * Museum of Naval Models, South Kensington; Egyptian Hall; occasional International Exhibition; Bethnal Green Museum, a recent boon to a district very deficient in places of rational amusement.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

BEAUTY OF INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordained to keep
The lazy Sabbath of a half-year's sleep.
Entombed beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat;
The full-formed brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell.
Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.
At length assured, they catch the favouring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high in ether sail.

Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man:
His course with toil concludes, with pain began,

That his high destiny he might discern,
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn—
Pleasure 's the portion of the inferior kind ;
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man designed.

What atom forms of insect life appear !
And who can follow Nature's pencil here ?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he moves.
See the proud giant of the beetle race,
With shining arms his polished limbs enchase !
Like some stern warrior formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light ;
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,
And high in air the branching antlers bears ;
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

—MRS BARBAULD.

THE ANT.—INDUSTRY.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern :
Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school,
There 's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores ;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time ;
When death and old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

—DR WATTS.

TO THE CICADA.

HAPPY insect! blithe and gay,
Seated on the sunny spray,
And drunk with dew, the leaves among,
Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various season's treasures,
All the products of the plains,
Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
Favourite of the rural swains.

On thee the Muses fix their choice,
And Phœbus adds his own,
Who first inspired thy lively voice,
And tuned thy pleasing tone.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
Fills every heart with glee;
And Summer smiles with double charms
While thus proclaimed by thee.

Like gods canst thou the nectar sip,
A lively chirping elf;
From labour free, and free from care,
A little god thyself!

—ANACREON.

TO A FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning: with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may:
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning; do, my dear.

Lo! my counsel nought avails;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern.
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist? I plead in vain:
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can—
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

—*Anonymous.*

TO THE SAME.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

—OLDYS.

THE BEE-HIVE.

WHAT various wonders may observers see
In a small insect—the sagacious bee!
Mark how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame—what beauty, what design!
Each odoriferous cell and waxen tower—
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower—
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all the apartments rise!
So regular their equal sides cohere,
The adapted angles so each other bear;
That by mechanic rules, refined and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill even vie with reason's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladio teach?
Each verdant hill the industrious chemists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme;
And, provident of winter long before,
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowing store.
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

—*Weekly Amusement.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;

All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

—COWLEY.

TO THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth ;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet ;
In thy turn thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
Inoffensive, welcome guest !
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best ;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far
Happiest grasshoppers that are ;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing, then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent,
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

—ANACREON. —COWPER.

TO A BEE

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
When abroad I took my early way.
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee!
When the crowd in their sleep were dead;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise, and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower;
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst—
In the coolness of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy age will never enjoy.
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee!

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy bee!
Thus for another to toil!
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee!

—SOUTHEY.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
  A worm is known to stray;
That shews by night a lucid beam,
  Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
  From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
  And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Might
  That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
  Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
  By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
  Be careful where he trod;

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
  Might serve, however small,
To shew a stumbling stone by night,
  And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
  Is legible and plain—
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
  Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
  Teach humbler thoughts to you;
Since such a reptile has its gem,
  And boasts its splendour too.

—COWPER.

BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled;
  The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,
  O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
  That drop a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
  On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
  Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
  From mountain side and shadowy dell.

When, bursting forth to life and light,
  The offspring of enraptured May,
The butterfly on pinions bright,
  Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
  No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
  At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
  Her velvet-textured wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
  And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling awhile, with joy she stood,
  And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
  And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
  Through fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
  And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
  Taste all the joys that spring can give—
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
  And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew—
  The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
  And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
  Thy moments, too, of short repose;
And mark thee when, with fresh delight,
  Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark! while I thus musing stand,
  Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
  Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease ; but still a voice I hear,
A whispered voice of hope and joy—
'Thy hour of rest approaches near,
Prepare thee, mortal ; thou must die !

'Yet start not ! on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold ;
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

'Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight—
The humblest form in Nature's train—
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

'Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise !
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

'Like thee the hapless reptile lived,
Like thee she toiled, like thee she spun ;
Like thine, her closing hour arrived,
Her labours ceased, her web was done.

'And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future sorrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

'Is this the bound of Power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?

'Go, mortal ! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given ;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth, bright heir of Heaven.'

—ROSCOE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;

When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'

The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—COWPER.

TO THE SPIDER.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
  Thy curious texture has displayed;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
  Wert once a lovely, blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
  Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
  And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
  Thou 'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here mayst thou find a peaceful dwelling,
  And, undisturbed, attend thy woof.

While I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
  And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confined to lonely garret,
  And rudely banished rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortured body
  Thou drawest thy slender string with pain,

So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He, for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

—SHENSTONE.

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

AS an ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried: 'Bless your good worship wherever you go!
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill;
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will.'
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
'Begone, you vile reptile!' his antship replied;
'Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first, look at me; see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way.'
The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excelled;
His plumage expanded, 'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away;
'Stop, friend,' says the butterfly; 'don't be surprised;
I once was the reptile you spurned and despised;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way.'

—CUNNINGHAM.

TRAVELS OF A BUTTERFLY.

THE woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide;
Nor did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Might please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
This choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstayed desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder;
Nor with his feet their silken wings deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy;
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie;
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

—SPENSER.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hat, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
With all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste;
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider with fingers so fine,
To shew his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell!—
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

—ROSCOE.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

LOOK upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative Wisdom thou mayst trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee.

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There, with threads of thousand dyes,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—From the Danish of Oehlenschläger.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's: he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever;
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—KEATS.

ON THE SAME.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
Sole voice left stirring midst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass:
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,
In-doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE INNOCENT PILFERER.

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for our use,

That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

—COWPER.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE lowly flower said to the winged butterfly:
'Leave not me.
How different are our fates! here a poor prisoner I,
Thou dost flee.
Yet we love one another, and from men we may
Live afar;
And we are like each other, for we both, they say,
Blossoms are.

'But thou art borne aloft; to earth, O sad despite!
Chained am I.
Alas! with my soft breath I would embalm thy flight
Through the sky.
Ah no! thou flee'st too far; thou all the countless flowers
Fliest to greet;
I stand alone, to see my shadow turn for hours
At my feet.

'Thou flee'st, returnest, flee'st, where bright like thee
Naught appears;
And so with each returning dawn thou findest me
All in tears.
O that with happy, faithful love we both may live,
Charmer mine!
Take thou, like me, root in the earth, or to me give
Wings like thine.'

VICTOR HUGO. —C. WITCOMB.

TO THE WILD BEE.

ONE of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had gardened life for me with flowers!

Thou bringest to my mind the whitethorn bough,
The blooming heath, and foxglove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from Nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah! they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the floweret's view,
No sting thou leavest behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Oft have I marvelled at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil
Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,

Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor bee!
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall:
But, ah! though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews!

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and over-arching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honeyed comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;
With branches from the super-pendent firs,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing:
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check:
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloyed, thou little busy bee,
And have thy memory unmixed with aught of pain!

But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

—THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
None but a God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

—GISBORNE.

ON A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

'Hinder him not; he preacheth too.'
—*Jean Paul Richter.*

NO, no; to hinder him would be a sin;
Let him come freely in!
He bears with him a silent eloquence
To charm each finer sense;
A little living miracle he seems,
Come down on the sun's beams,
To preach of nature's gladness all day long!
Chief of the insect throng—

Tiny patrician, on whose bannery wings
  Are bright emblazonings!
My mind doth image thee a radiant flower,
  Upflown in gladdest hour;
Or a small twinkling star from distant sphere
  Let loose and fluttering here!
Whate'er thou art, thou need'st not fear annoy—
  Welcome, thou little joy!
Yet why beneath this roof disport thyself,
  Mysterious, wayward elf?
Proclaim thy mission! Dost thou come to tell
  Of spangled mead and dell—
Of the rich clover-beds, of humming bees,
  And high o'er-arching trees?
Thou seemest the very colours to have sipped
  From wild flowers rosy lipped;
Hast thou, then, left them pale? and com'st thou here
  In penitence and fear?
Or art thou—sacred thought!—a spirit come
  To worship 'neath this dome—
A soul still laden with an earthly love,
  Finding no rest above?
Or art thou but a wild inconstant thing,
  Heedless where wends thy wing?

Ah, garish creature! thou art now astray,
  And fain wouldst be away!
Hadst thou a tongue, I know thou 'dst ask where dwell
  The flowers thou lov'st so well,
Whose little fragrant chalices are filled
  With dew-drops fresh distilled?
I know thou 'dst ask where shines the blessed sun,
  And where the small brooks run?
This is no place, no temple meet for thee:
  Away—thou shouldst be free!
Go, like a child's thought, to the sunny air!
  Be thou a preacher there!
Preach 'mid the congregation of the flowers,
  Through summer's fleeting hours—
Thyself a living witness of His might
  Who gave thee to the light!

—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

TO THE FRITILLARY:

ON A SABBATH MORN.

ON thy bed of clover playing,
Pretty insect, why so gay?
Why so blithely dressed this morning?
'Tis to thee no Sabbath-day.

Giddy trifler of an hour,
Days to thee are all the same;
Little care hast thou to count them,
Mindful only of thy game.

And thou dost well—for never sorrow
Sat upon thy golden brow;
And never storm of earthly passion
Gathered in thy breast of snow.

Thou hast not sighed at evening's closing,
For hopes that left thee on its wing;
Thou hast not wept at day's returning,
With thoughts of what that day might bring.

Nor ever voice of truth neglected,
Breathed reproaches in thine ear,
Nor secret pang of conscious error,
Spake of retribution near.

Play thy game, thou spotless worm!
Stranger still to care and sorrow;
Take thy meed of bliss to-day,
Thou wilt perish ere to-morrow.

Time has been, when, like thee, thoughtless,
How unlike in all beside!
Lightly sped, and all uncounted,
Blithe I saw the moments glide.

Then the world was all of flowers,
Thornless as thy clover-bed;
Then my folly asked no question,
What might be when these were dead.

Had not Mercy's sterner pity
Bent its chastening rod on me,
Dancing still the round of pleasure,
I had died—but not like thee.

—MRS FRY.

THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

How comest thou on that gentle hand, where Love should kisses bring
For Beauty's tribute?—answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's dream?

'When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command,
From the cracked earth I creep, to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

'Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head.'

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?
'The Useful is the Beautiful; the good, and kind, and true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

'Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man;
Both foul and fair alike from Him, the lord of love, do spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not EVERYTHING.'

—LEITCH RITCHIE.

BEE ECONOMY.

So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

—SHAKSPEARE.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn,
A butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
'What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge the garden from disgrace!'
'What arrogance!' the snail replied;
'How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth,
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed:
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.'

—GAY.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play;
I see thee, and I bless thee too,
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

O let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

—MOORE.

TO THE VANESSA.

LOVELY insect, haste away;
Greet once more the sunny day;
Leave, O leave the murky barn,
Ere trapping spiders thee discern;
Soon as seen, they will beset
Thy golden wings with filmy net,
Then all in vain to set thee free,
Hopes all lost for liberty.
Never think that I belie;
Never fear a winter sky;
Budding oaks may now be seen,
Starry daisies deck the green,
Primrose groups the woods adorn,
Cloudless skies, and blossomed thorn:
These all prove that spring is here;
Haste away, then, never fear.

Skim o'er hill and valley free,
Perch upon the blossomed tree;
Though my garden would be best,
Couldst thou but contented rest:
There the school-boy has no power
Thee to chase from flower to flower;
Nought is there but liberty;
Pleasant place for thee and me.
Though the dew-bent level dale
Rears the lily of the vale,
Though the thicket's bushy dell
Tempts thee to the foxglove's bell,
Come but once within my bounds,
View my garden's airy rounds,
Soon thou 'lt find the scene complete,
And every floweret twice as sweet:
Oft I 've seen, when warm and dry,
'Mong the bean-fields bosom-high,
How thy starry gems and gold
To admiration would unfold;
Lo! the arching heavenly bow
Doth all his dyes on thee bestow—
Crimson, blue, and watery green,
Mixed with azure shade between;
These are thine—thou first in place,
Queen of all the insect race!
And I 've often thought, alone,
This to thee was not unknown;
For amid the sunny hour,
When I 've found thee on a flower
(Searching with minutest gleg),
Oft I 've seen thy little leg
Soft as glass o'er velvet glides
Smoothen down thy silken sides;
Then thy wings would ope and shut;
Then thou seemingly wouldst strut:
Was it nature, was it pride?
Let the learned world decide.
Enough for me (though some may deem
This a trifling, silly theme)
Wouldst thou in my garden come,
To join the bee's delightful hum;
These silly themes, then, day and night,
Should be thy trifler's whole delight.

—CLARE.

THE COACH AND THE FLY.

UPON a sandy, uphill road,
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,
  Six lusty horses drew a coach.
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed:
  Whereon there did a fly approach,
And, with a vastly business air,
  Cheered up the horses with his buzz—
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,
  As neatly as a jockey does—
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—
He made the team and carriage go;
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—
Or driver's nose—and biting.
And when the whole did get in motion,
Confirmed and settled in the notion,
He took, himself, the total glory—
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,
And as he buzzed about the cattle,
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,
The files and squadrons leading on
To where the victory is won.
Thus charged with all the commonweal,
This single fly began to feel
Responsibility too great,
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight;
And made complaint that none would aid
  The horses up the tedious hill—
The monk his prayers at leisure said—
  Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,
Were singing songs—not greatly needed!
  Thus in their ears he sharply sang,
  And notes of indignation ran—
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.
Ere long the coach was on the top:
'Now,' said the fly, 'my hearties, stop
And breathe—I 've got you up the hill;
  And, Messrs Horses, let me say,
I need not ask you if you will
  A proper compensation pay.'

Thus certain ever-bustling noddies
  Are seen in every great affair;
Important, swelling, busy-bodies,
  And bores 'tis easier to bear,
  Than chase them from their needless care.

—La Fontaine.

INSECT EMBLEM.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
  Yet thou wert once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

—Rogers.

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